

HARVEST NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE
VOL. XXV No. 12

OCTOBER
1913



*"Nation-Wide Prosperity Springs
from the Bounteous Harvest
which enriches the Farmers."*

published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

We want to start 100 new agents this month and are offering special inducements for quick action. Better look into this. Write Perry Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

You Can Make \$5000 as our general or local agent. Household necessity, saves 50%. Exclusive territory, big profits, permanent business. Pitkin Co., 360 E. St., Newark, N. Y.

Agents. Sell rich looking 3x58 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 35c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Lady Wanted. To sell our new Sanitary Shield and other Sanitary Specialties for women and children. Sample free. Let us help you build a profitable business. Our agents make \$15. to \$25. weekly. Send for catalog. The Holley Co., Dept. 178, Rochester, N. Y.

\$75 Monthly and extra commission for selling our large new line with valuable premiums to customers. 72-page illustrated mail order catalog free to agents. Credit given. Best Mfg. Co., Div. 4, Providence, R. I.

Agents—\$50 Weekly. Our Family Needle Cases are wonderful sellers; 300% to 400% profit; talking unnecessary; our "Trust Scheme" Envelopes do the work; general agents can make \$100 weekly; particulars free; 25c sample for 10c; buy direct from the factory. Paty Needle Co., 120 Davis Sq., W. Somerville, Mass.

Young Man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a slip-on Raincoat? Could you use \$5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? Write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 476 Chicago.

Men and Women Agents—Guaranteed hoody and neck wear, wonderful value; premium with every box; biggest commissions paid. Direct Hoody Co., 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

Agents you can make \$40 to \$85.00 a week selling Guaranteed Aluminum Ware to consumers. Complete Sales Course free. Protected territory. Answer quick. Div. "Co." American Aluminum Co., Lemont, Ill.

Agents Are Coining Money selling our big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere at sight. Sample Package 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Sell Something Entirely New. Savir Store Lid saves one-half of coal. Housekeepers buying thousands. Profit to agent 150%. Ask for free trial offer. Pre-Heated Air Co., Room 531, 1011 Chestnut St., Phila.

Free Sample—Send to-day for free sample, money making household specialties. Two minutes demonstration makes every call a sale. Large profits, working whole or part time. G. V. Sales Co., 12 Spruce St., New York.

Household Necessity. Saves 80%. Universal demand. Profit 125%. Amazing results. Sample 10c. Craig Bros., Detroit, Mich.

Agents Make \$5 to \$15 a day. Atkinson writes: "The best proposition I have found in forty years canvassing." Permanent work. Household necessity. Saving 80%. Write today for terms. Free Sample. C. H. Stuart & Co., 25 Union St., Newark, New York.

Agents—The famous "Ever Ready" Specialties together with our latest novelty hit are all described in our Agents Money-Making Message. Postal brings all. Lowell Mfg. Co., 108 Fulton St., New York.

Agents—\$50-\$75 weekly, selling guaranteed knit-goods for largest manufacturer in America. Write for free outfit and particulars of greatest money-making proposition ever offered. Madison Knit Goods Co., Broadway & Broome St., New York City.

Men—Women sell 24 bottles delicious Zest-Fla a day and make \$24.40 weekly. To taste means sale. Write Bacori Co., Elmira, N. Y.

Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents sell fine Dress Materials, Etc. Remnant Store, 1331 N. Linn, Cincinnati, O.

Hurrah! It's True! \$100.00 to \$500.00 a month sure. Hustling man or woman wanted in each locality—13 to 50 years. Simply recommended by your friends. All or part time—experience not needed. Valuable prize free to first acceptance from your place. Write quick. The I-L-U 1201, Covington, Ky.

Raincoats \$3-7.50-12.50. Everybody needs one. Anyone can sell them. Agents wanted. Boston Raincoat Co., Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted to sell ladies apparel. Can earn \$25 weekly. Send for free catalogue and particulars. P. B. Skiff Co., 195 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. Dept. A.

Agents. Sell Dollar Combination, Silk Ties, Silk Socks and Monogram Cuff Link Stick Pin Set, Free, or three Silk Neckties. Same Set Free. Big profits. Free Samples. Comer Neckwear Co., 37 First, Dayton, Ohio.

Make \$ in spare time. 1916 profit. Send for full instructions. J. C. Dimick, Post-Merchant, Portsmouth, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—A pair of silk hose free. This month only. Send no money; state size. Agents wanted in every town. Write today. Beautiful line. Large profits. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Finest Raincoat we make (tailored-to-your-order) given free when you sell but 3. English Raincoat Tailors Co., 500 X Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Big money maker; exclusive territory; fastest seller; needed in every household; store; in fact, everywhere; free samples. Hirsch Mfg. Co., 66 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

POST CARD CLUBS

Members of Our Club all over the world would be pleased to exchange post cards with you. One dozen beautiful Cal. view postcards free. Membership ten cents. Golden West Club, Box 1223, Los Angeles, Cal.

Receive Pretty Postcards and jolly letters from everywhere. Join the very best club. Trial membership 10c; year 25c. Jolly Card Exchange, Box 132 C, Decatur, Ind.

Have Friends and Sweethearts everywhere. Receive post cards from all countries. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, (a-s) Terre Haute, Ind.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Developing Paper Direct from manufacturer. Big saving. Fresher, better quality guaranteed. Three sample dozens instantly postpaid or 42c 25c. Price list free. The Photo Products Co., 6106 La Salle St. Chicago.

Have You a Camera? Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 236 Pope Bldg., Boston.

Films Developed 10c per roll. Prints: 3 1/2 x 4 1/4, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3 1/2 x 4 1/4, 4c; 3 1/2 x 5 1/2, 6c. Prompt, highest grade work. Send 2 negatives for free sample. G. B. Hoke, 1509 D—E. 63rd St. Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. \$25 to \$100 each. You can write them. We teach you. No experience needed. Big demand. Details free. Asst. M. P. Schools, Suite D., 674 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

Send Your Name and Address. I teach Penmanship by mail. Journal free. Francis B. Courtney, Box W 492, Detroit, Michigan.

Learn to be Expert Electrician, Plumber, Draftsman or Moving Picture Operator. Write for Catalog and Special Offer, Dept. 3047, Coyne Natl. Trade School, 51 E. 111th St., Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays; \$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability or correspondence course not required. Details Free. Atlas Publishing Co., 326 Cincinnati, O.

Learn to Draw Cartoons. Big pay. Easy for beginners. Sample Lesson 6c. F. Hamilton Box 361, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Men and Women over 18 for U. S. Government positions. \$39.00 to \$150.00 month. Thousands of appointments this year. Full unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write for free booklet of positions open to you. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 12, Rochester, N. Y.

\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 273 D S, Chicago.

MUSIC & SONG WRITERS

Song Writers, Poem Writers, Composers, Send us your manuscripts today. Prompt publication if acceptable. No experience necessary. Successful writers make big money. P. J. Howley Music Co., Dept. 18, 102 W. 42nd Street, New York.

Songs—Poems. Don't Waste Your Money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Publishers, 49 West 28th Street, New York City.

Beginners can play Piano or Organ selections in 30 minutes without teacher or \$1000 forfeit. Write Music Self-Teacher, Chicago.

Big Money Writing Songs. We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write to-day for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—All Free. Dugdale Co., 1087 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Specials in Sheet Music at 15c each. Amayris Valse Lente, She Looks Like You; vocal. Florillo Waltz. Send for our free catalogues. Seger Bros., 1547 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.

60 Old favorite Songs. Words and Music 10c. List of popular music free. F. A. Naber, 1351 E. 63rd St., Chicago.

Song Poems Wanted. Cash or royalty to you. Submit your best. For offer. Needham Music House, 516 9158 St. Louis, Mo.

Poems wanted. Cash for good talent. Send Ma. to Inland Music House, Dept. E, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

Christmas Goods: We carry hundreds of articles that make useful presents. Catalog and Circulars Free. The S. & D. Co., Dept. 60-C, Brunswick, Maine.

Receipt Free. Mystery Curling Fluid, for your hair. Best ever made. Enclose 12c to pay printing. M. J. Box 99, Boylston, Fla.

Every Woman with Tender Feet should wear Pillow Shoes. Soft, flexible, durable, handsome. Best materials, all styles. Perfect fit and perfect comfort guaranteed. Write to-day for free catalogue. Pillow Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. P., Boston, Mass.

Lame People with short leg who wear old style high cork shoe find iron frame, need my Extension. Ready-made shoes worn, stylish, comfortable and secure. Write for Booklet. M. Sinn, 748 Bergen St., Newark, N. J.

\$4.25 Stage Money, looks real. Samples 10c or 25c bills 25c or 75c 50c Wilson's World, Chicago, Ill.

Cock-Roaches Spread Cancer. Pines Glass Roach Traps are guaranteed to exterminate "Roaches." Complete trap including glass jar, 20 cents each—four for 50 cents postpaid. A winner for agents. Write back, including postage if not already satisfied. Pines Mfg. Co., Dept. H. 1322 Eddy St., Chicago.

OLD COINS BOUGHT

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 1c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4c. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 28, Le Roy, N. Y.

Trade Dollar. 1855 sold for \$1140. 20 cts. 1876 cts. \$250, gold dollar 1881 p. \$230, 33-1870 s. \$1450. Equally high premiums on thousands of coin, stamps, books, paper money. Ill. circular free. Vonbergen, (C.F.) Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

\$150 Per Month. Steady work for man with team. No experience or capital. Heberling Med. Co., 31st St., Bloomington, Ill.

Make Money Writing Short Stories. Big pay. Send for free booklet, Tell How. Dept. C. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

Be a Detective earn \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. W-15 Chicago.

Wanted. Persons to do easy, pleasant coloring work at home. Good pay. No canvassing. No experience required. Illustrate particulars free. Helping-Hand Stores, 6458 C. So. Halsted, Chicago.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2 stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2 Pittsburgh, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—Apron makers. Send dime, returned if not satisfied. Stamped envelope. Kenwood Apron Shop, H.4194 Mich. Ave., Chicago.

Wanted Ladies to Sew. Rare opportunity to make comfortable living. No canvassing. Send 10c for samples, etc., which is returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Dept. O C. Rehoboth, Delaware.

REAL ESTATE

Rich Southern Lands cheap in price. You can grow 2 to 4 crops annually. Good climate. Grazing and growing season 10 months. Near to large markets. We will be glad to advise you. Special round trip homeseekers' rates twice a month. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite No. 380, Norfolk, Va.

Homesteads. Can tell you of best locations in Mont., Wyo., Colo. Booklet, "Western Homesteads", 4 cts., stamps. Western Homesteaders Exchange, Douglas, Wyo.

Money-Making Farms: 13 States, \$19 to \$50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big Illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3077 47 West 34th Street, New York.

GAMES & AMUSEMENTS

Learn to Entertain! Wonderful Magic Trick Cards 10c. Send for free Catalog! Walwen Company, 150 Nassau St., New York.

These Little Classified Advertisements are Real Money-Savers for You

Do you ever want little things which you cannot buy at the stores within your reach? But of course you do. We all do.

To make it easy for you to satisfy these wants the Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities has been inaugurated. It will put you in closer touch with the market places of the world.

This department will contain from month to month many little advertisements that will be real money-savers. They will be classified under appropriate headings in order that you may find what you want easily.

These advertisements and the Parcel Post put the readers of COMFORT on a buying equality with the people who live in New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

COMFORT'S classified columns will do more than that for you.

They offer you opportunities.

Do you need a little spending money?

Chances by the scores to earn it at spare times will be found here.

Do you want regular employment?

Read through this Emporium and you will find offers of all sorts that will give you opportunities to earn good money at clean, dignified, interesting work.

This page will, I believe, prove interesting and helpful to you—the readers of COMFORT.

It is YOUR page—the home of little advertisements and big opportunities.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted—Men and Women to sell "Sun" Self-Heating Irons. An extraordinary opportunity to make big money by devoting whole or part time to a dignified, congenial business, established for years. Strictly high grade, simple and indestructible. Thousands in use. Every sale makes many more sales. "Sun" Irons sell themselves. Women buy at sight. A penny's worth of gasoline or alcohol is sufficient for an entire family ironing. We manufacture and guarantee every iron. Write quick—Address: The Modern Specialties Mfg. Co. High St., South Bend, Indiana.

Agents. Portraits 35c. Frames 15c. Sheet pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2092, 1037 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Any One of Our "26" Best Sellers Paves the way for 26 sales in every home. Agents make large profits. For terms and particulars write Silver-Chamberlin Company, Department C, Clayton, N. J.

Pillows Free shipped all freight paid on receipt of \$10 for our famous 36 lb. Bed. All new feathers. Best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Turner & Cornwell, Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn., or Charlotte, N. C.

Agents. Get Particulars of one of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make \$4000 yearly. Send postal today for particulars. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6762 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—\$20.00 Cash Weekly and More easily earned selling our guaranteed quality stock; handsome outfit free. Charlton Nursery Company, "Dept. B." Rochester, N. Y. Estab. 1855.

Agents Make Big Money and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 30, Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Idea Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

BY PARCEL POST

Save Money on Shoes! Shoes for all the family Direct from Factory. You save retailers' profit and get much better shoes. Fit and entire satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for Free Style Book and order blanks. Pathfinder Shoe Co., Dept. C, Dudley, Mass.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 15 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Men Learn the Barber Trade. I teach you quickly—cheaply—thoroughly and furnish tools. I have 33 big "Colleges" in principal cities. There is one near you. Write me for catalogue. A. E. Moler, Pres. C. I. Moler College, Chicago, Ill.

\$25.000 Made in Spare Time. Raise Goldenacel. Circulars free. Bowman, Box 332, Albany, Wis.

I Will Start You earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

Any Man or Woman who wants to go into a good paying business that can be run at home in spare time, should write, Merford Co., Dept. A-8, Chicago.

Earn 50 a week operating a candy kitchen. Our \$15 course for \$1.00. Particulars for stamp. Wilson's World, Chicago.

Start profitable mail order business. With parcel post big money can be made; original plan; your home, your office. Uncle Sam your salesman. Particulars of this fascinating business free. Wilson Mfg. Co., 314 Knickerbocker Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Selected Opportunities. Twenty-two brand-new business opportunities, postpaid \$1. Order now. Circular free. General Supply Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Use Ryder's Ideal Home Expense Book and save \$10 every month. Postpaid 35c. Ryder & Co., Portland, Ore. Agents wanted.

I Want Ladies to Learn Hairdressing—manicuring—facial massage—electrolysis. Big wages. Always sure of work. I teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Big demand for my graduates. Write me for catalogue. A. E. Moler, Pres., C. I. Moler College, Chicago.

Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 215 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Become a Graduate Trained Nurse by Home study and Hospital Course. Established 12 years. Diplomas recognized by best doctors. Earn \$15 to \$35 a week. Catalog Free. Many terms. American Training School for Nurses, 1553 LaSalle Ave., Chicago.

Our Catalog of Household Specialties and Fancy Work Designs sent Free upon request. The S. & D. Co., Dept. 60-C, Brunswick, Maine.

Women Make Money during spare time selling Household Necessities among friends and neighbors. Big commissions paid. You can easily earn \$15.00 per week. Write today. P. A. Beck, West 119th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

POST CARDS

Twenty-five Beautiful and Attractive up-to-date Picture Post Cards ten cents. Fisher, 707 Union St., W. Hoboken, N. J.

CONDENSED, NEWSY ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST

POPULATION OF ONE CITY.—It need surprise no one that the present population of New York City, by Health Department figures, is 5,332,000. There was great astonishment when in the census of 1911 the County of London proved to have declined slightly in population. London is now far behind New York. At the current rate of growth in the one case and decline in the other, the difference in New York's favor should be 1,000,000 inhabitants by May 1, 1914.

HEART BEATS SIXTEEN HOURS AFTER DEATH.—Physicians in England are discussing the case of a woman who lived sixteen hours without breathing. The case came under the notice of the Leicestershire coroner. The patient was Fannie Godfrey, unmarried, fifty-five years old, a laundress, who suddenly became ill and apparently died, as she stopped breathing. Doctors found her heart still beating and artificial respiration was continued for sixteen hours until her heart ceased beating.

PENSIONS FOR POOR MOTHERS.—Advocates of pensions for widowed mothers learned that the Ohio legislature has just passed the Mothers' Pension Bill which provides a fund of, not less than \$700,000 a year to be raised by a state tax of one-tenth of a mill. The bill pro-

vides for pensions of \$15 a month to dependent widows with one child under fourteen, and to mothers with one child under fourteen whose husbands are helpless or in prison, or who have abandoned their families. There is an extra pension of seven dollars per month for each additional child under fourteen. Pennsylvania, Utah, and Missouri have enacted similar laws.

LARGEST BUILDING IN WORLD OPENED.—The Woolworth Building was opened the latter part of April by the President of the United States. He pressed a lever in Washington and the building in New York was officially opened: 80,000 electric lights radiating their glow from 3,000 windows seen throughout city and suburbs, announced the completion of the highest inhabitable building in the world. The Woolworth Building towers 780 feet above Broadway, and presses upon mother earth a weight of 206,000,000 pounds. The Boy Scouts of America sent a wireless message from this building to the President on the opening day.

A "BEST SELLER."—When Harry Grimshaw, organist of the First Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., opened the volume presented to him by the congregation as a token of appreciation of his twenty-six years' service, he knew he had

found his favorite author at last. The book was entitled "A Volume of Good Will." It contained a hundred pages, and was printed by the United States Government. Each page consisted of a crisp one dollar bill. While the reading matter was the same on each page, nevertheless the organist said it was a book he thoroughly enjoyed. The precedent being set, no doubt, more books of this sort will follow, as presents.

CAT WHISTLES LIKE BOY.—Stanislaus Czysnsky of Prospect avenue, West Springfield, Mass., is the owner of a cat with a harp-like whistles with the facility of a schoolboy, but cannot mew, or never has mewed. It is reported. Czysnsky is inclined to believe that no animal in its normal state of mind would whistle, but is loath to do away with the cat, which, he says, attracts more attention than any other member of the family and is regarded as a musical prodigy.

ABSOLUTELY BURGLAR-PROOF.—The bank vault for storing securities in the Bank of England is a room sunk 65 feet into the ground in a well of concrete having walls 20 feet in thickness. Since there are also many feet of sub-surface water surrounding the well tunneling into the vault is practically impossible, so that this is considered an absolutely burglar-proof vault.

OVER \$99,000,000 COFFEE BILL.—According to a statement issued by Secretary of Commerce Redfield, the importations of coffee into the United States for the nine months ending March, 1913, indicate that when the fiscal year closes, June 30, the importations will show a larger value than for any preceding year. For the nine months, the importations amounted to \$99,881,423.

POISON FOR GRASSHOPPERS.—Farmers of western Kansas began a campaign to exterminate the hordes of grasshoppers which threaten to destroy growing crops. Two thousand five hundred pounds of poison were scattered over every green field in which the pests are found. Work is on in earnest for this extermination.

A COINCIDENCE.—It is not often that fate takes up the argument for an insurance agent with such a vim as was recently exhibited in Washington, Iowa. A popcorn and peanut roaster exploded while the agent was talking accident insurance to the proprietor, and put them both in condition for hospital service.

A RASH ACT.—While in the act of scaling the penitentiary wall at Columbus, O., two convicts were fired upon and wounded, but one made good his escape.

COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes
in which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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United States and Cuba, - - 25c. for 15 months
Canadian Subscriptions, - - 50c. per year.
Subscriptions for England and Foreign Countries, 75c. per year.

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Crums of Comfort

The worst deluded are the self-deluded. Only God could have thought of a flower. Happiness is something inside, not outside. Flattery has no effect when it can be detected. Disappointment ever tracks the steps of hope. Love is strongest in pursuit; friendship in possession.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

Resist as much as you will, heaven's ways are heaven's ways.

Simple diet is best, for many dishes bring many ailments.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as well as labor does the body.

What we hope to do with ease, we must first learn to do with diligence.

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no crown; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

A lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.

The true way to render ourselves happy is to love our duty and find in it our pleasure.

In this country everyone gets a mouthful of education, but only a few get a full meal.

Everyone regards his duty as a troublesome master from whom he would like to be free.

Truth must be very plain, men seem to be so horrified when they come face to face with it.

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the false idea they form of the happiness of others.

Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools—so many less you have of the latter so many more you will have of the former.

We prefer rather the person who makes us feel that we are not so bad than the one who makes us believe we are miserable sinners.

Although the Devil be the father of lies, he seems like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continued improvements that have been made upon him.

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners.

His Fight for Manhood

By Walter Scott Haskell

Copyright, 1913, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

"THERE'S a letter for you Augustus. It's on the dining-room table. Shall I go and get it?"

"If you (hic) please," answered the young man in a husky voice as he sank into a chair and made a comical effort to appear sober.

Gretchen brought the missive to her brother, and he opened it with unsteady hands. The contents of the envelope fell to the floor and she picked it up for him. It was a comic valentine caricaturing beer drinkers, and was in the nature of a grotesque drawing of a besotted-looking individual in the act of drinking from a bottle labelled "Beer." Underneath appeared the words: "Accept this token of (steam) from your loving friend Miss Toddy Beer, who sends it for your valentine."

It stung him to the quick. He paled, and then swore a terrible oath.

"What is it Gussie?" she asked.

For answer he handed her the comic drawing. As her eyes glanced over the page she flushed with shame for her brother, and murmured sympathetically: "Oh, how mean of them to do anything like that!"

He looked his appreciation of her sympathy, then, pulling himself together said emphatically: "I'll show them—that I'm—good—as any—of—them! I'll—show—them!"

She said no more to him but left him to sober up and feel the disgrace of his position. That he did feel, she knew, and she also knew that he was making the fight of his life to quit the intoxicating drink, but odds were against him. His father was a brewer of the old school, and had brought up his son to work in the brewery, and to associate with drinking men. Jacob Schnider seldom drank to excess himself, and he could not understand why his son should inherit the weakness of over-indulgence, and often berated him for it.

On the following day young Schnider straightened up and resumed work in the brewery. They were making some improvements, including the boring of a well to supply water for the teams—the old well having been rendered useless on account of a cave-in. When the drill was down about forty feet water came into the casing freely.

"Now we will have water for the teams," said the elder Schnider joyfully as he noted the progress of the well. "I vander," he added, "if it vosh short or hard. I will taste it."

He stooped and dipped up a mug full and put it to his lips. Then he drew it away and spat disgustedly, with the remark: "Py tam! that's the funniest water I never saw. I guess it vosh no water."

Augustus tasted of the dark colored liquid and he too spat it out. "Why, father, that tastes like oil!" he ejaculated.

"Then we will bore some place else, for we want no oil in our vater. The horses would not drink it."

"But pa, it might develop into an oil well that would pay us for boring deeper. Hadn't we better see an oil man about it, before we abandon the project?"

"Nix! I make no fool of myself to bore for oil ven it's water dot I want. There vos no oil around here for five hundred miles. I tinks it vould not pay," objected the elder.

They began boring in another place, but left the casing in the well that gave indications of oil. Augustus kept thinking about it, and unbeknown to his father he went to the nearest town and showed a sample from the well to an expert in oil. The expert made experiments, and gave it as his opinion that it was a surface oil of high gravity, with paraffine base, and that it was well worth developing.

"Pa," said Augustus on coming home and meeting his father in the by-ways office. "I took a sample from that oil well to Van Grote's place in town, and he said it was oil of high gravity, and of a paraffine base, and that it would pay us big to bore deeper."

"Vell, I want no paraffine baseness in mine. I vash a brewer, not a vell borer for oil. You vosh take me for a vell borer? I tinks not. Ve vill get out them vats and make some beer. Dot vos the way to get a living mit an honest labor. Them folks vot monkeys mit oil vells, vosh no good. They never get rich like a brewer."

"But pa, I believe there's something in it, and if you'll let me go ahead with the boring, I'll pay for it out of my own money."

"Vhat foolishness to spend money for nothin' much. Vell, go ahead and vash your hard-earnin' if you vant to. I thought you vould grow up to have some sense, and be a brewer dot vash respected for his money. Anyway I don't care what you do, if you don't get drunk mit yourself some more and disgrace the honorable name of Schnider," answered the elder with a disgusted air.

So matters went on for a week, with frequent discussions between father and son concerning the well-boring. Augustus hired a competent man to continue the boring, and paid the cost from his own earnings in the brewery. He (Augustus) had been earning wages for five years, and had saved a little. They piped the water supply from a distant spring, and things settled down to the normal, when one day the elder Schnider approached the son with:

"Gus, my boy, you have done purty vell considering, and I have no fault to find mit you except for a leetle foolishness mit the well-boring; and I tinks it vosh time dot I make some arrangement mit the future for your vell-being. You see, it vosh this way: You vosh the son of a brewer, and being in dot position to command the respect of your fellow men, and hold up your head mit a common sense, I vosh thinkin' dot it vould be the right ting for me to give you dot magnificent opportunities vot comes to few in dis life: I vill send you to the Chicago Convention next week. Ah! Why you no schmile?"

"I don't know father, as it is anything to smile about," said the son soberly. "If I go to the Beer Brewers' Convention I will be expected to work for the promotion of the liquor traffic, and I had rather not mix with that crowd any more than I can help, for obvious reasons."

"Heh! You say you will not go? You be a tam shirker, and stay home und monkey mit a oil vell? You not work for your oil vatter who clothed and boarded you before you vos born, und sometime after? I vill disrespect you for dot, sometime, soon, if it happens again. Phew! You make me sick."

"But pa, I have scruples. I would be expected to drink."

"Vell, if you have scruples mit the beer, you better go soak your head mit the rum. When you go on a bender you drink any old thing. Now vhat the difference between a rum drunk und a beer drunk? You have no sense to get drunk anytime. I tirkid you to get drunk some more, vonce. It may not happen again, und as I vos sayin', dot Convention vos a chance for a young man to get some brewer knowledge dot vould make him a man. I vould like to see you inherit my property when I vos old und gone up the spout, but if you have scruples mitout knowin' why, I tinks dot you vosh not the right calaber of brain to manager a brewery, und make it pay. I guess you vill decide to go, eh?"

"Look here, pa," said Augustus with earnestness showing in his voice. "I've been thinking a long time that now that the brewery is in good financial condition, it vould command a fancy price if we put it up for sale. And—"

"Great Got in Himmel! You vos talk like a fool. Sell the brewery? Vell why? Sell out our business und starve? Whew! I give you the boot if you talk so mit your father. Dot vosh a Jackass talk."

"But pa, listen to what I say. If you could get enough for the brewery to keep you all your life without work, vould it not be better than to work so hard for what you get? Supposing you could sell for ten thousand—I mean for just the bare brewery, und not the land around it. We could keep the land und if we strike oil in paying quantities we could develop the whole field und"

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"Now Augustus, I tought you vosh a tam fool when you first talked about dot well, but now I see it vosh on your brain, a kind of hypnotizer dot makes you fooler than a fool. Oh, I can't stand to have my son debauch himself wid dot monkey business. Ten thousand? Oh, vell, if anybody vould give that, but the suckers are not

to be found around here. Yes, come to think of it, if you get offered ten thousand dollars for the brewery, I tinks I might let her go, though it vould almost kill me to part mit the property."

"All right, pa, I'll go to the Convention on the understanding that I may sell the brewery for ten thousand, if I get an offer," said the son hopefully.

The following Monday saw Augustus take the train for the windy city, and the father was in a pleasant mood with himself, for he thought that his son was in a fair way to grow up in his footsteps, and be a shining light among the brewers of the world. It was his highest ambition that Augustus should be chosen president of the Brewers' Union, and have a say in the management of the vast enterprises under its control. He did not put much faith in the son being able to make a sale of the brewery, and, to tell the truth, Augustus was not at all content, yet the son meant to sell it if possible, for he was planning to change his environment, and make it easier for him to keep from drink. In doing so, he did not wish to embarrass his parent, or cause the loss of the capital that the brewery represented. He meant to gain his ends by diplomatic means, but he had his father's prejudice to contend with, as well as his own appetite for strong drink, that often brought him to the gutter in spite of his resolve to quite forever.

The first few days of the son's absence Mr. Schnider found the extra duties imposed upon him more arduous than he cared to admit; and he began to realize how much that son had been doing. One day the elder was trying to figure out some business problems connected with the sale of the beer, and finding that his figures perished in getting themselves into a tangle, he muttered: "Py tam! that vos queer them figures come so wrong. I vish Augustus vos here to straighten out them matters. He vosh purty good, my boy, to do some work like this. Maybe he come back, I gives him more pay."

A breakdown occurred in the machinery, to add to the old man's troubles, and he was forced to shut down for repairs.

While things were going awry at home, the son-at the Chicago Convention was having troubles of his own. He found, as he intuitively knew, that to be associated with men of his father's class was to be subjected to the most strenuous appeal to his appetite for strong drink. "Come on Schnider," they would say, "Come and have a drink. I used to know your father when he vosh a leetle boy no bigger than a grasshopper. Your father always took beer mit me, und I tinks his son vill take von leetle drink for his father's sake, who vos the maker of as good beer as ever vos drunk. Come on Schnider und take a schmile mit me." And they would pull him along to the bar, and then—

On the third day of the Convention Augustus received a surprising telegram from home. It read: "Take first train home. Gretchen is lost."

If all the world had been lost, and Gretchen left, he would scarcely have minded it. But to have news of the loss of his dearly beloved sister, the one of all the world who stood up for him when he was disgraced with drink, was indeed a calamity. On the day that he received the telegram he had been drinking heavily, but the shock of the news partially sobered him, and he told his associates that he must go back, that something had happened at home, that required his immediate attention. So they got him on to the train and bid him bon voyage, little realizing the full extent of the young man's troubles.

In the long ride home Augustus had a chance to sober off, and, after walking from the station, he reached his home in a tolerably sane condition, though showing the effects of his recent drinking bout, in his red face and bleary eyes.

"What has happened, father?" was his first question as he entered the dwelling and found his parents with tense drawn faces indicative of grief and despair.

"She vos lost! Gretchen has gone away to come no more, sometime. Ach, mine Gott!" wailed the bereaved man.

"Und she vos so good at houseworkin'! sveepin' the floors und makin' the beds," added Mrs. Schnider bewailingly.

"How did it happen? Tell me the particulars," pleaded Augustus excitedly.

"It vos all happen in von day, yesterday, last night, ven I vos in the brewery to settle mit the accounts of dem bore-diggers at six o'clock. She vos come to go home mit me, for it vos dark ven I left, und she tinks it not good to let an old man like me go alone mit the dark, und she came every day since you go to the Convention away. Gretchen she came for me, und she no come. Dot vosh the last seen of her. She disappear into nothing. Ve vos friendless und alone, mit no girl to talk mit us. Mine Gott, I tinks I die!"

"Und she vos so good at housekeeping," murmured the bereaved mother.

"You mean to say, pa, that Gretchen started to go to the brewery und that she was lost on the way?"

"Yes, she vos lost on the way. That's it, she vos lost on the way. I speaks to Hoffschneider about it, und he goes mit me to look for Gretchen. Ve look everywhere where she vos not. Ve looks along the road mit the prints of her little shoes where she vashs. But it led nowhere dot vos visible. We looks down the postholes along the fences, und everywhere ve find her not. Hoffschneider he vos mystified und I vos no better. Mine Gott, I tinks I die!"

It is needless to say that Augustus was deeply affected. "We must go over the ground at once, pa, and see if there is any trace of her. She may have fallen into some pit along the roadside, or been abducted by some scoundrel who saw her crossing the field. You are sure that she did not reach the brewery, that she is not there?" he asked.

"She vos always in the office und vait till I come in from outside. But that night she vos not there, und I vos alone to go home mit myself."

"Und she vos so good—" bewailed the fond mother, wiping her very red eyes with the corner of her apron.

A week of unremitting search followed, but with no result other than discouragement for the searchers. Detectives were employed who developed the theory that the girl had been kidnapped, and all the young men in the neighborhood were under surveillance.

Disheartened and discouraged, Augustus turned his attention to developing the oil well, that was now down to a considerable depth. A second sand had been reached that produced considerable oil that flowed to the top of the well, but not in sufficient volume to pay. The expert said that it might make a low grade pumping proposition, but that there was still deeper sand somewhere down below which, if penetrated, would, in his opinion, pay for all the trouble of reaching it.

Augustus had a talk with his father about the well, and received all the usual discouragement from the elder. They were in the second sand, to be sure, and had a little flow of oil, but it was problematical whether any deeper sand really existed, or whether if it did exist there was oil in paying quantities. The locality was far from the proven oil fields, and no oil had ever been discovered or heard of in that section before, though the experts said that the geological formation was favorable.

All in all, Augustus felt that it was almost a useless waste of money to continue the boring, yet something kept saying to him, "there is oil in paying quantities," and heeding his intuitions he gave orders for the men to bore for the third sand.

And so it went on day after day, the boring for oil that meant so much to the young man, for he thought that his father would be induced to quit the brewing business if the oil did appear in paying quantities. All this time the elder bewailed the waste of money that the son was putting into the well; and he moaned for the lost Gretchen until he was but a shadow of his former self.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Talk by Mr. Gannett

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October, 1913.

A Few Words by the Editor

UNCLE SAM has spent a great deal of time and money teaching the farmers how to raise crops in a scientific manner. He has shown them that you can't keep on taking valuable products from the land without impoverishing it, and he has also shown the agriculturists what to put back into the soil, so that it will still continue to yield more than it ever yielded before, without losing its strength, richness and energy. Yes, Uncle Sam has even shown the farmers how to raise crops in the desert. But the most vitally important thing of all, how to get the crops to market and get the farm products right to the consumer's door, so that the farmer could get the reward to which he was entitled for his time, energy and financial investment, instead of having a dozen unprincipled pirates, take nearly all his profits from him,—well, Uncle Sam, unfortunately forgot to do that. Uncle Sam is very helpful and obliging up to a certain point, and then an invisible hand that you don't see, of course, the hand of privilege and monopoly, is held up and Uncle Sam halts, afraid to go farther for fear of stepping on the toes of organized money.

A very worthy gentleman is your Uncle Samuel. He would like to help everybody, and would do so if he dared, for his heart is in the right place, and his intentions are of the very best, but our worthy Uncle depends on his democratic or republican hired men to look after his nephews and nieces, and the hired men spend all their time in furthering the interests of the railroads, the farm implement trust, the grain elevator and storage combinations, and last and worst of all those Captain Kidds of the high seas of commerce known to our grandparents as pirates, but now politely called middleman. The farmer is tired of being robbed. It disgusts and disheartens him to have crops rotting on his land for which the people in the cities are actually starving. It disheartens him to know that the people are paying exorbitant prices for produce on which he failed to realize sufficient to cover one tenth the cost of his time, trouble and outlay. How easy it would have been for Uncle Sam while he was showing the farmer how to raise crops to also have shown him how to get them to market without being held up and robbed on the way. Strange that a government which builds cruisers and keeps a big navy to protect its merchant marine, coast line and commerce in time of war, and to see that no one interferes with it in the piping times of peace, fails to realize that it is morally obliged to perform the same services on land as it does at sea. Is Uncle Sam so innocent, or are the gentlemen to whom he entrusts his business, so criminally negligent and shamefully indifferent that they do not know that there are land pirates as well as water pirates and that Commerce protection is needed just as much on land as on the sea?

In Denmark the farmers' interests are carefully watched, for there the people rule. In that country the farmers get more than ninety per cent of the final price paid by the consumer for his product, while in the United States after the railroads and piratical middlemen and other sharks have levied upon the product of field and farm, in many instances, the farmer only gets thirteen per cent, while those who prey upon him extract eighty-seven per cent from his earnings, more than half of this amount being sheer robbery.

We are glad to note that the farmers are at last getting together, planning to put an end to a condition which is rapidly becoming intolerable, a condition which impoverishes both those who produce and those who consume, a condition which makes science, energy, investment and even the bounty of the Creator of little avail.

If an enemy warred on our commerce on the high seas and leveled on our food products, his piratical fleet would be blown out of the waters, but as the piracy takes place within the confines of our own domain, we think nothing of it. We are permitted and almost encouraged to submit to robbery at the hands of certain freebooters within our shore lines, but no outsider must be allowed to rob us. We do not see the logic of Uncle Sam's reasoning in this regard, and as to the ethics and

morals of the case, evidently they are not to be considered.

The National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits is striving to get the government to start a \$1,000,000 bureau to aid farmer and consumer. The conference met in the early part of the year in Chicago, and many startling facts came to light to prove that both consumer and producer are needlessly robbed, and both the health and the welfare of the nation is threatened by that meanest of all piracy, the piracy that preys upon the pockets of the bread hungry poor.

Peter Radford, president of the Texas Farmers' Union, said that farmers were getting tired and very much dissatisfied with present day marketing conditions.

"We are going after the trouble in an organized way," said Mr. Radford. "We want to know why we get only a few cents for a bushel of potatoes which sell for 75 cents and a dollar a bushel in Chicago. This seems too big a profit."

Warren Dunham Foster, member of the Massachusetts Homestead Commission, speaking for New England, said:

"Potatoes we raise on truck farms in Cummington, Mass., are rotting in the fields. In Worthington, Mass., a town practically contiguous to Cummington, they sell for \$1.50 a bushel. There seems to be need for cooperation between east and west."

"To illustrate the gross injustice of our present marketing system," said Dr. Merz, President of the University of Texas, "I may point out the fact that at Laredo, Texas, in our onion growing district, one day a short time ago, onions were sold for two cents a pound. The next morning Laredo onions were sold in the open market at Austin, Texas, at fifteen cents a pound. In this transaction the commission man, the public carrier, and the retail dealer divided 650 per cent of the price paid to the grower."

"Again tomatoes were sold one day at two-thirds of a cent each in Palestine, Texas, and the next morning were sold at Austin at five cents each. In each of the instances cited, the producer received only thirteen per cent of the final selling price, while eighty-seven per cent was divided among the railroads and sellers."

When our readers compare these figures with those of Denmark, the glaring injustice and the monstrous graft of those who handle farm products in their transit from farm to kitchen should be apparent to the dullest mind. While the Conference was sitting, Chicago housewives were paying from eight to twelve cents a head for fresh cabbage, while down on the Gulf Coast of Texas, cabbages were rotting on the farms. The representatives of the Conference sent the following report to the President:

"The cost of taking the product of the farm to the consumer is unnecessarily large, and the methods employed are wasteful. Economical and efficient methods for the distribution of these farm products are of pre-eminent importance in reducing the cost and raising the standard of living. The government should establish an effective agency for the study of the problems of marketing, and for the distribution of information as to conditions and needs and rational methods of meeting these needs. The State governments in similar manner should take up the study of more economic and efficient systems of marketing. The universities, agricultural colleges, newspapers and organizations for the promotion of economic welfare both in the city and country should give the question their immediate attention."

What a pity the Committee did not put its report into less conventional phrases and simply say: "We beg the President of the United States to immediately use every effort in his power to stop piratical middlemen from making the lives of both consumers and producers unbearably hard by levying a monstrous and unjust tax upon the food stuffs of American people." It needs plain pointed talk and instant action on the part of those vitally concerned in reducing the high cost of living, if we are ever to get the well paid and indifferent officials of our land to take any action in a matter that is

making the lives of millions of our citizens an intolerable burden.

The writer is delighted to note that the Department of Agriculture has at last added the Rural Organization Service to its many helpful branches. The whole question of markets and farm service generally will be now in the hands of experts and scientists. Dr. Thomas N. Carver of Harvard University has been selected to head this very important work, a work which so vitally concerns not only the farmers themselves but rural communities generally.

Among Dr. Carver's assistants will be Dr. Carl W. Thompson of Minnesota, and L. H. Goddard. Dr. Thompson has been making a study of rural, social and economic conditions, while farm management in Ohio has been studied under the watchful eye of Mr. Goddard. It will be of profound interest to our readers to know that the new department will work along three distinct lines.

First of all there will be surveys, that is inquiries and investigations that will get at the very root of things, studying the farmers' needs, not from a distance, and from a merely academic point of view, but right on the spot in a thorough practical way, right on the soil where the food stuffs of the nation are raised.

A thorough investigation will be made of organized rural agencies, many of which have succeeded, while others have failed. The reasons for the failure of the one and the success of the other will be gone into with the result that a vast amount of valuable information should be brought to light.

Certain regional units will next be studied, and the various agricultural interests of these regions will come under close observation, so the government may ascertain at first hand the whys and wherefores of various rural problems; and the reason for the existence of certain abnormal conditions in various agricultural districts. This work attended to, various sections of the country will be selected for experimenting and the trying out of various schemes of a helpful nature designed to improve the farmers' social, physical and well being.

We congratulate all our readers who live in rural communities on the inauguration of this immensely valuable new branch of the government service. Men will not flock to the cities if a better living can be made in the country and especially if country life can be made more attractive.

Farming should be raised to the dignity of a profession, and now that agriculture has evolved from the old unsatisfactory hit-or-miss wasteful rule-of-thumb methods into the most satisfactory and inviting of sciences, the farm should now appeal to the thoughtful and intellectual who have hitherto wrongly believed that there was nothing in agriculture, and that the city afforded the only field for talent and ability.

The question of feeding the nation is getting to be a tremendously important matter, more and more as the years roll along, and the bulk of our population now gladly recognize their utter dependence (something they were too foolish or too ignorant to do of yore) on the tillers of the soil; and dazzled by the golden rewards that farming offers to the expert specialist, men of superior type are planning to return to the soil to reap by scientific methods the fortunes that await them there.

Daily the farmer is growing to be a bigger man in the public eye, a more and more important figure in the economic life of this and all other nations. The farmer has long carried the nations of the earth on his back, but he has been poorly paid for his laborious and sometimes thankless toil. Recognition and reward are now coming his way. Machinery is making his work light and every year will make it pleasanter, more enjoyable and more remunerative.

We advise all our readers who till the soil to stick to their farms. Do not rent or sell them, for more riches must daily come out of the land you own, and more ease, joy, health, pleasure and satisfaction, must be a part of the life you live.

Comfort's Editor.

THE ASHES OF LOVE; or, The Clew of the Silver Cloisonne

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By James J. Matthews

"T RAIN No. 7 going North. Welland, Manchester, Dundee, Little Falls, Northampton, West Bend, Fredericksville and Benton Manor. Night express 7:15. Ready on Track No. 4."

Philip Waterman swung hurriedly through the ever squeaking door and noticed that he was fourth in the line at the Pullman window. A porter offered graciously to check his traveling bag, but Waterman was making speedy arrangements for the purchase of several bulky newspapers. He slid the accustomed amount into the ragged urchin's palm and shook his head at the insistent porter who by this time had encumbered himself with the desired baggage. Impatiently he bought his ticket, folded it into his vest pocket, worked himself through the gate and slipped the darky a coin for the job he had assumed on the grounds of his own persuasion. The darky in return showed a line of well-kept teeth, doffed his cap and wished his benefactor "A safe journey, sah." Then turned hurriedly in quest of other bags.

Waterman sighed. But it was a sigh of relief. He was going back—actually going back—to what he did not know. That did not matter. He was going back and that was enough.

He deposited his hat on a hook and ran his hand over his head. Gads! He was nearly bald at thirty-five. But he had been too busy to grow hair. At first too busy getting started in life. Then too busy adding story after story and building up a reputation to that which he had started. First there had been a lack of confidence on the part of the public, then the panic. He had lived through a disastrous fire, and had built anew. His energy was untiring; he was never fatigued. He had not been the story of the country boy disheartened and discouraged going back from the city. His was the story of a country boy who had mastered the city as a cowboy masters a bronco. Now there were a hundred stacks belching clouds of soot and grime; five thousand men moulding, cutting, turning, finishing and selling. There was a surplus to tide any panic, any fire, and Waterman was going back.

He remembered now it was a cloisonne vase he had given Her. There was a yellow poppy on it. He had never seen one with a yellow poppy on it and it struck his fancy—the fancy that he had always had for good antiques. And it had pleased her too. It was to be his pledge of fidelity until he should come back. He could see Her now silhouetted against a playful wood fire. He touched his lips to the vase, then pressed them tightly against Hers.

He had been going back for fifteen years. He had meant to. He had been too busy and "perhaps" he thought as he spread his paper out before him, "perhaps a little forgetful." Presently he became conscious that the car was moving. He glanced out of the window. They were just leaving the station. The train bumped merrily over the frogs in the track and whirled playfully on. The tracks divided and subdivided into immense yards on either side. Accommodation trains were edging to gain an entrance to the station. Detached parlor and day coaches were undergoing their daily renovation. Engines lazily smoking were idling on different tracks and there was a discordant chiming of bells. Presently long freights loaded with ore and coal shut out the view for their length on either side, save for the fleeting glances of houses and factories between the cars. There were hissing engines oblivious of all comfort save for themselves, and then the yards widened out to huge cranes that constantly loaded and unloaded the cars.

The yards were seamed with lines of dirt begrimed working men carrying home empty dinner pails and bundles of wash, and dotted promiscuously with women—strange looking women with brown complexions and straggling black hair. Some with dark colored kerchiefs tied down over their ears and short fringed shawls drawn tightly over their shoulders. Some bent double intent on filling their baskets with coal and coke. Some straightened, gazing after the express as it glided like a monster from the confusion of the yards.

Waterman tossed a handful of coins out of the window. A woman slightly built with round shoulders saw them glitter to the ground. Her dark eyes flashed from under the livid red shawl that was planned tightly around her head. Her gaze met Waterman's squarely, and unconsciously he chilled. The color of the shawl had attracted his attention. It was as if it had been dipped in blood. She stooped to gather up the coins and as she did so the train curved sharply to the right and glided out between the hundred belching stacks of B. C. Waterman & Co. Patches of white flame shone out twinkling in the iron. Huge cranes swung cars of ore from one track to another. The buildings were huge towering masses aged in soot and enlivened with numerous jets of steam, and there were newer ones even in the process of building. They swept by the office, a marvel in architecture, and out over a grade crossing where an electric car and a score of laborers were waiting their chance to cross.

Waterman settled back into his seat. He looked casually around at the other travelers, and finding nothing unusual went back to his papers. It was merely traveling after all. No. This time he was going back!

Gradually the night blotted out the country through which they were passing. The lights in the train made mirrors of the windows, and all outside became weird and unhuman. He thought of the sparkle in those deep black eyes. Mayhap it was the glitter of the coins as they dropped. Mayhap it was—

The night passed as other nights had, and ended by the porter's gentle pressure on his elbow.

"Cranberry Creek. Thirty minutes sah."

Waterman grunted.

"Wake now? Cranberry Creek, thirty minutes," and he shuffled idly off down the aisle.

Cranberry Creek! Waterman sat up quickly and swore when he bumped his head.

Cranberry Creek thirty minutes. He whirled out behind the curtain and a smile spread over his face. For an instant he had almost forgotten.

Things were much the same at Cranberry Creek as they had been fifteen years before. It was the same station, presumably with another coat of paint, now as faded and weather beaten as before. The hills, the fields, the sky, everything was the same, and it was Cranberry Creek. The stage did not meet the early morning train. It never had. But it was a clear, crisp September morning and Waterman was glad it did not. He would walk the mile.

He had thoughts as he started out along the road. Thoughts that probed deep into memory. Thoughts that stirred his blood as did the fresh country air. Thoughts that need not be explained to be understood. Then his heart stumbled. He would pass the lake where he had rowed with Her in the moonlight. The reedy, branchy lake with the hill of maples dipping in at the top and the rolling green sward sloping off from the foot. He could see it now as he rounded the hill, a ribbon of silver wound amongst the trees. Then it grew wider and wider, and as the fog parted a patch of blue sky was reflected in its depths.

He stooped a moment and rippled the water with his fingers. The lake too was unchanged. When he hurried on.

An occasional team passed by with jingling chains and a muffled plodding on the dirt road. The teamster in whiskers and jeans smiled him

a salutation and Waterman smiled back. He was in perfect accordance with nature that morning. He had come back.

He threw back his shoulders and breathed in the air of Cranberry Creek. There was the village nestled in close at the base of the hill, all peaceful and quiet like a flower unfolding after having closed for the night.

It all became more vivid to him as the familiar landscape unfolded itself. The church spire, the machine shop, the old cheese factory, the ivy-covered gate to "Aunt Lucy's" place. Nothing had changed save he.

He lingered a moment at the corner. Would he go to Her now? Perhaps for just a look at the house. He must brush up first, brush up and do other things before he saw Her. There was the cottage white it was with green shutters, and there was a green vine slightly reddened trained around the doorway.

He dodged back, but someone had seen him. Someone had been at the window watching. Ah, Providence!

He was tapping at the door before he was conscious of having moved further. Presently he tapped again. It was six o'clock now, and he had seen someone at the window.

The door opened cautiously and a pair of faded blue eyes looked out at him with a great confusion of matted gray hair and whiskers that bobbed up and down as the owner continued to chew his breakfast. The old man grunted.

It was hardly what Waterman had expected, but he smiled vaguely and extended his hand.

"I guess you do not know me," he said genially.

The old man took his hand and continued chewing. Then he answered, "Nope."

"You are Mr. Weathersby. Aren't you?" The old man let Waterman's hand slide from his grasp. Then he answered, "Nope. Jack Fisher lives here and has for five years back."

Waterman changed his position on the steps. One of the reddened leaves from the vine twined gently past his hand. "Five years back?" he echoed. "Perhaps I have made a mistake. Could you tell me where Mr. Weathersby's folks live then?"

"Nope. Maybe Nora can though. I don't get out much with the rheumatis," he explained. He shuffled through an inside door, presently to return shaking his head. "Nope. She says we got the place of a Tinker."

"J. H. Tinker, pa," a shrill voice corrected from within.

"She never knowed no Weathersbys," he corrected.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



This department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort Sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE children, all over the country, are again in the schoolroom or soon will be, and the question of lunches must be met, for most certainly all children require a simple, easily digested lunch at the recess hour. Many children arise too late for other than a hurried breakfast, while the nervous or delicate child will lack appetite and perhaps go to school without taking nourishment in any kind. Here is a way that the mothers in our corner can be of great service to each other, for in this matter a great responsibility rests on the mother, for it is she who must make sure that her boy or girl is not dull, sleepy, or restless because of an empty stomach. In New York City, a Lunch Committee serve about 2,000 children a day with penny lunches in seven public schools.

Let us begin by considering what children should eat and not eat for breakfast, if they are to be well equipped for study and alertness. Tea and coffee are without question extremely injurious to children, causing dullness, an inclination to be disagreeable, loss of appetite and a state of nervousness that will often reach the point of hysteria. Parents are usually at fault for children forming the tea and coffee habit, by beginning at an early age to give them "cambric tea," because they tease for what they see before them daily. Pleas made from crust heavy with lard should also be prohibited, as well as other greasy foods, for they require too much nervous energy for their digestion.

What a child should eat in the morning are cereals which have been cooked in plenty of water for three hours the day before and quickly heated for breakfast (because there is not time in the morning to properly cook them), plenty of milk, fresh eggs dropped on toast made crisp in a hot oven, available ripe fruits and berries, sugar in reasonable quantity, butter, corn, rice or graham bread, baked potatoes and bacon. Cereal and milk with a sprinkling of sugar is a perfect food and ample in the morning if a child will take enough of it. Otherwise, more variety will be necessary. Corn meal mush is excellent if cooked long enough. A teaspoonful of olive oil given to each child after breakfast cannot be too strongly recommended for making good blood and keeping bowels regular.

Now about the recess lunch. Bread and butter sandwiches, made plain or with a little home-made jelly or strained honey between slices is the very best kind of a lunch, and plenty to eat between meals if the breakfast has been satisfactory. Apples, pears, plums and oranges are excellent also for lunches. Encourage your children to eat plenty of butter, cream and olive oil. These three foods are now recommended in place of the old-time cod liver oil treatment, where children are pale, nervous and thin, and a sufficient allowance of these fats each day will give children red blood, firm muscles, sound teeth, strong bones, good hair and well-covered frames.

Enforce the rule that children have bowel movement before going to school. They can study better, and both teacher and children will be saved annoyance. This can be accomplished with persistence.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, VONA, R. 2, Box 78, COLO.

Would you let me talk once as I have been waiting for six years to have the chance?

I, too, am a mother of four children; three girls and one boy, the baby girl being only five months old. I derive many a help from our paper.

Thanks be to the lady who says she squabbles with her "BIL" for that I believe there is not a couple in all the world but what will have some "quarrels and ins," let it be from a sinner to a saint. These little disagreements strengthen the love so much the more, and the more we plant Christianity in our hearts the more we will be able to overcome evil.

How many mothers know that when baby gives a sharp shriek that some little member of its body is hurt? Just take and undress baby and find out by laying it on the table and try to make the right elbow meet the left knee, then the left elbow the right knee. Try this operation three times, and bathe the little body with sweet oil and a little camphor, wrap it up warm and nurse it to sleep. If in case the little elbows and knees do not meet or can't make them touch, in half an hour repeat, or when baby awakens. This treatment is of an osteopathic nature.

Try sweet oil instead of talcum powder after bathing and see if you do not like it better for baby. When baby has a cold, try and rub vasoline on its forehead, back of ears, around throat and the collar bone, its breast and around the body.

Now a few hints to young housekeepers who are puzzled when recipes call for ingredients they are out of, such as flour instead of corn-starch and lard instead of butter (only not so much as the recipe calls for). When fuel is scarce try soaking your rice, beans, tapioca, peas and all cereals the night before, as it will require less time to cook them.

I should be glad to receive letters on my birthday, Oct. 28th.

Wishing COMFORT success, I am,
Mrs. A. M. BOESE.

Mrs. Boese. Of course it would be almost impossible for two people of decision never to be at variance now and then, but if at such times, a straightforward argument can be entered into, free from harsh and unkind words, with an honest desire for right to prevail whichever side presents it, then indeed would disagreements strengthen love, for under such conditions, the strongest and very best side of a nature is shown. This is a great test of character to bring harmony

out of opposition. But I believe there are a great many people who do this, who live with true consideration for each other. It's a beautiful attainment, far more to be desired than riches.—Ed.

AUSTIN, R. R. 2, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

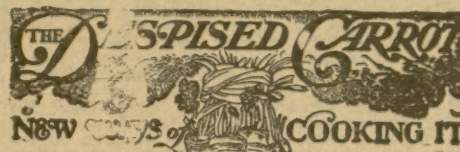
I have been a silent reader too, of dear old COMFORT for three years. It is almost as dear to husband and me as an old friend.

I am interested in the Sisters' letters on rearing children as I have three little ones of ten, seven and two years. Andrian and Claude are the boys and Mildred Joyce the baby girl. I was married young and we have a happy home and I have never once regretted it, though I would rather my little daughter did not marry as young as I. I believe if parents would go with their children and join in their innocent pleasures and invite their children's friends home with them instead of sending their children out with just anyone who will promise to care for them, there would be less unfortunate little boys. I teach my little ones to come to mamma and papa with all their little troubles and pleasures. Some people will complain of young people being so sad, when nine times out of ten neglectful parents are the cause. Some parents do not know what their children are doing, yet will say, "I do not want my children to do wrong if I know it," but God does not excuse us for not knowing. We must go with them and teach them what is right.

I have a Sunday school class of seventeen young ladies, and I love them next to my own family. It is our love and influence that must teach the young to love their heavenly Father.

May God bless Mrs. Wilkinson and the dear sisters,
MRS. NELLIE PHILLIPS.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps



The carrot is a favorite vegetable in every country. French chefs know well the value of this delicious root, using it both as a vegetable, a garnish and to color with. Instead of starch.

CARROTS WITH BACON.—Cut four or five slices of bacon into small pieces and fry. When brown, add carrot cut into quarters and some small onions to the grease, taking out the bacon. When onions and carrots are brown, not cooked, add water, one tablespoon of extract of beef, salt and pepper. Put back the bacon, and let the whole simmer for one half hour. Eat before serving, put in some chopped parsley.

SPICED CARROTS.—Divide the carrots into quarters, boil until tender in water slightly salted. Strain and put into a frying pan with butter, and one finely chopped green onion. Fry until nicely browned and add pepper and serve.

RAGOUT OF CARROTS.—Slice thinly and put in water for five minutes. Strain and fry in butter and other well cooked add some milk. When the milk comes to a boil add the yolks of several eggs. Season to taste and serve.

SCRAMBLED CARROTS.—Cut the carrots into strips and boil in salted water. When tender strain off the water. Put a large lump of butter and two tablespoons of flour in another frying pan and add some chicken broth or hot water, making a smooth sauce. Add the carrots and the yolks or two or more eggs with a pinch of sugar.

CARROTS WITH GRAVY.—Slice the carrots very thin and throw into boiling water for five minutes. Strain and put into a stew-pan with a large lump of butter, some stock and a pinch of sugar. Cook slowly. Just before serving add some more butter and some finely chopped parsley. Serve with fried squares of bread.

CARROT PUDDING.—Boil the carrots in salted water and when tender strain and mash well and add three eggs; half a cup of cream, some butter, salt and pepper. Put into a buttered mould and bake.

CARROT PUDDING.—One cup of grated raw potatoes, one cup of grated raw carrots, one half cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one egg, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, butter size of an egg, two small teaspoons of baking soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, one nutmeg. Steam three hours. Sauce:—One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, three quarters cup of butter, two tablespoons of vanilla, two small teaspoons of corn-starch added in a little water. Let boil a few minutes.

Mrs. SIDNEY JONES, Redondo Beach, Box G. 2, Cal.

CANNED BEANS.—First string and break your beans as you would for cooking. Wash and fill fruit jars with beans and then with cold water to the tops. Put the lids on tight. Place in boiler of course putting some thin boards in the bottom to seat cans from breaking, then cover with cold water and boil for four hours from time they begin to boil. Then fasten the lids down and set in a dark place. I have canned beans this way for four years and never had a can to spoil.

MISS BULDA SIMLEY, Sheridan, Ind.

PRUNE PUDDING.—One pound each of raisins, currants, suet (chop suet fine), flour and brown sugar, one half pound of sour apples chopped, six eggs, one half cup of citron chopped fine, and three wine glasses of grape unfermented grape juice. Spice to taste. Put dry and a little sweet milk. Tie tight in a flannel bag well floured and boil four and one half hours.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One cup of butter and two cups of powdered sugar beaten to a cream. Add nutmeg and a glass of boiling hot cherry wine. Melted jelly of any kind, or fruit juices will take the place of wine.

TO KEEP BAKED FRUIT.—Put in a pan of boiling water for two or three minutes, stirring swiftly all the while, drain water off immediately and put in hot sun to dry.

Mrs. LARIN BENIGHT, Berryville, Ark.

GOOD LIGHT BREAD.—At noon the day I want to set my light bread sponge pare and cook potatoes in enough water so there will be one quart when cooked. When I get supper I steep what dried hops I can take up with the tips of fingers and thumb in a teacup of boiling water, and after supper strain out the hops and add the water to the potato water. If I haven't the potatoes I steep a handful of peach tree leaves with the hops and mix the sponge with the water. I can't tell why, but it does just as well. Add one or two raisins or the starter saved from previous baking. Stir in flour to make a stiff bread. Always use a first grade flour for light bread. Just after breakfast I take the sponge and put in what flour I want to make from and add four to six cups of the warm morning's milk, a handful of salt and a half cup of sugar. (I put two handfuls of corn meal in a shallow bowl and before I add anything to the sponge I take out a handful to mold out in a thin cake with the meal and dry for a starter for the next baking.) I then mix in all the flour I possibly can into the sponge which is all I put in the pan, then grease the pan and top of sponge and when light and raised to top of pan mold into loaves, and when loaves rise to top of pan grease pan loaves well, put a large dish of water on grate in oven while baking bread. I bake from seven to nine loaves.

MRS. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

LEMON PIE.—Put one and one half cups of boiling water and one cup of sugar on the stove and boil well. Take two yolks of eggs well-beaten, two tablespoons of corn-starch mixed with a little cold water and add the juice of half a lemon. Mix this with the syrup on the stove and let it come to a good boil, then put into your cooked crust. Leave white of eggs for top.

SWEET BUNS.—When baking bread, take two cups of sponge, one teaspoon of salt, one cup of sugar, one quart of milk, one half cup of lard and mix up stiff and let rise as you would other light biscuit.

PROCALILLI.—Two gallons of green tomatoes, two large cabbages, and twelve onions. Chop all fine and add one teacup of salt. Let stand over night. Drain liquor off and add one quart of vinegar, one pint of sugar, two tablespoons each of cinnamon and ginger, one tablespoon each of pepper and mustard, cloves and allspice. Cook until the vegetables are done, but not enough so the pieces will lose their shape. Will keep in open jar.

SALMON CAKES.—Pick in pieces and free from bones one can of salmon, add salt, pepper, lump of butter and



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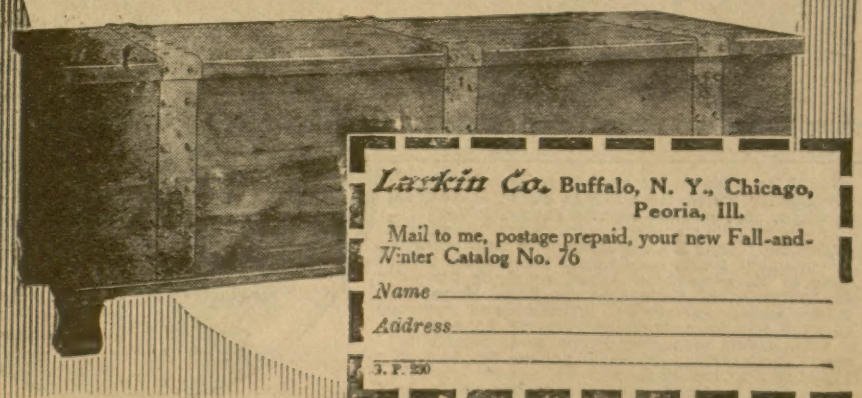
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one or two beaten eggs. Then crum. in crackers or bread (crackers are preferable) and mix well. Put in a layer of cabbage, more salt, and so on until vessel is full, packing hard. Sufficient liquid should form to cover, but if not, add a little water as long as needed. Put in a clean weight and tie cloth over top of vessel. Mrs. L. DAVIS, Perryville, Ark.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—One gallon of vinegar, one cup of salt, one teaspoon of alum; let stand over night in earthen dish. Do not heat vinegar. Put cucumbers into cans and pour this mixture over them. Seal as you would fruit. If sweet pickles are desired put in one cup of sugar.

Mrs. W. W. GILBERT, Hallsville, Ohio.

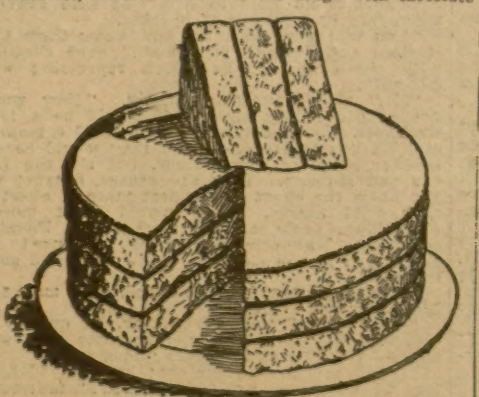
SALT PICKLES.—(Requested.) Take the vessel desired for putting the pickles into and fill about half full of water and dissolve enough salt in it to hold an egg just on the surface, then put the pickles in and weight down. These are fine if kept under the brine.

Mrs. O. McDANIEL, Corvallis, Mont.

MARBLE LAYER CAKE.—One cup of butter creamed, two cups of sugar, yolks of three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of pastry flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one half teaspoon of soda and whites of three eggs. Mix in the order given, then take one third of the dough and add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted. Now fold the dough with chocolate

through the plain dough, and bake in Washington pie tins, in three or four layers and spread between layers with lemon jelly and frost with white frosting.

CAKE.—Sift together two cups of flour, one and one third cups of sugar and two teaspoons of baking powder. Now take a teacup and break an egg into it, add two tablespoons of warm butter and fill cup with either water or milk. Pour this into sugar and flour and stir all together and then beat hard three minutes. Bake in loaf or layer.



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SAUERKRAUT.—Wash and shred cabbage as fine as you can. Sprinkle bottom of vessel with salt, put in a layer of cabbage, more salt, and so on until vessel is full, packing hard. Sufficient liquid should form to cover, but if not, add a little water as long as needed. Put in a clean weight and tie cloth over top of vessel. Mrs. L. DAVIS, Perryville, Ark.

CHEESE TOAST.—One half pound of cheese, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt and one egg. Mix and beat well, pour into a pan and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Have bread already toasted, spread with cheese and brown in hot oven. Serve hot.

TOMATO TOAST.—One half loaf of cold bread with fresh or canned tomatoes. If fresh, use five or six; if canned, use half a can. Cut fine and sprinkle with salt, black pepper, tablespoon of sugar and melted butter. Brown in oven. This is fine if served hot or cold.

Mrs. MARY HARRIS, Crandall, Texas.

CORN RELISH.—Boil twelve large ears of corn ten minutes and cut off, one head of cabbage chopped fine, four green and two red peppers, one cup of brown sugar, one large spoon of celery seed, one quarter pound of mustard and two quarts of vinegar. Cook twenty minutes. Seal hot.

WILD GRAPE JELLY.—(Requested.) Gather grapes when half ripe. Cook slowly until soft, drain well, and to every ten cups of juice, allow eight cups of best granulated sugar. Boil juice twenty minutes, add sugar well heated in oven. Boil ten minutes, pour into glasses.

PLUM JAM.—(Requested.) Nine pounds of large purple plums, seven pounds of white sugar, and grated rind and juice of two lemons. Remove pits and cook thirty minutes, add sugar heated and lemon, and cook until as thick as wanted. Be careful not to burn. Put in glasses and cover same as jelly.

RIPE GRAPE CATSUP.—Wash sour grapes and remove stems and put in kettle with just water enough to prevent burning. Cook until soft, stirring with a wooden spoon, then rub through colander. Measure the pulp and to each three pints, add one pound of brown sugar, one cup of white vinegar, a heaping teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, allspice, mace, salt and white pepper, and one half teaspoon of cloves. Boil long and steady until very thick. Bottle when cold and cover corks with sealing wax.

Mrs. CORA SAGER, 325 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

TOMATO SOUP.—Slice one pint of fresh ripe or canned tomatoes and add one quart of water and bring to a boil. Add two or three pods of either green or red peppers, salt to taste, add onion juice if desired and one teaspoon of sugar. Stir flour into cold water and add enough to soup to thicken. Boil fifteen minutes.

BIRDIE GAMES, Baldwin, Miss.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—One gallon of vinegar, one box of mustard, one cup of salt and two cups of sugar stirred well together. Wine cucumbers with damp cloth but do not wash, pack in jars and cover with mixture. Do not heat vinegar.

Mrs. EMMA MAUCHER, 15 N. Beech St., Oxford, Ohio.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

CHAPTER I.

A DUEL FOR MASTERY.

By Charles Garvice

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THE moon shone in regal splendor on one of the most beautiful spots on this beautiful earth.

It was one of the islands which lie off the eastern shore of Australia. A gentle breeze stirred the foliage; the waves lapped in on the golden sands and broke gently on the rocks making a music as soft and soothing as the breeze; the opalescent light lit up the scene and turned it into a dream of fairy-land.

And a man stood on the beach and, looking round upon this fairyland, cursed it fluently under his breath.

He was young and well made; one of those good-looking young men which the public schools and the universities turn out with machine-like regularity. He was an athlete, and strong, but in the moonlight he looked wan and pale, and infinitely weary, with the weariness of doubt, anxiety, and sleepless nights.

His serge suit was tattered and torn, and shrunk by the water and sun, and his shapely head was covered by a battered hat made of leaves.

As he stood looking moodily before him, there came from a rough hut, at a little distance from the beach, another young man. He was by no means an athlete, but small, and thin, and bent, and he wore the remains of a black serge suit of a clerical cut, for he was a clergyman. He was even paler and more wan than the man on the sands, and he pressed his thin hand to his chest, and coughed, and he came along slowly and painfully.

The two men looked like characters in an old-fashioned farce; but there was tragedy here. For these two men, with sundry other persons, were all that remained of the crew and passengers of the vessel *Alpina*, which, eight days previously, had been wrecked off the coast of this uninhabited island.

The Rev. Arthur Fleming crawled to his companion's side.

"You have seen nothing, Manning?" he asked, not as one with hope of an answer in the affirmative, but as if the question were a formula which had grown into a habit.

Vane Manning shook his head.

"No," he said gravely; "and I'm afraid we're not likely to. In my opinion, this beastly island is one of the numerous groups which is quite out of the line of shipping. The fact that the *Alpina* lost her course proves that, I think."

"You mean that there is little hope of rescue?"

said Arthur Fleming, in a low voice.

"Very little chance," assented Manning. "Of course, I can't say for certain. If they had taught me geography at Eton or Oxford, instead of Latin and Greek, and several other still more useless things, I might give a guess as to where we are; but as it is I've no idea. If there had been any chance of our being picked up, we



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should have sighted a vessel before now. In all probability we shall be left to die of starvation, perhaps, say, ennu—on this cursed island."

Fleming's lips opened to murmur, "Bless and curse not," but he refrained. It was scarcely the moment for reproof; and indeed, his gratitude to his companion helped to check him; for the party owed their lives to Vane Manning, whose energy, alertness, coolness, and presence of mind had brought them from the doomed ship.

"Have you seen the doctor and Miss Nina?" asked Manning, after a pause, filled up by Fleming's hollow cough.

"She is in their hut; I saw her go in half an hour ago. The doctor is still wandering about the island. The way that girl bears up, Manning, fills me with admiration and reverence. She is here all alone with us men; she has suffered all the privations, that terrible journey in the boat from the ship, all the dreadful uncertainties of our position with something more than heroism; for heroism always suggests to my mind a kind of bluntness and self-assertion; but she has been not only fearless, but cheerful and self-reliant, and yet trustful. I tell you, Manning, when I think of her my heart goes out in gratitude to God for His creation of her sex. Who would have thought that such a slim bit of a girl who seemed all gayety and lightness of heart, would have proved such a noble character?"

Manning nodded. "She is still keeping well? I was afraid she might get a touch of fever, such as the rest of us have had."

"She had a slight attack," said Fleming, "but she seemed to throw it off, with a courage as great as her patience and self-denial. The doctor is about the same; he is still very weak, and his mind seems cloudy, but he insisted upon going out; and he has taken his hammer with him, to knock off bits of rock, and so on."

"Let him," said Manning briefly; "it will amuse him, and keep him from brooding on the situation. I wish I could go and knock off pieces of rock, instead of standing idling here."

Fleming looked at him reproachfully.

"How can you talk so, my dear Manning?" he said. "You have been our leader, our sole support; you have worked indefatigably from morning to night. But for you, we should all be lying at the bottom of the sea there; we owe our lives to your energy, your pluck, your wonderful power of endurance."

Manning shook his head.

"I have done little enough," he said moodily. "You ought not to be out here, Fleming," he added, as Fleming's cough shook his frail figure.

"I'm all right. It's very warm in the hut; and I don't cough any more out here. We'll both turn in presently. Why don't you smoke?"

"I gave my last pipe to the doctor," Manning replied casually. "He wanted it worse than I do."

The strident sound of a concertina floated unmusically from one of the three huts, and was followed, still more unmusically, by loud voices and laughter.

"The men seem merry tonight," remarked Fleming with a sigh.

"Yes," said Manning. "I gave out a tot of rum to each man this evening. 'I wish—' He hesitated, and Fleming looked up at him quietly—"I wish they weren't here. They are an element of danger, Fleming. Up to the present they have behaved fairly well; but how long will they continue to behave well? For instance,

how long will they be content to let me deal out the rum? They know where the keg is. I could not prevent their getting at it."

"They're—they're not all bad," suggested Fleming. "They have stood by us up to now."

"No, they are not all bad; but there are one or two black sheep among them. I mistrust that Lascar and the other stoker, Munson. He is always haranguing the rest. I saw him skulking round the doctor's hut last night. If they were Englishmen, one would not have any misgivings; but—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "We man our ships with the scum of the earth, Fleming, just as we fill the East End of London with aliens, to take the bread out of the mouths of our own poor." The noise from the men's hut grew louder. "I think I'd better go and see what they are doing," he said.

He and Fleming approached the hut quietly, and looked in. Some of the six men were lying full length on the ground, others were seated on stools, roughly constructed of the limbs of the pine trees. In the center of the hut stood the keg of rum, and Munson was drawing some of the red liquor into a can. They had all been drinking freely, and were flushed and excited.

Fleming groaned as he saw the keg, and Manning's face grew stern; but he uttered no sound, and gripped Fleming's arm to warn him to silence, for the Lascar was speaking.

"We are what you call 'pals,'" he was saying, in his thick voice, his black eyes rolling evilly on the faces of the listeners. "We are being played with! It ish this Mishter Mann'r'in that ish trickin' us; 'im and the padre, ah, and the medico, too! They hab the money. I who speak know it. I saw this man pash the box to the medico as he got into the boat."

"The box of medicine and instruments?" whispered Fleming.

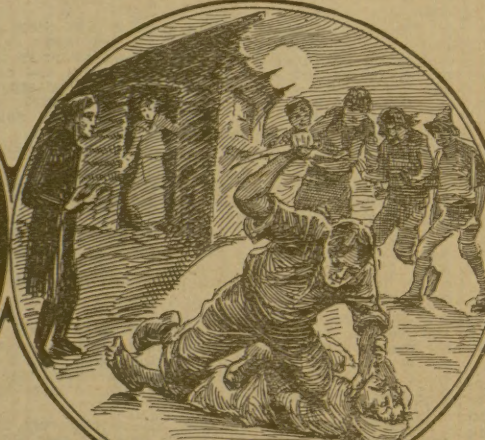
Manning nodded grimly. He was listening intently, and scanning the faces of the men keenly.

"That's true; I saw 'em," said Munson. And some of the others muttered assentingly.

"The box wash full o' money, gold; jewels, and



The box was full of money, gold, jewels, too, perhaps. That's so!



A cry arose from Nina—she had come to the door.



"Oh, good evening, Mr. Manning!" "Will you come in?"



"How strong you must be!" she said.

too, perhaps. That's so! You know ze ladies do give their jewelry to ze purser to take care of. Eh, what! That's box was full of dimints. An' it belong to us; eh, what you say?"

"To us; all of us, yes," grunted Munson.

"To us who manned ze boat, who—worked like slaves, puttin' up zese houses; to us, ze laborers, ze brothers of toil, ze salt of ze earth."

"That's so," assented one of the men. "Pass round the rum again, Lasky."

The Lascar emptied the can at a draught, refilled it, and passed it to the man next him; then he leaned forward, and whispered huskily:

"It ish in the medico's tent. It ish under the bed o' the girl. I saw Mishter Mann'r'in put it there. Ve will go, ve will all go and git it, and share it man to man!"

Some of the men sprang to their feet unsteadily; but one or two were not so prompt; and a voice said lazily:

"There's no hurry; let's have our drink first."

Manning cautiously drew Fleming away.

"There is no time to lose," he said gravely, when they had got out of hearing.

"You will give them the box, show them that it does not contain any gold?" said Fleming, with the cough he had been repressing with difficulty.

"No," said Manning quietly. "They would not be convinced; besides, it would be a fatal weakness. Do you think?" he paused a moment and his lips tightened—"that they would be satisfied? Some of them might, but not the Lascar and Munson. They are brutes, beasts; and you know the effect of the first taste of blood on such wild beasts. They would want more—everything, perhaps." He paused and Fleming, following Manning's thought, pictured the young girl in the hands of these men, and shuddered.

"What will you do?" he asked, as a man asks his leader and commander.

"Show fight," said Manning, as quickly as before. "We have the only firearms that were saved—a couple of revolvers and a gun."

"I can manage a revolver; but, oh, Manning, if we could avoid bloodshed!" murmured Fleming.

"We'll try," said Manning. "It rests with them. You agree with me, it would be unwise, a criminal folly, to yield to them? They would not stop—There is Miss Nina."

Fleming nodded and bent his head.

"You are right—as you have been all through, Manning."

They had been approaching the hut, which Manning, with his own hands, had built for Doctor Vernon and his daughter, and he signed to Fleming to knock; but Fleming shook his head.

"No," he said; "you will do it better than I, Manning. She looks up to you, relies on you. You will give her courage. I—I am not a coward, I hope and trust; but I should let her see the—dread that makes me cold at this moment, and you will not. No; you!"

Manning nodded, and knocked at the rough door of the hut. It was opened by a young girl. She was very beautiful, with a beauty which is indicated by expression as much as regularity of feature. Her eyes were of the dark gray which at times become violet, her hair was of a soft black, and the gods had given her the mouth which, when it smiles, wins men's hearts. But she was not only young, but innocent of vanity or self-consciousness, and her eyes lit up, and her lips smiled with frank pleasure, as she saw who it was.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Manning!" she said, with quiet cheerfulness, and her voice rang like a low note of music in the pine-perfumed air.

"Will you come in? My father is out; he went out for a stroll—Is anything the matter?"

She did not start or turn pale, but stood, in her stained and patched serge dress, calm and attentive.

Manning knew enough of women to know that with this one, young as she was, the proper course was the direct one. His eyes rested reflectively for a moment on her lovely face, on the small, shapely head with its soft, black hair resting on the forehead, and wound into a knot at the back, then he said:

"I am afraid there is, Miss Nina." He had grown to call her by her Christian name; shipwrecked people are apt to be slack on extreme points of etiquette. "The men are getting impatient. They entertain the absurd idea that we have smuggled the specie and valuables from the ship, in your father's medicine chest—"

She glanced at the box under the rough bed.

"And—and they are coming for it presently, I think."

"And you will not give it to them?" she said quietly, as if she had read his face, upon which her beautiful eyes were fixed.

Manning looked into the rolling eyeballs for a moment or two; then he said:

"See here, now, men. If it's a fair fight between us and I win, will you take my word, and go back to your hut quietly, not only go back, but leave that man's lead?"

The men looked at each other and whispered. They were more or less drunk, and therefore impressionable, and they were longing for the kind of fight Manning indicated. Don't blame them. In the House of Commons a "personal" matter will fill the benches; and any sort of duel has a fascination for every man with red blood in his veins.

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ious jerk of his hand. "Ve vill see—"

"I think not," said Manning, so quietly that Fleming's heart throbbed with a tribute of admiration. "You will take my word for it. I see that you have got the keg of rum—you have broken your promise—"

"To ze devil viz your promises!" the Lascar broke in. "Vy should you keep all ze best of ze swag ve bring away from ze ship? You keep ze rum, ze box of gold, ze girl!" he leered evilly, and moved forward as if to pass Manning. Manning drew his revolver.

"Stop where you are!" he said grimly. There was a spot of red on his hollow cheeks, and a light in his eyes, which spoke of the just rage which had sprang up in his heart like a flame.

Fleming stepped forward and held up his hand. "Men, I want to speak to you!" he said, fighting with his cough. "You know what Mr. Manning has done for us. But for him—But surely you don't want me to remind you! And surely you cannot suspect that he—we have any idea of taking any advantage of you. The chest contains only medicine and instruments, as Mr. Manning said. You were wrong, very wrong, to take the keg of rum; you would be acting wickedly if you were to follow the advice, the leadership, of this man, who is as much indebted as the rest of us to Mr. Manning."

Some of the men exchanged glances, but the Lascar cut in with a short, sardonic laugh.

"Ze padre speaks softly, as ze padre always do. Vell, then, let one of us go into the medico's hut—"

He moved forward, but Manning covered him, saying:

"Not a step."

The Lascar pulled up and looked Manning in the face.

"You speak bravely, Mishter Mann'r'in! You 'ave the gun!" He made an insolent gesture with his facile and eloquent hands. "If you had only ze little knife like zis, we would settle the matter, ah, so ker-vickly! You are ze one coward!"

Then Manning did a foolish thing—the foolish thing which Englishmen individually and collectively so often do: He gave away his advantage. It was inexcusable; but, ah, well, let the man who has meekly borne the taunts of a Lascar, and been called a coward, pitch the first stone; I will not, and I have an idea that the reader will not.

Manning looked into the rolling eyeballs for a moment or two; then he said:

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To love our country and protect its flag.

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HOP up on my lap, please, for I have something very serious to talk about this month.

The youngest of our readers can remember that in very recent years, a Japanese war cloud hovered over this country. The California people rightly objected to adult Japanese mixing with their daughters in the public schools of San Francisco. California thought that all she had to do, if she didn't like Japs in her public schools, was to kick them out, for it is a national habit of ours to hold all foreigners in contempt, especially Asiatics.

California did not realize any more than the whole United States realized at that time, that if she kicked the Japs out of her public schools she stood in imminent danger of finding all her cities in ashes, and her fair and beautiful country dyed red with the blood of her citizens, prostrate beneath the heel of a military conqueror.

Fortunately, one man understood what California did not, and I may mention it here that another man named Uncle Charlie, realized just as did Theodore Roosevelt, that Japan was ready to give us the same dose that she gave Russia. If we dared to treat her people as other than equals, fully entitled to the same privileges that every other foreigner enjoys in this country. Roosevelt smoothed the ruffled feathers of Japan, and a rather foolish and theatrical parade of our ships of war in the various harbors of the world followed. Foolish because it is now openly stated that not until the U. S. assured Japan that none of our warships would remain in the Pacific would the Mikado allow any of our vessels to traverse or remain in his ocean. It may be as well right here to remind our readers that our fleet could never have got round the world at all, if it had not been for the fact that we were able to hire from foreign nations, twenty-seven big colliers, huge coal and supply ships, which had war been declared by Japan during the fleet's cruise, would have had to desert our war ships and leave our vessels as helpless as painted ships upon a painted ocean, impotently colliding with one another, forced to drift hither and thither, like half submerged derelicts, until found and captured or sunk by the enemy. For a fleet without coal ships is useless, and our fleets have almost no coal and supply ships, and could not buy them in time of war. Japan knew this, just as the world knows today that our fleet right now is only half manned, having but 47,000 of the 68,000 men needed to bring it up to its full strength.

So while we were pluming our feathers and glorying in the fact that we had sent sixteen battleships around the world without any of them sinking, all the big powers were laughing at us for displaying, not our strength, but our impotence. We narrowly escaped war with Japan in those days. Providence obligingly saved us from defeat and humiliation; gave us an opportunity to put our house in order, and prepare for the inevitable struggle for the mastery of the Pacific that must come sooner or later.

We had our warning, but only a few far-sighted men of sense and vision, men able to see a few inches beyond the pork barrel, heeded it. In vain has Captain Hobson, and the naval and military experts who are paid to figure out and plan how best our country can be protected from foreign invasion, stormed at Congress and warned the nation of the dangers it was running by not providing sufficient battleships to protect our coasts and if necessary to harry the coast of an enemy, for it's only a weak and decadent nation that waits to be attacked. Congress laughed these men to scorn. The Republicans gave us two battleships a year, just enough to protect one coast line, on the Atlantic, but utterly inadequate to protect the Pacific coast, the Panama canal and our far flung possessions from Hawaii to the Philippines. The Republicans locked the front door against burglars, but left the back door open. The Democrats have opened all the doors and invited the burglars in. Fine bunch to protect the nation against marauding yellow land thieves, don't you think?

We have had the "white man's burden" thrust upon us, and we are holding the Philippines, thousands of miles distant, and right under Japan's nose, without taking into consideration the fact that in the event of war we would have to protect these enormous possessions and the people who inhabit them from invasion. A task we are utterly incapable of performing without a sacrifice of blood, and treasure that no nation could afford.

Directly war broke out the Philippines would be captured, and thousands of American soldiers taken and held as prisoners. Think of the disgrace of it! Then too we took over the Hawaiian Islands, which strategically are the key of the Pacific, spent piles of money on the lovely isles and today Japan is the master of them, and practically owns them, for on those islands Japan in the guise of laborers keeps thousands of veteran soldiers, ready for any emergency.

As one military writer says: "Japan can raise her flag tomorrow in the Hawaiian Islands, without the firing of a gun, raising a voice, or even the shuffling of a pair of feet." Remember too when Japs hold the Hawaiian Islands they bring their distant frontier within five days' sail of our Pacific coast cities, and will use it as a base from which to conduct their attacks on our coast line. Our attempts to protect these two island possessions, especially in view of the fact that they were liable at any moment to be assaulted by the Japs, have been farcical and suicidal.

Now as to our Pacific coast, Japan can, whenever she chooses, land from a quarter to half a million men, veteran soldiers, tested and tried in battle, at any spot she desires, from Los Angeles to Puget Sound. The latter with its splendid cities are hers for the asking, for owing to the depth and breadth of its waters, and the strength of its currents, neither shore batteries nor mines can be used against a hostile fleet, with any hope of success. We have built a number of forts along

our western coast line, but these defenses are practically useless, for their guns point seaward only, and they are unable to make any defense against a land attack. Our leading military officials will tell you, that to put these forts in a condition to defend themselves from attacks from land as well as sea, would take at least three years of hard work, as modern guns and ammunition take months and years to turn out. At present there are not more than ten rounds of ammunition for any of these big guns. So all Japan has to do to demolish our Pacific coast defenses, is to land a few thousand men to the north or south of the coast forts and attack them in the rear.

So practically our Pacific coast is defenseless, and as for raising an army, making hundreds of guns needed for an effective army, drilling into shape raw recruits, many of whom would be foreigners of questionable loyalty, it would take us years to do that.

Volunteer soldiers and national guards, amateur fighters, though good enough in their way, are almost useless in modern warfare. Listen to what the great George Washington said: "Regular troops alone are equal to the exigencies of modern warfare, and when a substitute is attempted it must prove illusory and ruinous."

It may interest and disgust you to know that if all our powder companies were to stop making blasting and sporting powder, they could not turn out sufficient powder in thirty days to enable our fleet to fight for two hours. Fancy a fleet that could only fight for a few hours each month! The Japs have a splendid merchant marine, and if you want to go to Japan from San Francisco or send a pound of freight there, you will have to go aboard a Jap boat or some other foreign vessel. Only one ship flying the Stars and Stripes went through the Suez canal in one year, and that ship was a little old sailing tub. Without a merchant marine to carry coal and supplies and to use as transports for soldiers, a nation such as ours would be almost entirely helpless in time of war.

Ex-President Taft has publicly declared that we are "scandalously unprepared for war." Considering that the nation paid him handsomely to protect this country, he ought to be ashamed to make the confession.

When however the democrats got in and controlled the House of Representatives, instead of giving us six or eight battleships a year (and we needed absolutely that number for a while) they grudgingly gave us one, and now with the chances of war greatly increased, most of them don't want to give us any.

Poor blind bats, they don't know that a powerful enemy can always demolish and capture the units of a weak fleet. We must not put too much reliance on the Panama canal, for a few pounds of dynamite dropped from a Jap vessel, or airship, would destroy the locks and render it useless for a year or two or maybe more.

It seems incredible, doesn't it? that among the scores of men most strenuous in their opposition to an invincible navy were men elected by Pacific coast states, to represent them in Congress. Do our Western friends deem it advisable to send men to Congress who vote to leave them unprotected, and practically invite piratical Asiatics to burn the roofs over their heads, pillage their cities and put them to the sword?

Please tell the men who built the fool post-offices that you didn't need with money purloined from the pork barrel, and did this so that you would vote them back into office again, that the cost of two weeks' war with Japan would provide us with enough battleships to fully protect our coasts and make Nippon less arrogant and impudent.

A navy is just an insurance policy against war and bloodshed. Its cost is trivial compared to war itself, for war not only takes money, but tens of thousands of human lives, spreads ruin, anguish and misery, and its evil effects are felt for generations. Lincoln said: "The cost of war between the North and South for the brief space of twelve hours, amounted to a sum that would buy at three hundred dollars a head, the freedom of every slave in the state of Maryland."

Remember those who are prepared for war, never have to go to war. Patriotism is that love of country and foresight, which makes every sacrifice in time of peace, when there is no flag or banner waving, to protect our people from the horrors of war.

Now as regards the Jap-California question, and this by the way is a point I've never seen discussed—will someone please tell me how it is that an American could be so short-sighted, knowing as he must, what terrible consequences would result from his act, as to sell a square foot of American soil to a Japanese? A race that we can never assimilate, a race without morals and whose standards of living are infinitely lower than ours, a race entirely too patriotic to have any real interest in this country, coveting it only for the sake of conquest and greed. Once a Jap, always a Jap. These men are here as an advance guard of other brown hordes (the most desperately brave and fanatical fighters on earth), that are yet to follow. There is no Jap that could hold an inch of American soil, unless some contemptible, greedy, grasping, dollar-seeking shark, sold it to him. Bloodshed, disgrace and disaster are openly invited so that real estate—ranch and farm—may be turned over to Asiatics at a bigger price than white men will pay, and all this in spite of the fact that army officers have published to the world the news that there are not ten rounds of ammunition for the big guns of any of our forts. Contemptible capitalists, big ones and little ones, who would employ monkeys in their despicable efforts to get cheap help, are eager to employ the Japs because their labor costs little. There is no patriotism in dollars and no prudence in profits. If there were we should not see our American paradise—California—being turned over to an alien and hostile race of Orientals.

Now will you kindly ponder these facts; the California fruit crop in 1912, was valued at

twenty-eight million dollars, one half of this great crop was grown, picked, packed and shipped by Japanese. Think and stew over that will you? Get's your goat doesn't it? I should worry. Now here's some more that will make you feel good: of 142 babies born in a certain county in California more than three quarters were Japs. All the servants in the Army and Navy Club in New York, were wide-awake Japs. Fancy allowing these men to be where they could learn all the military and naval secrets of our country! For years a Jap was employed in the drafting department of our navy. He learned all he could, then disappeared. One of our admirals assigned to one of our greatest dockyards, employs a number of Japs. Sensible and patriotic, don't you think? Every Jap that leaves these shores carries away with him on an average, two thousand dollars in gold and the Chinese do the same. Orientals do not bother with paper money, they are chronic gold and silver hoarders. Hundreds of millions of dollars in gold leave the country by this route. Some of you will say, "Uncle Charlie, you have a short memory, why worry about the Japs? Look what wonderful things we did in the little dispute between the North and South." Conditions have changed tremendously since then, war is now on an entirely different basis, and not all the facts about that great war, got into school histories or even into the newspapers. So that we may not be too vain glorious, let me quote from one of the greatest military authorities. He says: "In the Union Army, from 1861 until 1865, there were more officers discharged and cashiered for dishonor and incapacity than were killed on the field of battle, more discharged without stated reasons than died during that time of disease. From 1861 until 1865, nearly two hundred thousand men deserted from the Union army, one fifth of the size of the entire army at the close of the war. The Union army lost nearly four times as many men by desertion as were killed on the field of battle." In a war today, conditions would be far worse, for among the masses who would have to do the fighting (a third of them at least of foreign birth), there is here as there is in Europe, financial unrest and chronic industrial discontent. White men are beginning to loathe war for war's sake. The Japanese far behind us in most of the things that make for progress, comfort and happiness, and crowded together on an island much too small for them, are fairly panting for conquest, expansion, and bloodshed. Bear all these facts in mind when you go on a patriotic jag. War is hateful, abominable, paralyzing; no wicked. It puts back the clock of progress sometimes half a century. It makes a few of the immensely rich still richer, by giving them a chance to sell junk to the government at enormous prices and it makes the poor poorer, by upsetting business, stagnating trade, and turning men's minds from peace and industry, to slaughter and destruction.

When our fighting blood is up, the brute dominates, while the good, the holy, the pure, the sweet and noble, the charitable and Christlike, are crushed out of existence.

War is hell, and there is no reason why hell should be let loose in our midst, because a few greedy, contemptible wretches sell the soil of their country to undesirable Asiatics, and because traitorous politicians insist on spending the money of the nation on useless buildings, neglecting our army and navy, and letting our defenses go to rot, while they revel in plundered tit-bits from the pestiferous pork barrel, and listen to Chautauqua lectures on how to starve on twelve thousand dollars a year, by a grape juice expert.

This may seem like a strangely warlike article from an apostle of peace, one who nightly prays for brotherhood among men, but ere we can have brotherhood we must first let in the light, drive out ignorance and enthroned Justice, and not until this is accomplished can we walk in the pleasant paths of peace which lead to the smiling fields of brotherhood and love.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full description at the end of this department. Don't miss it.

A bright, ambitious girl, under thirty can obtain a delightful position by writing Uncle Charlie.

Now for the letters:

KIOTA, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have decided, if I may, to visit you. My! how I enjoy reading the many interesting letters from the cousins. When I begin to read them it seems as though I am at an entertainment with a great crowd of friends. If you will let me sit close to you cousins I'll tell you about a Halloween party which I had the pleasure of attending on the night of October 31st, 1911, the entire center high school building was lit up by Jack-o-lantern lights, and ghosts were everywhere. As I entered the door, a tall and beautiful ghost met me and escorted me to the stairway. As I ascended the steps I met another, and was conducted to the first floor of the building. This room was decorated as earth. I had my fortune told by a beautiful little gypsy girl. I won't tell it to you. I had a very nice time while on earth.

Everybody was told to go to the assembly hall, where there was an excellent program rendered by the pupils and also ghosts.

Next we were carried through a very small, dark place called the River Styx. In this room were legs placed very close together, and as you entered the door you were placed on a wheel barrow and rolled across to the next place of amusement which was purgatory. I wish all of you could have gone through purgatory. It was an excellent imitation. On a large box in the center of the room sat old Satan, with his large horns and pitchfork and chains. He looked exactly like the pictures I have seen of him. Standing around in the room near him wereimps. They would put their ice-cold hands to our faces. It was awful, felt like frogs and snakes.

Next we went to paradise. Of course this was very beautiful. There was a very soft, heavenly light over the room, and very beautiful girls were dressed as angels.

We had lots of things to eat. In purgatory we ate the very hottest of chile, and in paradise angel food cake and cream. Now really, don't all you cousins wish you had been here? I sympathize with the ones that have lost their mothers. I hardly know what a mother's love is, as my mother died when I was only eight years old.

LOLA STEPHENS.

Lola, your description of that wonderful Halloween entertainment at your high school is one of the finest things I ever heard of. The man who planned and carried out that highly original affair was a genius. I think you were a very brave girl to face all those ghosts in the courageous way which you did. You say: "As I ascended the steps I met another." Another what? Ghost or pair of steps? I tell you right here and now I'd rather have met the steps. I have met the steps. I drew the line at spooks of any kind.

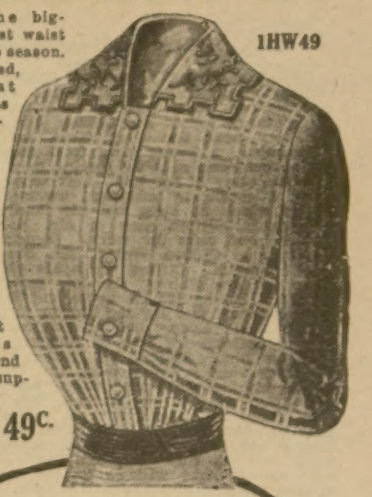
You say the first room you entered was decorated as earth. Now I'm wondering just how a room could be decorated as earth. The most artistic way I should imagine to decorate it as earth would be to throw dirt all over the floor. Maria says a little grass might be added, but grass isn't earth, grass is only the earth's whiskers. The Goat says that you mean to convey the idea

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I should imagine to decorate it as earth would be to throw dirt all over the floor. Maria says a little grass might be added, but grass isn't earth, grass is only the earth's whiskers. The Goat says that you mean to convey the idea

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that the room was decorated in such a way that it represented a part of this terrestrial ball on which we whirl through space. I'm sorry we couldn't have seen the beautiful little gypsy girl tell your "fortune". It was very unfortunate that we couldn't. Telling fortunes is an improvement, I hope, on the old fortune telling boob traps. You say you had a very nice time while on earth. Gee whis, that's more than I can say. The times I've had on earth have been punk. I should worry, as the saw said when it lost its teeth. You say you were next carried to a dark place called the River Styx. What a queer name to give a river. That must have been either a wooden river or a molasses river. I hope the river didn't stick to you, Lola, as it would be mighty uncomfortable to walk around with a whole river sticking to one. Billy the Goat thinks you mean the River Styx, over which the dead are supposed to be ferried from the shores of this world to the sulphurous regions of Hades, by that grim old boatman Charon. I'm glad you had such a nice time going through purgatory. How the deuce do you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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FATHEFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingston, a young girl, from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money which he loses and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. He invites his nurse and Shirley for a sail. The steamer takes fire and Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, who admits her love for him. Telling his father his determination to marry Shirley Livingston, Mr. Vining objects and swears his son shall never marry her. Clifton secures a position for Shirley through Mr. Norwood, whose aunt, Madame Marton, a most eccentric woman, desires a companion. Mr. Norwood schemes with Mr. Vining and asks Clifton to consent to go abroad on a business trip with him, and later admits his wife and Blanche will be in the party. Clifton expresses surprise and annoyance. Mr. Vining prevents Clifton receiving letters from Shirley. Blanche confides to her father of a conspiracy with Lurline Lovering, who is the guest of Lord Wallace. Madame Marton takes Shirley to her home at a week later Lord Wallace is confronted by a huge black-and-white mastiff. It belongs to Nell Wallace who is near and he assures her the dog is harmless. She apologizes for trespassing and he requests the pleasure of showing her Ivyhurst, then he accompanies her home. Madame Marton relates the story of Nell Wallace's life. A graduate physician with wealth at his command, he gives him time to the slums of the town. Married to a handsome but unprincipled woman, she becomes the mother of a beautiful boy, who through her neglect is hopelessly crippled and unable to walk. Later she elopes and dies soon after. Lord Wallace and his mother, Lady Wallace, call upon Madame Marton and Shirley. Returning the call a week later Lord Wallace takes Shirley to the conservatories and to his child who is in a carriage attended by a nurse. She wins the boy's heart. Lady Wallace extends an invitation to Madame Marton and Shirley to spend a week at Ivyhurst where she entertains a large house party. Shirley has misgivings, but Madame Marton shows the way clear and Shirley is cordially received by Lady Wallace's guests. Three days later Lurline Lovering and her mother arrive; she ignores Shirley's pleasant greeting and turning to Alice Montclair remarks she is the companion of Madame Marton. Shirley instantly admits her position and Madame Marton's indifference in allowing her to enjoy Lady Wallace's hospitality. Lord Wallace comes to the rescue and relieves the embarrassing situation. Arranging a trip down the river Lord Wallace, unexpectedly meets Mr. Alexander Hartman, who recognizes Shirley as the heroine on the burning steamer and learning her father's and mother's name shows so much feeling that suspicion is aroused in Lurline Lovering's mind as to the mystery of her wealth and she is determined to injure Shirley. Returning from the sail, Lurline Lovering receives a letter from Blanche Norwood; her engagement to Clifton Vining is soon to be announced. A letter from Mrs. Norwood to Madame Marton and she hopes to have something pleasant to write of Blanche—Clifton Vining is very attentive. Shirley faints and with returning consciousness Madame Marton desires to know what Clifton Vining has to do with her fainting and Shirley unburies her heart. Going back to the guests, Madame Marton overhears Lurline Lovering reading a letter written by Blanche Norwood, in which she places Shirley Livingston in a false light and writes of her as a "queer old bird" with lots of money and tolerated for her wealth. Convinced of the Norwoods' insincerity and realizing their apparent friendliness a sham she cannot sleep, and Shirley the next morning, finds Madame so ill she insists that a doctor be called. Refusing Shirley applies such treatment as taught by her mother. Her attitude toward Shirley is so strange that she questions Madame who would like to prove Shirley's penitence. Shirley goes for a walk, resting near the river bank, where Nell Wallace invites her for a row, and asks her to become his wife. Shirley, realizing the pain she must cause, turns her ring and Nell understands why the refusal must come. Madame Marton and Shirley go home that night. Desiring to return to New York Shirley fears she does not give satisfaction. Madame assures her she suits her better than anyone she has ever had and Shirley thinks she may hear of Clifton from Abby Knapp. Madame admits the Norwoods are coming home and that Blanche has married her father's secretary. Madame sympathizes with Shirley, not declaring that all men are false tells the story of her early life, her engagement, the wedding day set, her trousseau nearly completed, the wedding guests invited, and three days before the long-looked-for morning word comes that her over is false, and this destroys Felice Marton's faith and changes to a crabbed old woman. Shirley determines she will conquer her weakness, and with this decision requests to know Madame's plans that she may provide for herself. She secures a position as teacher. Madame surprises Mr. and Mrs. Norwood with the fact that she is a poor woman with only five hundred dollars and will now take them at their word—that she can have a home with them. They show an unwillingness to have her and offer excuses for the delay, and a letter received a few days later convinces Madame she is cast off. Shirley secures apartments for her and Madame at five and three dollars a week and to lessen expenses for Madame pays three dollars in advance explaining the motive to the landlady. The landlady meets Madame's approval and Shirley devises some way to earn money for her expenses. Shirley and Clifton meet most unexpectedly. Explanations follow and Clifton assures her he is not married to Blanche Norwood. He explains the duplicity and deception used to make a marriage between Mr. Norwood's daughter and himself. Shirley admits that Madame Marton has lost her property, that the Norwoods do not want her Madame and that she was obliged to get work in New York. Clifton proposes they make a home for Madame Marton and places his ring again on her finger. Visiting Shirley and Madame Marton in the evening, Madame displays unusual interest in the approaching wedding and is affected when they agree to share their home. While waiting for a permanent home, Madame proposes they secure the suite opposite, and Clifton leaves orders with Mrs. Wilbur that it be made ready. Shirley and Madame go for a ride the next day. Dismissing the driver for an hour they stroll through the walks and drives. Resting a while they hear the sound of footsteps. Madame Marton recognizes the over of her youth, Alice Marton, who proves to be Shirley's uncle and he places twenty thousand dollars to her credit, promising she will inherit his wealth at his decease. Clifton informs his father of his approaching marriage, and in his anger Mr. Vining orders Clifton from the office. Clifton and Shirley are married and going to the Grand Central station Clifton notices a truck pulled high with trunks insecurely fastened. He unexpectedly meets his father who stands near the truck. The baggage topples and to save his father pushes him aside. His foot slips and two heavy trunks fall upon him injuring him severely.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I WILL SAVE HIM IF I CAN."

BUT no one answered Shirley—scarcely heeded her, except to wonder who the beautiful vision was, and what relationship she bore to the injured man; for everybody was intent upon rendering him all possible assistance at this critical time and anxious to learn how seriously he was hurt.

Clifton was lifted and laid upon an empty truck, while his father, now conscience-stricken and alarmed, as he realized that his son had saved his life and perhaps sacrificed his own in so doing, loosened his necktie and vigorously chafed his hands, calling loudly for water and a doctor.

An elderly gentleman came forward at this, remarking that he was a physician, and, at a gesture from Mr. Vining, began to examine the injured man.

There was not a bruise anywhere upon his face or head, and no bones were broken that the physician could discover, examining him carefully; but he showed no signs of returning consciousness, although his pulse was beating feebly and there were slight pulsations of the heart, and he thought he must have suffered some internal

injury. He advised Mr. Vining, if he was a personal friend, to get him home as soon as possible and call a skillful surgeon, or have him taken directly to a hospital.

Shirley had stood by, pale as a spirit, listening to these remarks with painful attentiveness; but now she stepped forward with quiet determination and laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder, as if thus to signify her right to act in the matter, while many an eye was fixed upon the gleaming wedding ring that shone on the third finger.

"Will someone be kind enough to order a carriage for me?" she asked, in a clear, calm tone.

"Here, lady—right here," cried a half-dozen voices, while as many men tried to force their way to her side.

Her quick, searching glance singled out a middle-aged, compassionate-looking driver.

"You," she said briefly and decidedly, and he came directly to her. "I am sure," she added, "some of these people will assist you to remove this gentleman at once to your carriage."

"Where do you want to go, lady?" the man respectfully inquired.

To No. — Ninth Street.

"No," here interposed a cold, stern voice just at Shirley's side, "he will be taken to No. — Madison Avenue."

Shirley turned at these words and found herself face to face with Mr. Vining.

He had been on the opposite side of the truck only a moment before, but when he saw that she was discussing the removal of Clifton, he forced his way around to her to nip all such arrangements in the bud.

"Ah!" Shirley remarked, yet hardly knowing what she said, "you are Clifton's father!"

"I am this young man's father—yes," he returned, with haughty insolence, "and I shall of course have him taken directly to his own home."

A slight movement from Clifton at this moment attracted attention and interrupted further parley upon that point.

The physician had continued to work diligently in his efforts to resuscitate his patient, and he now heaved a sigh of relief as he saw that his exertions were likely to be rewarded.

"Stand back!" he commanded to the crowd, as Clifton gasped for breath.

The people fell away at this authoritative injunction, thus leaving only the young wife, Mr. Vining, the coachman, and the physician about the truck.

Shirley bent over her dear one, watching eagerly for some other sign of life from him.

"Oh! Clif! Clif!" she breathed in his ear, "pray speak to me, dear, and tell me where you are hurt."

Her beloved voice seemed, for the moment, to penetrate his benumbed faculties, and he stirred again, slowly unclosed his eyes, bending one agonized, appealing look upon her, then lapsed into unconsciousness again.

"Oh! I will not someone help me get him home?" Shirley cried, while she tried to force back a sob of agony, as she realized what intense suffering must have caused this second swoon.

"The quicker the better," said the physician gravely. "Where is the young man's home?"

"No. — Madison Avenue; not ten minutes' drive from here," Mr. Vining hurriedly announced, utterly ignoring the young wife, and began to discuss the best way to transfer Clifton thither.

Shirley moved to his side and listened eagerly to what was being said, while she told herself that if Mr. Vining's home was only ten minutes' drive, it might be better for Clif to be taken there, and have surgical aid summoned at once. It would certainly save time, and time was precious just now, although she would rather have suffered the rack then enter that house, still, for her husband's sake, she would put self utterly aside.

But, as the doctor and Mr. Vining talked, she became conscious that she was being entirely ignored in their arrangements, a wild fear took possession of her that the latter was planning to separate her from Clif.

Presently some men were summoned, when Clifton was gently lifted and borne out to a roomy carriage, where cushions had been arranged so that he could lie as if on a bed, while being transported to his father's house.

Shirley followed, watching every movement, until they had arranged everything to the physician's satisfaction; then, as Mr. Vining turned to give some directions to the coachman, she slipped quietly within the carriage, and seated herself beside her husband.

The haughty man's face was a study when he looked around again and saw her there, calmly changing the wet cloth upon Clif's head. It grew almost livid with baffled rage, for he had fully intended to carry matters with a high hand, and drive off without her.

"Madam," he said, coming to the side of the vehicle, and speaking in a low but authoritative tone, "you will please alight—there is no room in the carriage for both you and my son."

"There is ample room," Shirley composedly replied, while she added with one of her clear, direct glances, which meant far more than her words: "I am his wife, so, of course, where he goes, I go also."

They were in a public place, while many stood by watching with curious interest the moving of the injured man, and Mr. Vining was far too proud to have a scene and cause a scandal, so he made no reply to Shirley's resolute assertion, but, after arranging with the physician to telegraph for him to a certain hospital for a surgeon to be sent immediately to his home, he mounted the box with the driver, and they drove slowly away toward Madison Avenue.

It was a sad and tedious drive, short though it was, while the second moving of the sufferer was terrible to witness, for consciousness was again returning, and with it almost mortal pain.

It seemed to Shirley as if every moan that escaped his lips must rend her heart in twain; but she was powerless to do anything; she could only follow in the wake of those who attended him.

She did not hesitate to mount the richly carpeted stairs, or penetrate to the chamber to which Clif was borne and where she quietly seated herself upon a chair beside the bed where they laid him, but with an air which plainly indicated that she regarded it as her rightful position and meant to maintain it.

Mr. Vining was sullenly observant of these movements, but for the sake of appearances he wisely held his tongue while there were strangers about.

Before they had Clifton fairly settled, there came a telegram, in reply to the one Mr. Vining had dictated urging the immediate attendance of a surgeon, saying that Dr. Hammond had been called out of town, but another, who was considered equally skillful, had been sent in his stead, and would be with them shortly.

"Why is this girl here?" Mrs. Vining demanded of her husband, when everyone save themselves and Shirley had been sent from the room.

"Because she would come. I could not prevent it without a scene," Mr. Vining answered, as he flashed a malignant glance at the object of her remarks.

Mrs. Vining drew herself haughtily erect, and, turning, swept with an imperious step to Shirley's side.

"You can go now," she remarked, in a supercilious tone; "you will not be needed here."

"Kind heaven!" thought the almost heart-broken little wife, "can it be possible there are such unfeeling natures in the world?"

For one moment she was dismayed, almost in despair; then she arose, and looking directly into the woman's eyes, she replied with respectful firmness:

"Madame, I realize that I am very unwelcome

here, and I regret exceedingly that I have been forced to intrude upon you; but I shall not leave my husband while we both live."

The tone was low and sweet and gentle, but her look and words indicated that her resolution was inflexible.

"Your husband!" sneeringly repeated the woman, her face flushing with anger at being thus reminded of the union which she had so opposed.

"Yes, madam; we were married, as of course you know, at eleven this morning," was the quiet rejoinder, though Shirley's lips quivered painfully, as, with almost overwhelming sorrow, she realized what a sad ending this was to her wedding day.

"But we have no room for you in the house," Mrs. Vining persisted coldly.

Shirley glanced around the spacious apartment, and into the dressing-room adjoining, but without making any response. She turned slowly away from those cold, proud eyes with a soft sigh, and bent her gaze upon the dear pale face lying upon the pillow.

She appeared to take no further notice of either Mr. or Mrs. Vining, both of whom were greatly unnerved by their son's critical condition. She concentrated her whole attention upon Clif, watching his every breath, while she suffered an agony of suspense, waiting for the coming of the surgeon who would tell her whether he was to live or die.

He came at last.

She heard him as he was admitted to the house by the servant, and flushed as she caught the sound of his voice, which had a strangely familiar cadence in it. She listened almost breathlessly to his every step, as he mounted the stairs, while, when he entered the room, she uttered a low, glad cry, and held out both her hands to him, her long forced composure nearly deserting her when she looked into the tender, compassionate face and pitying eyes of Nell Wallace.

"Oh, Lord Wallace! I am so glad!" she breathed, a great sob bursting from her quivering lips. "You will save him!"

The man took her trembling hands in a firm, protecting clasp, and something in their magnetic touch comforted and reassured her even before he spoke.

"If human agency can save him, he shall live," he returned, in a tone that was rich and vibrant with sympathy. "But," he added, with gentle authority, "you must be calm and brave."

He seated her in the chair from which she had risen as he entered, and then turned away from her appealing eyes to the sufferer on the bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Vining had both been wondering witnesses of this brief, but significant interview, and their hearts were seared yet more bitterly against her as they realized that the distinguished surgeon knew and sympathized with the despised wife of their son.

The hour that followed was one that no one in the room ever forgot, for the examination which Nell was forced to make was of necessity a most painful one.

Mrs. Vining was forced to leave before the first half of it was over, and went to bed in strong hysterics.

Mr. Vining braved it out, but he seemed powerless to render any aid, or do aught but walk the floor and try to preserve a semblance of composure.

It was Shirley, who, with true heroism born of mingled love and despair, calmly waited upon the young surgeon, never shrinking from a single requirement, even though the groans and shrieks of her dear one were like doubled daggers thrust into her very heart. It was over at last, however.

Three ribs had been broken and had, of course, to be set. There was a cruel dent and bruise near the spine, just above where it was joined to the hip bones, while it was evident that there were other injuries of an internal nature which only time would develop or mend, as the case might be.

Clifton had come to himself more and more as the examination progressed—the agony of it having served to restore consciousness when every other appliance had failed; and now that all was over, he lay panting and exhausted, too weak even to move or do aught but feebly cling to the hand of the brave little wife who had stood by him through it all.

Lord Wallace remained for three long hours, administering anodynes and watching their effect, and when at last the sufferer slept and he was released, Mr. Vining eagerly drew him one side to ask his verdict of the case.

He could not tell, he said; no one could tell what the result of Clifton's injuries would be. He did not hesitate to admit that they were very serious, but he hoped that time and skill would do much for him.

"How did it happen?" he questioned, for there had been no time, as yet, to explain the nature of the accident to him.

Mr. Vining gave him a brief account of the overloaded truck, and how Clifton, in trying to save him, had met with his injuries.

"Ah!" said Nell, as he looked gravely into the face of his companion, "it was almost a life for a life. I only wonder that he was not killed outright. He would have been if the corner of that truck had struck him a half-inch nearer the spine."

Mr. Vining shuddered. It was too horrible to discuss.

"You will send us a competent nurse?" he remarked, to change the subject.

"Yes, immediately on my return to the hospital," the young surgeon replied.

"And—," continued the elder man with some embarrassment, "I suppose it will be best to have no other attendants about, in fact—no one else in the room."

He hoped thus to secure some excuse for expelling Shirley from her self-assumed position at Clifton's side.

Nell's lips tightened suddenly beneath his glossy mustache, for he instantly surmised the truth. He was a keen observer, and he had not failed to notice the frowns upon the face of Mr. and Mrs. Vining while he was greeting Shirley.

"Of course he must be kept very quiet," he thoughtfully remarked; "and it will be best to have no one in the room who would annoy or disturb him. His wife, of course, must remain with him, if he desires it, and she is able to endure the strain. He must not be fretted or crossed in any way—it would have the worst possible effect upon him."

Mr. Vining bit his lip with vexation at this; but the surgeon's verdict must not be gainsaid, and so he was forced to submit to it, much as Shirley's presence in the house annoyed him.

The young man then took his leave, promising to look in again upon his patient some time during the evening.

There was a slightly scornful smile upon his lips as he went down the costly marble steps, but a look of deep pain in his eyes for the sad little wife watching by the bed of the sufferer in the chamber above.

"My beautiful darling," he murmured, with a heavy sigh, "what a tragic ending to your wedding-day that I prayed might be so auspicious and happy! I fear there is a sad life before you; but better a crippled husband than to lose him altogether. I imagine your loving heart would say, and so I will save him for you if I can."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"SHIRLEY, MY SISTER."

Who can describe the weary days and painful nights that followed the accident described in the last chapter.

How wearisome, how taxing to both body and spirit, only those who have watched by beds of pain where the breath of life seems just ready to take its flight with every passing moment, can ever know or even surmise.

To poor Shirley, the almost widowed bride, this heavy sorrow, with its attendant strain upon both heart and hands, was all the more cruel because she was made to feel that her presence in the home of the Vinings was an unpardonable intrusion.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Vining took the slightest notice of her, they never addressed a single word to her if they could possibly avoid it, and only frowns and sneers greeted her whenever her glance chanced to meet theirs.

A bed had been arranged for her in the dressing-room leading from the chamber where Clifton lay, and her meals were also served there, but with no little regard for what she needed to tempt her appetite and keep up her strength that frequently she would not eat more than half what she required.

But she uttered no word of complaint; neither by word nor look did she resent the cruel treatment that she received.

The only gleams of comfort the poor child had were when Lord Wallace—or Dr. Wallace as he preferred to be called—made his morning and evening visits, when he always managed to have a few minutes' chat with her.

"You must go out every day," he said to her one morning when he found her looking more than usually haggard and worn.

"I cannot leave him," Shirley replied, with a wan smile, as her glance sought the white face upon the pillow.

"But you must. Promise me that you will go out this very day."

Shirley darted a swift glance around the room to be sure that no one was within hearing.

"I do not dare to go out," she breathed, in an almost inaudible voice, "for I am afraid they would not let me come back again."

"My poor child!" said Nell Wallace, in a tone of compassion, "I know what you mean, and I know how cruel is your position here, but you need have no such fear, for I have long ago made it distinctly understood that it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of Mr. Vining that you remain with him."

"Oh, that was very good of you," said Shirley, with tremulous lips.

"Be brave a little longer and do as I tell you," Nell returned, in a comforting tone, "then I hope I may be able to arrange matters more pleasantly for you."

"Do you mean that we shall be able to go away from here?" Shirley cried with breathless eagerness.

"Yes, if your husband wishes, and I think he will when he is a little more himself."

"Then—oh! then you must think he is really getting better!" said the young wife, her face lighting with sudden joy.

"Yes, he is really, though slowly, getting better," was the young surgeon's reply, but with an expression in his eye that was strangely sad.

"Now," he continued, more brightly, "when Mr. Vining awakes today, put on your hat and run around for a little chat with Madame Marton; it will do you both good, while she longs for you and has been more lonely during this weary separation than I can tell you."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How are you all this beautiful morning, my friends? It is a long time since I came to see you. So much has taken place since the last time I saw you. Last December, a year ago, God called my last sister home, which left me all alone, except some good relatives and friends. This was a great trial, yet I know she is at rest, and I have passed through greater sorrow than loss of friends by death.

But I am not going to tell you of the dark days, for God has brought me safely through all. Surely, "God is my refuge and strength a very present help in time of trouble." I know that He will not "Cast me off in time of old age, nor forsake me when my strength falleth."

I want to tell you of our beautiful home, the "Old Ladies' Home." It is an ideal place, beautiful grounds with large shade trees, large three story, brick building with all modern conveniences for our comfort. At present there are twenty-eight inmates, several have been here seven years, one nine years. One told me she had been here four years and likes it better all the time, and the one that would not like would be very hard to please. Each one has a room, comfortably furnished and they attend to their rooms, if able to do so.

The Home is blessed with a good matron who watches after and considers the interest and comfort of each one. There are several not able to get out at all. The ages range from sixty to eighty-nine years. Yesterday, June 9th, was flower day. The W. C. T. U. gave us a nice entertainment in honor of Jennie Cassidy, of whom no doubt you all know. We had some interesting talks by some of the W. C. T. U. ladies; a good address by one of the city pastors; the sweet singing by children, also recitations from them, and last but not least the presentation of beautiful flowers to each, and altogether it made a very happy afternoon for us all.

We have quite a good many visitors all the time, and gladly welcome them. I enjoy my room so much; from it I have a fine view of Missionary Ridge, one of the historical points of Chattanooga.

We have family prayer of mornings, Sunday and Wednesday each one repeats a verse, or more, followed by prayer. Breakfast immediately after. We have plenty to eat, well prepared and nicely served.

One laundry takes the bed and table linen, and another our wearing clothes, and they do that free. Isn't that good?

The ladies that are able to visit, can go and come as they like and feel they have a home, a room of their own to come back to.

If any of our COMFORT band visits Chattanooga, I hope you will remember that the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home will be glad to welcome you.

I wish success to COMFORT and may God's blessings be on Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson in the great and noble work they are doing. My sympathies are with the shut-ins. I wish I could help them more than I have been doing.

Mrs. C. A. HUTSELL.

Mrs. Hutshell. Your life is a splendid example to our younger sisters, for in your triumph over sorrow you have found the reward of a well-spent youth. If we could all find this "refuge and strength" whenever life's storms would engulf us, then indeed would our declining years be filled with a grandeur which only an alliance with the Infinite God can give.

I congratulate you on the comfortable home you have; may you live many years to enjoy it.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of the Sisters' Corner for many years. My father with whom I live has been a subscriber to COMFORT for years and of course I have had the pleasure of reading its columns just the same as do the subscribers, but this year I subscribed to COMFORT which entitles me to ask for a seat in your cozy corner and feel that I am one of you. I do not think there is anything so helpful and cheering as the sisters' letters, also Uncle Charlie's. I think if we had a President who thought and felt as he does our country would be the free, independent one we try to persuade ourselves it is.

I have been married four years and a half and have one little boy past three years. I believe in training children to be kind and courteous to everyone, and think the fad of allowing them to address grown-ups by their names, and talk while their seniors are in conversation, is abominable. I, like many of the sisters have many shortcomings, and I wonder if they are always making good resolutions and breaking them? I am. Sometimes I feel utterly discouraged and feel like giving up, but I never feel quite right unless I am trying to serve God, and I think, though I fail so utterly, yet He knows my weaknesses; and will give me another chance. I lack patience sadly, and I pray God every night to give me more of that great virtue. I think all kinds of handwork beautiful, but do none of it except crocheting a little, as I do not have much time for such fascinating employment.

We live on a farm by the Rappahannock river. I have lived here all my life, and do not feel I could even be happy away from the old home. We live twenty miles from a railroad but have the promise of one in a few years to come. I hope it may come true, but one can never count on such things until they are a reality.

I hope Mrs. Schuessler may decide to keep the little blind boy for whom she expresses so much love and

sympathy. I am certain she will never have any cause for regret for a deed so noble could never receive anything but many blessings in return for its reward.

I have derived a lot of benefit from the sisters' remedies, and think such things in themselves worth the price we pay for COMFORT yearly. I know a very few things of the kind, but will pass them on, hoping they may be of use to some of the sisters as they have been to me.

To the sister who would clean the nickel on her range, I would advise rubbing the spots with a wet cloth dipped in wood ashes. After all the spots are taken off, wash in soapy water, wipe, and rub over with a woolen cloth.

A pinch of salt added to sauce, and custard improves the taste and richness wonderfully.

To clean galvanized ware such as wash tubs, water buckets, etc., pour in a cup of kerosene oil and rub briskly with a cloth. They will be as bright as they were when first bought.

To remove fruit stains from table-cloths, napkins, etc., as soon as the stain is gotten on it, if possible before it dries, spread the stained part over a deep vessel and pour boiling hot water over it, as one would strain milk, not allowing cloth to touch bottom of vessel. Keep pouring the hot water over it until the stain disappears, which will not be long.

If dried beans, peas, rice, and all kinds of dried vegetables are placed in a pan two hours before they are wanted for dinner, to cook, and hot water (not boiling) is poured over them, they will swell if allowed to stand thus for an hour or two, becoming as soft as when green thus enabling them to be cooked in half the time required to cook before. Only be sure the water isn't too hot and have three times as much water as you have vegetables.

If all the sisters suffering from tired, tender feet would bathe them several times daily in strong alum water they would have great relief from this ailment. Powdered alum worn in the stockings is also good for fetid feet. I am sure that anyone who should try this will be pleased with the result.

Fruit, when being peeled for canning, if peeled with a silver knife will not turn dark. Stand your jars of fruit while warm on the tops allowing them to remain thus all night after being first canned. If there is any leakage about the tops the juice will leak through. It can then be opened and reheated next day and a new top put on thereby saving the fruit from spoiling.

Would some of the sisters who know, give me a list of shrub flowers that will grow and thrive in the shade? We have a dense shade in our yard and I cannot get any flowers to grow in it and I am passionately fond of them. I would deem it a great favor if one of you would enlighten me.

With all good wishes for COMFORT's big family, I remain with love to all,

Mrs. A. T. BRUCE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I will make another effort to join your helpful corner. I was twenty-one years old the twelfth of May and a dear little boy came to bless us on the sixteenth. I have a dear, good husband, who, like myself, thinks the farm is the best place to live. My baby had indigestion so badly at first that he would throw up much sweet milk; also his condition became so serious that every time he was moved he would hiccup. The doctor gave him four kinds of medicine which did not seem to help him, so I began giving him Castor oil and it helped him right away. I gave a teaspoonful at night. I hope this hint will help some young mother as I know it did my boy so much good. He seems healthy now, and at two months had gained five pounds.

Would be pleased to hear from the sisters,

Mrs. HERBERT SNELL.

Mrs. Snell. I want to supplement your letter with just a few words. Indigestion in infants is often due to an obstruction in the bowels caused by curds of undigested milk lodging. Castor oil will remedy such a condition, usually, and allay the irritation which is frequently acute enough to cause a temperature. Sometimes a small dose of oil morning and night acts favorably. After purging the bowels with Castor oil several days, a dry or constipated condition will quite likely follow, which will usually yield if sweet cream is fed. All the stomach will carry. Such letters as yours are exceedingly helpful to young mothers.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am sending baby's picture as a number have asked me to do so, and I want to thank you through our corner for the letters and good advice I have received regarding my blind baby. Surely our COMFORT is rightly named, and I wish everyone could be benefited by it as I have. I would have written each of you personally, but I am on the claim most of the time alone, and am a very busy woman, so this is for you all and I thank you very much for your interest in our baby, and we have decided to keep him.



MASTER LINCOLN REGINALD SCHUESSLER AND HIS MAMMA.

I just could not let him go unless I knew it was for his good. Yes, it has been decided by three specialists, that baby's eyes are gone, but husband and I can't help but think they will be restored to him, so I will write from time to time and let you know how he gets along.

Thanking you all once again and asking you all to still pray for us and baby Reginald, I am your sister,

Mrs. F. W. SCHUESSLER.

Mrs. Schuessler. That you have decided to keep baby Reginald fills us with admiration for your goodness and courage to do your duty as you see it.

I am very glad to have baby's picture, and no less so to have yours as well, to print in our corner. May you and your husband enjoy good health and prosperity all your lives, and dear little Reginald, may sight be given him to see the faces of his loving protectors.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I will send a few lines to tell you how much I enjoy the Sisters' Corner, but it grieves me to read of unhappy homes, for I think home ought to be the happiest place on earth, and I believe it lies in our power to overcome our grievances and exert ourselves to make our homes just what we would want them to be. I am glad to note that it is only once in a great while that we read of an unhappy, discontented sister. We certainly enjoy our little home, have been married nearly five years and it seems as if we never can be thankful enough for all our blessings, the three best ones for me are husband, home and health. We are nearly always pretty busy and do not have time to quarrel, even if we wished. We have a little farm of thirty-nine acres, the school is one corner of our place and church and stores are about a ten-minute walk from our house. One can kind all kinds of vegetables and splendid fruit and all kinds of berries. The market is good and this is also a good dairy country. So what more could one wish for? I have one of the best husbands on earth and we are equal partners in money matters and I try to be

as careful a manager as any farmer's wife should be. I wonder if any sister could tell me of a good remedy for aching feet, I am rather stout and in warm weather my feet bother me quite a bit. I hope I haven't made my first letter too long.

With love and best wishes,

Mrs. CHAS. A. WEST.

Mrs. West. I think I can suggest something that will relieve your aching feet. At night prepare a tub or pail of water deep enough to cover well above ankles. To this add half a cup of salt and have water comfortably warm. Have at hand a pail of boiling hot water, and keep adding a little to your foot bath as fast as you can endure the increased heat, and you will be surprised how hot you can use it. Keep your feet in this water three quarters of an hour. You will perspire some, probably. The salt will strengthen, the heat will relieve the puffing, soothe the nerves of the feet and reduce large veins that usually appear on sensitive feet. This is my own remedy and I use it frequently. An interesting book will make the process less tedious.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time, and have often thought I would contribute my mite to its many readers. I certainly do enjoy the sisters' letters from different states. It brings us nearer together, and we feel the world is not so big after all. I appreciate the good work of COMFORT, giving us the privilege of exchanging thoughts, helpful hints and useful recipes. I know I have been benefited by COMFORT's writers. We cannot give too much praise to this little paper and its editors.

I will try to tell you something of our part of the state, yet I do not know as I can do it justice. Salida is a city of five thousand, nestled in the mountains, situated in the Arkansas valley. On the Arkansas river we are surrounded by mountains which protect us from floods and cyclones. It is called the "Gem of the Rockies." Our climate is excellent; winters mild and summers cool. Vegetation grows very quickly, and consequently garden truck is sweet and crisp. Apples and cherries do nicely here. An hour's ride from here takes you where there is an abundance of peaches and other tender fruits. The air is dry and light, and pure mountain water makes it a very healthy place. I should be glad to have the home for the consumptive and rheumatic. We have Hot Springs, five miles above the city which does wonderful cures for rheumatics.

Sister Mossie Boswell, I think a change of climate the surest remedy for rheumatism, but if you cannot make the change, treat the kidneys and liver with water cure; it is very beneficial. I knew a boy in Salt Lake City who was entirely cured with wild sage and gin.

The D. and R. G. railroad shops are here, smelter for ore and granite works. The granite is dark and takes fine polish.

Mrs. ROSE HOLLINGBERRY.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:

I come for a little help today. I have been almost a constant reader of COMFORT for many years and enjoy it so much. Will sisters who have had experience in selling their work through a woman's exchange, please write me. I have four little ones to support. I do lovely crochet work, but I go out to dispose of it. My children so much when I go out to dispose of it. They are small; ages are six months, twenty-two months, three and five years. I can place great trust in my eldest child, the little girl of five years. She has cared for the others as much as an entire day when I was forced to be away from them at work, but you who are mothers know there is a feeling of dread and fear for them every moment when one is away. I originate all my own designs and am an expert needleworker of any kind, but crochet is what I do most of. I work in the beautiful roll stitch, and make the baby caps, baby shoes and socks for summer, hand bags, belts, bows, ties, evening or automobile caps for ladies and if anyone could give me information about the different exchanges will be very thankful.

Sisters, let us fight the flies and give each other our best wishes of killing them. They cause our little ones so much sickness and suffering. I think we mothers should be their most bitter enemy and declare war unto death on them. I take glass jars of any kind, cut pasteboard squares to cover on under side of cardboard, around edges of hole, fill jar half full of water, and watch the flies drown. You can kill several thousands a day with two or three jars, and we sisters in the country need to fight them most for we are not always supplied with screens.

I should enjoy cheery letters.

Mrs. NONNA MCCONNELL,
BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

I have long thought to add my mite to COMFORT's large store of good thoughts and advice and hope what I write may help someone, sometime.

I seldom see a letter from Idaho. This is a beautiful section of the country, climate is very good and soil productive. We raise all kinds of fruit and vegetables. But land is very high priced, too high for farming to pay well, and unless there is money to pay down for land, one has to undergo a great many hardships to secure a nice home here.

Now to you girls who want to get married and think by so doing to better your condition. Be careful, if you have parents, stay with them if possible; if you have to work out, do not let that influence you to marry. Take an interest in your work and stay with it, no matter how hard or what you have to endure, until you are twenty-one any way, and then be sure of the man you marry. See that he has a comfortable home and a good income and be sure of your regard for him; sure he is always truthful to you and others; that he is honest in his dealings and that he is of a good disposition and that you love him better than yourself. Never try marrying a man if you are doubtful of your feelings toward him, for to live your life with a man you do not love is a greater burden than you can imagine.

I have heard girls say: "If I don't like him or cannot get along with him I can leave him, which is all easy to talk about, but very different when a reality. Remember your sacred marriage vows and keep them. Of course there are exceptions, but do not break up a home unless for some very great reason. I think if a man drinks and so deprives his family of the necessities of life, or whips his wife, one is justified and right to leave him and secure a divorce, but most divorces are without just cause. If you disagree about go, life is too short to quarrel. Get along as best you can; treat harshness with kindness and deeds; and must be borne. Remember God is with you if you are doing your duty. He will help you if you ask Him in earnest prayer; let your kindness and good influence help to make your husband better. You "have made your own bed," now lie in it as comfortably as possible, but dear girls, be sure in the beginning your shoulders are heavy burden through life.

I speak from my own experience. I would relate here but my letter is already too long. I have been married eleven years, have one child, a boy aged seven. I have been very unhappy at times, but am learning to trust in God and thanks to Him my life is becoming brighter.

I lost my dear old mother last year which has been a great sorrow. You who have mothers take good care of them; we know not what we have until it is taken from us.

May God bless all who read COMFORT's helpful lines, also Uncle Charlie who tries so hard and is succeeding in making the path of life brighter. Sincerely yours,

Mrs. LUELLE BERLEY.

Mrs. Berkley. Your excellent letter portrays a well learned lesson in resignation which fulfills a high ambition. "It is not where we have gathered up our brightest hopes, that the dawn of happiness breaks. It is not where we have glanced our eyes with affright, that we find the deadliest gloom. What should this teach us? To bow to the great and only source of light, and live humbly and with confiding resignation."

What you say to girls is sound and practical, every word of it. How often the first mistake blind to small acts of deceit and insincerity; a such condition is easily mended. Marriage under such conditions is almost sure to result in years of unhappiness. Your letter will be read with interest and profit.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:

I come asking for letters in my loneliness. I was married in 1905 and in 1912 we buried our baby girl and with my four little girls, the oldest seven, I am trying to do all I can. Baby was just a month old when husband died.

THIS FINE BLACK GENUINE BROADTAIL CARACAL \$6.95

PLUSH LADIES' COAT

54 in. long, 34 to 46 in. Bust Measure

Extra Sizes	Misses' Coats	Juniors' Coats
48 to 52 inches bust measure.	32 to 38 inches bust measure.	28 to 34 inches bust measure.
Age—17, 18 yrs.	Age—15, 16 yrs.	Age—13, 14 yrs.
Length—46, 47, 48 in.	Length—44, 45, 46 in.	Length—42, 43, 44 in.

This swell, handsome garment is made of a very rich, brilliant black heavy broadtail fur-like Caracal plush with the beautiful moire markings of that most expensive fur. Looks like a \$100.00 genuine broadtail fur coat. Takes close inspection to tell them apart. It is the latest style, perfect for winter wear. A strikingly handsome, finely tailored garment made in the charming new straight back, stylish boxy effect with large, handsome deep shawl collar, latest turn back cuffs, and large, full, beautiful satin lined pockets. More or less of a sensation.

Send \$1.00

Deposit Give size wanted, state if ladies' or juniors, girls or children, is desired and we will send you this elegant, black Caracal Plush Coat, C.O.D., by express, subject to examination. Pay balance and express charges to agent after you find the coat perfectly satisfactory, as well as handsome as a coat as you ever saw at three times the money, and equal in appearance to a \$100.00 genuine broadtail fur coat; otherwise refuse to pay. We will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the coat today or write for our big **FREE Special Fashion Book** Which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures (many in color) of our beautiful fall and winter garments at wonderful low prices. **Women's and Misses' Coats, \$3.40 up. Children's Coats, \$2.40 up. Dresses \$14.00 up. Suits \$24.50 up. We also have a large stock of children's and infants' garments at wonder low prices. We are headquarters for Ladies' Misses' and Children's FURS OF ALL KINDS** at below wholesale prices; full line in our special fashion book. We also supply coats made of this beautiful black broadtail plush for juniors, girls and children at the following low prices:

Girls' Coats	Girls' Coats	Children's Coats
Age—7, 8, 9 years. Length—28, 31, 33 in.	Age—10, 12, 14 yrs. Length—36, 39, 42 in.	Age—2 to 6 years. Length—22 to 26 in.

Juniors are made with shawl collar name as picture, with 2 buttons. Girls' and Children's coats are done in broadtail and heavy fur-like, warm storm collars. We'll send any of them on same liberal C.O.D. terms given on Ladies' and Misses' Coats. Give size wanted. Order now.

JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., Madison St. Chicago

Wont' any who have such to spare, send me reading matter after you have finished with it. Wishing success to Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie in their good work. Mrs. NELLIE E. TAYLOR.

BARTLESVILLE, R. R. 1, Box 140, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I enter your circle? I have been a reader of your paper for over a year and enjoy reading the COMFORT sisters' letters. I am twenty-one years of age and weigh about one hundred and seventeen pounds. I have light brown hair. I have been married about two and one half years. I have lost two children and am left motherless. I would like to adopt a little boy between the ages of eighteen months and two years. Could any of the sisters tell me where I could get one?

I hope to hear from some of the sisters.

Mrs. ALMA BECK.

DUTTON, R. R. 1, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a constant reader of this good paper for a long time and receive many helpful hints from its noble pages.

I was sixteen years old a few days before I was married six years ago, to a man thirty-one years old and I have spent many happy days at our lovely little home. My health has been poor most of the time and last August I spent thirty days in the woman's hospital at Nashville, Tenn., and underwent an operation for relief of stricture of the esophagus. My throat was dilated with instruments and I have been mending ever since the operation.

We have no children and would like very much to adopt a bright little boy or girl if we knew they were descendants of good, honest families and of American

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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This is the grandest Washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to use it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double-quick-time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

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DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it C. O. D. for examination then at your nearest express office, and if you think a bargain and equal in appearance to any \$15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special sales price \$3.75. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' or Gold or Silver.

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FREE You Can Have This Switch FREE

Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful 22-inch hand hair switch to match. If satisfactory send us \$1.50, any time within 10 days, or sell it to your friend for \$1.50 each and get yours absolutely free. Extra shades a little higher. Souvenir catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5c postage. Marguerite Colly, Dept. 417, 116 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

FREE 10 YEAR GUARANTEE GOLD RING

A beautiful Ladies' Cluster Gold filled ring, arranged in fers, set with two large cut amethyst, ruby or emerald stones and two small pearls. FREE for selling only 15 fine Mexican Drawnwork handkerchiefs at only 10c each. NO MONEY REQUIRED.

R. W. ELDRIDGE
20 Eldridge Bldg. Orleans, Vt.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

know it was an excellent imitation! I understand that one gentleman who went there came back and said that as far as society was concerned it was immense, but that the climate was awful. I'm glad you got a look at the old gentleman with tall and horns. I never liked him because he is always roasting his friends. I don't wonder at the Old Boy being surrounded by lumps. You can always find a bunch of them in every school in the land. I breathed quite a sigh of relief when you got to Paradise, and I would have given worlds to have seen that soft heavenly light, which I have no doubt came streaming from a lamp full of Rockefeller's Standard Oil. But what would have tickled me more than anything would have been the joy of seeing girls dressed as "angels." The dictionary says that an angel is an enclosed space near the point where two lines meet. A bunch of pretty girls dressed up like a meeting place between two real or imaginary lines must have had some swell duds on all right. No need to slash tight skirts to the knee when togged out in a rig like that. Lola, I'm almost inclined to believe that the young ladies were dressed like angels and not "angels" for nothing in human form can ever be beautiful that is angular. It is the curved and not the angular figure that is the standard of beauty. I don't see how hot food could ever be chile, and I certainly would not care to eat angel food, for the bait we use when we go out to angle or fish is generally worms, and I don't believe they would eat worms in Paradise. All angels come to a point, and if you swallowed an angel cake, it would scrape all the lining off your pipes as it went down. Thank you, Billy, I felt sure that Lola must have meant angel food, but I hate to contradict young ladies who have been through high school, even though they only went through on a Halloween night, personally conducted by ghosts.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you let me talk to you a while and advise me what to do? Let me tell my sad story if I can. I am twenty-two years old; was a happy girl until I loved and trusted a rascal who deceived and deserted me. Do not think I am a bad girl for I am not. Money could not have bought me. I trusted and loved and was deceived and wronged. My mother is dead, and I had no one to instruct, advise and protect me, only a mother can do that. I am sorry I disgraced my father, sisters and brothers. We had such a happy home, but it is happy no longer. I was such a happy girl, but I am wretched and miserable now. I have no friends and if I happen to see anyone they shun me or stare coldly at me as though I would contaminate them. Everyone seems afraid to come near me for fear I would soil their spotless garments. The neighborhood is full of Christians, but not one has ever spoken to me or tried to relieve my anguish of mind. What I want you to tell me is this: Can I ever feel different from what I do now? Can I by God's help, not man's, make anything of my ruined life? You are good, tell me please. I had rather die by my own hand, than to be talked about and scorned as I am now. Maybe some girls will see this and it may cause them to be on their guard and careful of the men they associate with and trust so implicitly.

HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

(Hundreds will write for Heart Broken Girl's address. You cannot have it. Common sense should tell you why, Uncle C.)

I feel deeply sorry for you, poor child. Not a child perhaps in years, but in experience, and child enough to fall as thousands have fallen before, victim to man's brutality, bestiality and heartlessness. I'm not surprised that the women of your community are shunning you, and you must not be surprised either. If instead of shunning you they had come and sympathized with you, and tried to have healed some of the jagged wounds that have torn wide your sorrowing heart, then indeed you might have had cause for surprise. Woman's trust and man's duplicity is a story as old as the hills. There is nothing new about it. The details differ a little in every case perhaps, but in the main, the old sad, sordid story is ever the same; the man goes free and unscathed, while the woman's life is wrecked, her career broken on the wheel of sorrow and remorse, the tragedy of her life raked up and discussed with zest and delight by every village gossip, many of whom have far worse skeletons in their closets than she, though they have been clever enough to keep them concealed, something the woman in her ignorance and inexperience was unable to do. If my dear heart-broken girl, you will read the eighth chapter of St. John, from the third to the eleventh verse, you will take a new grip on things, and cease to worry about the past. Read those few verses and a new life will open unto you, a new door of hope will swing wide, and you can enter therein and be happy and at peace. The people that are throwing bricks at you are not Christians. They are mere Bible readers and church goers, and Bible reading and church going unfortunately do not of themselves make Christians. According to the Mosaic law the woman who erred as you did was stoned. The people who are shunning you and gossiping about you, scandalizing and pointing the finger of scorn and contempt at you, are a bunch of Moslems. They are ready to stone you, and would love to do it, because there is more of that old eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth animosity in humanity today than there is that loving, tender, forgiving spirit of the One who said: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," and "Neither do I condemn them: go and sin no more." If Christ does not condemn you, and He doesn't, don't worry about those people who disregard and ignore the loving, tender, forgiving attitude of the Master to such as you, and who go back thousands of years to the times of Moses for their harsh rules of conduct; times when men were savage and lawless, barbarous and uncivilized and needed a stern hand to keep them in check. The New Testament is a closed book to these goons—it's miles over their heads. After all these thousands of years the people of your community ought to have advanced and become human enough to feel genuine sorrow for one who has erred, for it is human to err and divine to forgive, but when put to the test you find their "Christianity" is Christianity and ignorance, and is merely a thin veneer of hypocrisy, and beneath the veneer is too often nothing but hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Pick up the broken strands of your life and ignore the troglodyte scandal mongers of your village. You are young, the whole world is before you. You cannot undo the past but you can bury and forget it. The future is yours and one mistake need not mar your career or ruin your life. The man who brought all this trouble on you of course no one is blaming him. There are no Mosaic stones cutting his sinful flesh. That shows the hypocrisy of society. It scorns the woman sinner and takes the man by the hand. Society is still composed of a bunch of half heathen Moslems. Christ's words of love have been given to the world two thousand years, and they haven't gone even skin deep into the tough hide of selfish, hypocritical humanity. The sayings of Jesus are on the lips of thousands, but, alas, few endeavor to apply those words and live up to them. It is the spirit of the law and not the letter that counts. You have suffered enough poor child. Christ does not condemn you, and why should you care who does? If those who are without sin alone were allowed to cast a stone at you, not a word would have fallen from the lips of the Un-Christian scandal mongers who are trying to push a stricken sister still further into the mire. Society has a right to punish and ostracize those who court wrong and seek evil, but it has no right to push a woman into the mud and keep her there when she has erred only through ignorance and innocence and has been the victim of a blackguardly male ruffian. Remember you can't keep a fellow creature in the dirt, unless you stay in the dirt with her. People who throw dirt can never have clean hands, and the hands of

the scandal monger are so dirty and filthy, no water on earth can ever wash them clean.

STILLWATER, R. R. 1, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you let a little girl come into your happy circle? I am fourteen years old, have brown hair, gray eyes, am five feet tall, weight eighty-five pounds. Well, I will try to describe our town; it has a population of 3,444 and has thirteen churches, fourteen grocery stores, and eight clothing stores, and three butcher shops, and three electric theaters, and there used to be three cotton gins but one burned down last fall. There are also one flour mill, one creamery, one depot, and the Stillwater A. M. college. Mamma got your book of poems and we all think it fine. We have two scotch collie dogs. We have a phonograph. How many of the cousins like flowers? I do, I like music too, I have three brothers and one sister. Oh, say uncle what has become of Marie and the one hair you used to tell about?

Your loving niece and cousin, ESTHER BUSHNELL.

Of course we'll be glad to have you in our happy circle Esther, even if your "weight" is eighty-five pounds. Stillwater seems to be quite a burg. You say you have fourteen grocery "stores," eight clothing "stores." I never heard of a grocery "stor." Esther, but evidently you have and you seem to have quite a bunch of them. Maybe a "stor," is an improvement on the old-fashioned store, sells less adulterated goods, gives full measure, does not have so much sand in the sugar, or so many flies wiping their feet on the butter. I am glad to note you have a church for every grocery "stor," or a grocery "stor" for every church. Evidently the spiritual and physical needs of Stillwater are being well looked after. No matter how diversified and variegated a man's tastes may be in the matter of religion, he certainly ought to get something to suit his every need, in the thirteen churches of Stillwater, each holding a different sect. What however I am most interested in is the three electric "theaters." I've no doubt that a theater and a theater are very closely allied; twin brothers probably in the world of amusement, but I'm wondering what kind of performances they give in an electric "theater." It seems to me that being entirely electric, they must be simply shocking, and how the thirteen churches tolerate three shocking theaters is more than I can understand. Esther, please write and tell us all about these electric theaters, for though I know a lot about the show business, I never heard of these things before. You say there used to be three cotton gins, but one burned down last fall. Now that accounts for last fall being so hot. Your cotton gin was burning it down. Please see that your cotton gin doesn't start burning this fall, as I don't care for singed autumn and incinerated seasons. You say you have one "creamery." What have you got that is so creamy? Is it a cow or a milk depot? The Goat thinks you mean a creamery but I haven't quite made up my mind, whether Billy's guess is correct or not, and I am puzzled too, about that Stillwater A. M. "College." I've been trying to think what an A. M. College could mean. A. M. of course could stand for many things, Agriculture, Magicians, Arrogant, Mendicants, Agile Monkeys, Attractive Maidens, Antediluvian Mummies, Aggressive Mormons. Honestly Esther, I don't know which it is, but I would like to know, and I think it's up to you to enlighten us on this point as soon as possible. You say I like music. Now what do you like music to do? I suppose if it is good music you like it to go on, and if it's poor music you like it to stop. That's the way with most of us. If you had written I like music too, I think you would have come nearer to a correct expression of the thought you intended to convey. Maria is right here hammering my reply to your letter as fast as I can get it off. My one hair I regret to say is still in the penitentiary. It got intoxicated on a bottle of bay rum, as I think I told you, and started such a riot that even all my influence could not prevent it from going to prison. Without that one hair, I am alas, entirely bald, but please don't tell anyone, as I feel quite sensitive about the loss of that one hair, for there is no chance now for me to be a bleached blond even if I wanted to.

MURPHY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live on a farm one mile from the Ohio river. I am seventeen years old, five feet tall, weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I go to school, which is about one half mile from where I live. I like to read the cousins' letters. My mother has taken the COMFORT several years. I think it just a fine paper. I like to read the advertisements and stories because COMFORT always has such fine ones. I like to read the letters and their answers for some of them seem very comic, others are quite sad.

We live among the Hills of Ohio. I think my home is in a very beautiful place. I can play most anything on the piano, but I like to play hymns best. I like gardening but not farming. I live on a farm of ninety acres. We have three cows, two horses, two colts, hogs and chickens, but amongst them all I have no pets.

Oh! yes, we have a dog he is quiet a pet. I am quiet fond of flowers. I am trying to raise some. Hoping this will escape the goat. Yours truly,

MR. A. W. TEMPLETON.

Mr. A. W. Templeton, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. I am glad you read the advertisements as well as the stories. Once on a time I never read advertisements. Now if I get hold of a magazine or newspaper, I always make a point of scanning the "ads." I can't go out to the stores to shop but I do the next best thing, I watch the "ads" in the newspapers and magazines and I manage to pick up some wonderful bargains. I am careful to see that nothing is ever purchased there, the stamp of the sweat shop on it or that has been made a bargain by exploiting human beings. It would do anyone good to study our advertising columns, and most COMFORT readers are wise enough to do so. There is a world of useful information in present day advertisements, 93 per cent of our subscribers make a practice of reading the ads in COMFORT. Always remember that if a new invention comes on the market, a new device for saving labor, a new anything that will be helpful to human beings, you've got to let the world know about it, and the world can't know about it unless you advertise. Everyone who drops in to visit me goes wild about our tea, and well they may for it is delicious. The price of that tea is eighty cents a pound, quite expensive you'll say but wait; twice a year for three days only, the firm that sells that tea cuts the price to fifty-two cents per pound. We get enough tea at those sales to last us for four months. Our friends however are too indifferent to watch for these sales, and the result is they have to pay twenty-eight cents a pound more than we do. That sale is a genuine sale and not a fake. If you ordered a thousand pounds of that tea the day after the regular sale you would have to pay eighty cents a pound for it. Glance down the advertising columns, if it's only twice a year. Mr. A. W. Templeton, I am glad you enjoy the letters which appear in this department. You say some are very comic and some quite sad. Billy the Goat says that the comic ones are the saddest of all. Billy's inclined to be sarcastic. You say you live among the Hills of Ohio. I hope you find them excellent neighbors. I've lived amongst the Hills of New York and I tell you they were a tough bunch. Being Hills of course they had lofty ideas, and from their elevated heights they used to look down upon us ordinary mortals. Every one of the Hill family used to drink and even the baby used to hit the bottle. One night one of the Hills got into an argument with a policeman, and the cop tapped the Hill gentleman on the bean, and stretched Mr. Hill flat on the sidewalk. Students of geography and topography would have been interested in the sight, for that was the first time I had ever seen a Hill on the level. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean



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Take a year to pay. Send a little each month. You can furnish a home by saving 3 cents a day.

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Our Fall Bargain Book pictures 4,918 home things—the largest variety ever shown in

4,918 Bargains

Furniture	Silverware
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This book with the mailing costs us \$1 per copy, but we send it free. Mail us this coupon for it. We will send with the book your credit certificate. Cut out the coupon now.

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This New Design Turkish Rocker is a big bargain. The hardwood frame is entirely covered with guaranteed black fabricoid leather. Shipping weight, 150 lbs. No. 50C48149. Price. \$8.95

hill hills, miniature mountains and not the Hill family. I'm greatly relieved. I am glad you are fond of hymns, Mr. Templeton. Now here's a nice little hymn to which you can set music. This is from Billy the Goat's "him" book, and if you are a hymnologist or even a hermologist you will certainly enjoy it.

Though deadly germs in kisses hide, E'en at the price the cost is small, 'Tis better to have kissed and died, Than never to have kissed at all.

If you want to produce the true hymn effect when singing this, don't at the conclusion sing "Amen" but "A girl." If you want to know what real hymns are, beautiful, classic, glorious melodies, the melodies of the great masters, ancient and modern, musical gems set to real poetry, get the Episcopal hymn book. Most of the music used in church hymnals is musical mush, rubbish of the worst kind musically considered. This dope served its purpose well in the days when people knew little of music, and were stirred to frenzied emotion instead of reverent devotion; but now that the nation is getting to know what good music is, this dreary junk of yours should be canned and people should begin to learn to sing hymns, that are truly musical and truly devotional. These are the hymns you will find in the Episcopal hymn book, the hymns that are being sung in all the great cathedrals of the old world. These hymns are being rapidly adopted by various denominations, as the musical standards of the nation reaches higher levels. Mr. Templeton I am sorry you have no pets. I don't know what a colt hog is like, but as you have two of them, it seems to me there is no excuse for you not having something to love. You say you have a dog who is "quiet a pet." I know many dogs that are pets, but never knew a dog yet that was a quiet pet. Quietness in a dog is as unusual as are feathers on a pig's leg. I am glad you are quietly fond of flowers, not noisily fond of them. It is a relief to me to know you can look into the heart of a lily without raising a riot and scattering fragments of your carcass all over the landscape. It is quite possible for people to be enthusiastic over flowers without making a noise like a boiler factory in a ft. Billy the Goat says Mr. Templeton that he thinks you mean "quite" instead of "quiet." I firmly hope William's surmises are correct.

FARNHAM, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl from Virginia. Am twelve years of age, have yellow hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a fair complexion. I wear a size three shoe, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, and am studying the sixth grade of books. I live on a farm of one hundred. We have taken COMFORT for nearly two years and think it a fine paper. I like to read the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's answers best of all. My brother and I raise fowls together. We have lots of small chickens. I can do all kinds of housework. I like to do outdoor work. It is dinner time, so I will close.

Your little niece, VIOLET HENDERSON.

I'm glad you have rosy cheeks, Violet. Take good care of your health and you will always have them. You say you are "studying the sixth grade of books." I am sorry to hear that. Why child that's vandalism, destroying your books in such a disgraceful manner. A stud is an upright scantling and just imagine you filling your school books with a lot of lumber. When you go to

school you go there mainly to get rid of the mental lumber your brain has accumulated. If you start planting a small forest between the leaves of your text books you will learn mighty little. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that you mean you are either studying your books instead of studying them, or he thinks that it is possible you are keeping a stud book, and that of course you know means a register of pure bred horses. Personally, Violet, I think you mean studying, and so we will let it go at that. Now for the most interesting part of your letter. You say: "My brother and I raise fowls together." Now Violet, won't you please tell us how you manage to raise fowls together. I've never seen any double-barreled fowls in my life. I should think it would be exceedingly uncomfortable for the fowls who were raised together thus in this freak fashion. Just imagine if you raised two hens joined together thus, and one wanted to go lie down and take a sleep while the other wanted to take a walk, what a lot of dissension and unpleasantness would arise. Just imagine too what a hen would suffer if she were joined to a rooster who kept continually

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Under Ground Silos

A READER whose means are small wants to know if a silo cannot profitably be dug in the earth like a well and asks if such a contrivance will economically conserve corn. In answer it may be stated that such silos have successfully been used in dry subsoil districts of the country, but they cannot be made a success where the "water table" of land is comparatively near the surface. It should also be remembered that carbonic dioxide gas is liable to collect at the bottom of such a silo, so that the air in it must be well stirred before a man dare descend. We have heard of accidents to men who have not understood or appreciated this fact. Prof. Larsen of the South Dakota experiment station advises that pit silos may be made by settlers, on suitable lands, when they cannot afford to build the above ground silo. They should have a silo of some sort, and so should every farmer who can grow corn. The silo makes it possible to feed many cattle, on comparatively small areas and the stock means manure and in its train come alfalfa, clover, fertility and consequent prosperity. The pit silo may be cheaply made. It may be dug about 16 feet deep and 18 to 20 feet in diameter and the inside should have two coats of cement. Such a silo does not cost much, will not freeze and will not blow down; but its disadvantages are that the contents are somewhat troublesome to get out, and gas is apt to form, as has been mentioned above. It is for the latter reason that the silo should not exceed 16 feet in depth. To learn more about the use of such silos the government has authorized Prof. Larsen to expend \$700 in experimentation, until he is able to give out authentic information to settlers and all interested parties. Meanwhile the man who has a dry subsoil farm may experiment for himself, on a small scale, by putting in a small pit, with dimensions according to those above mentioned, and probably will find it quite valuable in the preservation of fodder for winter use.

Selecting Feeding Steers

It is highly important that the young steers selected for feeding and placed in the stables and yards as soon as possible, are of the right sort. If they are not better killed them than waste feed in attempting to get them ready for the butcher. Many a man puts good feed into a robber steer and is money out of pocket at the selling time. Such steers are of scrub breeding and look it. Often they are brindle in color and always they are tall, narrow, hidebound, cut up in the flank and with long, sad, "fiddle-shaped" heads. That kind of long-faced steer is well built to feed out of a rubber boot or old-fashioned deep milk can; but it is the wrong sort of beast to fatten. Select the steer that has a broad muzzle and short head and see that the muzzle is moist. Such a steer will have a low down, blocky, wide, round body. Its legs will be short and its back wide. It will have a big "bread basket," by which is meant a big middle, showing ample room for digestive organs. The hair should be plentiful and soft and silky. Grab hold of the skin and it should be possible easily to take up a handful, so mellow and pliant is the well-oiled skin of a right-feeding beast. So far as possible buy steers of like shape, color and breed. A uniform lot of cattle sells best in the market. If the lot is mixed one has either to divide it into several lots at selling time, or the buyer has to do so, and if this is necessary he will cut the price severely. Carload lots of fat cattle, "as like as peas in a pod," take the eye of the buyer the moment they strike the market and they sell at fancy prices. The steers should be young. The best figures are paid for "baby beef" and if one can turn such animals off weighing around 1200 pounds at 20 months old he is doing well and will be more likely to make a profit than the man who feeds steers to big weights at three or four years of age. To get the right steers for feeding, in a corn, hog and beef district, the neighbors should cooperate and follow similar lines. Pure bred beef bulls should be used. Cross-bred steers are popular, such as the Hereford-Shorthorn, or Galloway-Shorthorn crosses, the latter being known as the "blue gray"; but straight beef bred grades are also favorites and profitable. After providing the right sort of steer feed it off as quickly as possible.

Feeding Young Steers

Given a lot of young steers of the right feeding type one has to go about the business of fattening in a right way, or failure will be certain. Hundreds of such steers fail to thrive and fatten simply for the often unsuspected reason that their teeth are not in condition to properly masticate corn and fodders. The young steer is shedding milk or temporary molar teeth and large permanent molars are forcing the "shells" or "crowns" of the milk teeth out of place. The roots of the milk teeth are absorbed, so that shells form. These shells sometimes lodge between the teeth and cheeks or between the tongue and cheek mastication difficult. They have very sharp edges and these may lacerate the tongue or cheeks. They have to be removed. This is easily accomplished by means of a pair of forceps, for sale by the dealer in veterinary instruments, or to be improvised by the skilled blacksmith. We have seen some very crude instruments successfully used for the purpose. We knew of an old Englishman, nicknamed "Auld tooth Harry" who lived by catching moles and removing "shells" from the mouths of young feeding cattle. He did a big business in the latter line, in Cumberland, England, and the farmers employed him because his work proved profitable to them. Many a thriftless young steer immediately picked up and did well after Harry's attentions. Now, have you ever heard of such work being done among the steers in your district? Tell the veterinarian to try it on the next lot of young steers he hears about as not thriving.

When the steers go into winter quarters take a pair of horse clippers and with it cut three swaths along each side of the steer's backbone, from tail to withers. The removal of this width of hair gives the back a broad, smooth appearance and the marks of the clippers will soon disappear. When hair stands on end, on a steer that is not dressed in this way, it presents a rough, unattractive appearance and it does not sell so well. After the clipping wash the back with strong salt water. This tends to kill young grubs or "wolves" in the skin of the back. These grubs are the larvae of the "ox warble fly"

(hypodermis lineata) and hatch from eggs deposited by the fly in summer. The new theory is that the eggs are swallowed, hatch young larvae which burrow through the walls of the gutlet and after wandering under the skin arrive at the customary part of the back at which they commonly are found. The old idea was that they were deposited in, or on the skin of the back and burrowed down there. They are covered with hard, sharp bristles and they wiggle these about to produce irritation and cause a flow of serum to occur under the skin. This they live upon and they occasion much misery and lack of thrift by their pestiferous work.

Get the steers very gradually onto full feed. Too sudden rich feeding causes founder, or the steers get indigestion and fail to thrive for a long time and may never "feed out" profitably. Steers come off succulent feed in fall, as a rule, and have to eat dry feed, such as corn, meals and fodders. It is best where possible to combine a succulent feed with the dry feed. If possible provide silage or roots and give enough of such feeds to keep the bowels active. When the steers are accustomed to the yards and change of feed, gradually increase the amount of corn fed, until in time they take full feed. Watch the bowels. Scouring indicates overfeeding. Constipation indicates inactivity of the liver. Reduce succulent feed, salt and water for scouring steers. Increase succulent feed, salt and water for constipated animals. The latter also may have epsom salts in water until the bowels respond. Flaxseed meal, or flaxseed cake also is valuable for regulating the bowels and also acts finely upon the skin and is a great fatterer. Do not shell the corn. Crack and break the corn. Cornmeal may be fed at the finish of the fattening process. Steers will feed best in covered yards where they are well bedded. It is no longer considered good policy or practice to tie steers up in stalls or stanchions while being fattened. Remember that a great bulk of nutritious "roughage" is necessary to distend the paunch of a feeding animal. It is all wrong to depend mainly upon grain, meals and cake. Provide plenty of bright oat straw and mixed hay for the growing "store" cattle. Give the fattening beasts an abundance of clover hay, alfalfa hay, silage and oat straw. There is little advantage in feeding wheat, rye, or barley straw to fattening cattle. Keep them out of the corn-stalk fields, feed fully and fast. Quickly put on beef is of best quality.

Breeding Feeding Cattle

It seems that all over the country there was difficulty experienced by farmers in finding suitable young cattle to graze the past summer so as to be in readiness to consume the corn and other cattle-feeding grains of the winter's season. This is no new complaint. We have been hearing similar complaints for several seasons, and the remedy is still apparently difficult to find. It seems to us, however, that the remedy is in the hands of the farmers themselves. They look annually to the large breeders or dealers for their supplies and as a rule find themselves possessed of a bunch of mixed feeders of nondescript breeding. The large feeders get the preference among dealers and are supplied with symmetrical, uniform cattle of similar appearance and breed, but the average small feeder picks up one here and a few there, with the result that his lot is of all sizes, shapes, ages and capacities. It is no uncommon thing to see in such bunches of cattle, steers of Jersey and Holstein breeding side by side with scrubs or fairly good grades of the beef breeds. When the same food is given to a mixed congregation of this sort the respective animals composing it thrive according to their hereditary predisposition. Some grow fat, others develop slowly, and much good food is wasted in slow frame-building when early maturity should be the aim of the feeder and the qualification possessed by everyone of his feeding animals. To us it is apparent that the time has come to put a stop to the common practice of putting the cow to any old bull simply for the purpose of getting a fresh cow to milk in that community, as to the possible value of the calf, which is sold for a dollar or two to go to the city as veal. So long as each farmer in a community does this there will be no good feeders in that community, or at least no good feeders for sale. There will be a few men who breed for their own requirements, but have none to sell, and these men don't care to let the services of their pure-bred bulls for the traditional dollar fee.

It is high time for every community of farmers to get together and arrange for the ownership of a sufficient supply of pure-bred bulls of the same blood to serve all the cows in that community. It is high time for such communities to commence breeding to such bulls and keeping cows worth breeding. It is time to retain all of the calves either for breeding purposes or as steers for feeding. The females should be retained and bred, always sticking to the original pure breed employed, so that the grade will gradually become practically pure in blood. The steers will each year be better in breeding and form than the year previous, and in time every farmer in the community will have a sufficient number of feeders without going outside for supplies. Until that time comes he will have to buy some additional stock annually, but that time will not last long, and when home-bred steers of fine blood and quality become the rule rather than the exception prices will increase, feeding methods will improve and times will improve in consequence. We are coming each day nearer and nearer to intensive methods of farming and this applies to the cattle-feeding business as well as to agriculture. Western ranges will for some time continue to supply some of the "whole-sale" feeders with their cattle, but they will not be able to supply every man who desires to feed a few cattle each year for the top price of the market. Home breeding is imperative just as it is in swine production, and instead of being an expensive business it followed generally by whole communities, it would become more economical considering the prices to be had for finished cattle which have matured in much less time and on less food than is required to turn out a scrub in fit form for an unappreciative market. If this be true of breeding cattle for feeding purposes it applies equally to providing dairy cows in communities following the dairy business. Is there any sense in annually selling off every better calf born upon the dairy farm? It is done year after year all over the country. It precludes the possibility of improvement. It makes each cow bought a mere experiment. It necessitates the constant testing and sale of cows that do not pay their board. Homebred cows could

be depended upon. We would know all about their ancestors, their qualifications. It is well worth talking this matter over in district meetings.

Fall Plowing

The advantages of fall plowing are so numerous that the practice of fall plowing the land should become much more common than it is at the present time. On extremely sandy soils wind blowing may make fall plowing impossible but this is the only serious objection with which the writer is familiar. Farmers living on sand farms tell us that if sandy land be plowed in the fall by planting time the wind will have carried the loose soil away. In such cases, spring plowing must of course be the practice.

A few of the arguments advanced in favor of fall plowing are enumerated below.

Fall Plowing Destroys Weeds

As soon as the grain crop is harvested weeds which have been choked back all summer immediately spring up. If these are turned under before they can mature seed the next year's crop of weeds will be greatly reduced.

Fall Plowing Enriches the Soil

If the crop of weeds referred to in the preceding paragraph are turned under green they will decompose quickly, add humus to the soil, and be available as food matter for the use of the next year's crop. Dry, dead weeds, turned under in the spring, will be much less valuable.

Fall Plowing Saves Soil Moisture

The furrow slice turned over in the early fall before rains have set in forms a sort of blanket to the subsoil which prevents the evaporation of moisture. A few inches of moisture thus saved may be of tremendous importance in the production of next year's crop especially if it should happen to be a dry season.

Fall Plowing Destroys Insects

Many insects are carried over the winter on the weeds and stubble of the fields. Fall plowing buries these insects so deep that the large majority of them are thus destroyed. The larvae of many other insects are carried over the winter near the bottom of the furrow slice in the soil. Fall plowing turns these insects up on top where they are destroyed by the severe winter weather.

Fall Plowing Improves the Physical Condition of the Soil

Many soils, particularly the heavy clays, are hard to work. If such soils be turned up to the weather when the rains, snows and frosts of winter can get at them, the action of these elements will tend to break up and pulverize the heavy clods and make such soils much easier to cultivate.

Fall Plowing Saves Time in the Spring

When the rush of spring work is on it is very convenient to have the fields ready plowed for the crop. It is only necessary to go out with the disk and harrow which cover the land much more rapidly than does the plow and in a much shorter time prepare the land for sowing or planting.

Fall Plowing Insures a Better Seed Bed

No careful farmer will attempt to put in a crop on fall plowed land until he first prepares his seed bed in a thorough manner with both disk and harrow. Such land has been plowed in the fall, exposed to the refining influence of the elements, all winter, both disked and dragged in the spring and should be in first-class shape to receive the seed. Spring plowed land, prepared during the rush of spring's work will be sown or planted in much poorer shape.

Fall Plowing Increases Productions

Experiments have shown that heavier yields of ordinary crops are obtained on the average on fall-plowed land. The reasons for this are now apparent and may be summarized as follows: The soil is in better condition, it is richer, it contains more moisture, it is freer from weeds and injurious insects, the seed bed is in better shape and the crop is sown at the proper time. All these factors tend to make fall plowing an excellent practice to follow and one which should be adopted by every progressive farmer whose soil will admit of such treatment.

The Use of Carbon-bi-Sulphide in the Control of Insects

Carbon-bi-sulphide is a volatile poisonous liquid, highly inflammable and heavier than air which is used to destroy insects. It is a very dangerous poison and should therefore be handled with great care. It is highly inflammable and for this reason should be kept away from fire and lights. No building in which this material has been used should be entered until it has been thoroughly aired and all lights and fire should be kept away until this airing has been done. The liquid should always be kept safely sealed up since it evaporates very rapidly on exposure to air.

With these precautions carefully observed carbon-bi-sulphide is a valuable stuff to use in the control of insects that cannot be reached in any other way.

Insects Infesting Stored Grain

Wheat, beans and peas when stored in bins are often found infested with weevils. These weevils may be killed by the use of carbon-bi-sulphide. If a low, broad flat-bottomed dish into which a quart or more of this liquid has been poured is placed on top of the bin containing the infested seed, the carbon-bi-sulphide rapidly evaporates and being heavier than air settles down and runs into the spaces between the kernels of grain in the bin. In this way the poisonous gas reaches the weevils and kills them. Of course the bin must be kept covered or the building tightly closed for twenty-four hours or more.

Insects Infesting the Soil

Insects infesting the soil, like the cabbage maggot or the little white "grubs" found in radishes

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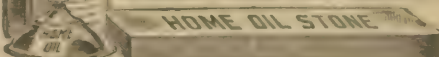
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about which one of our readers inquires in another column, may be destroyed by the use of carbon-bi-sulphide. If a small quantity of this liquid is poured on the soil near the plants it will rapidly evaporate and run into the soil where it will come into contact with these maggots and kill them. However the cost of this treatment will probably exceed the value of the crop and hence it is not advised.

The dangerous character of this substance, its explosive quality and its cost practically restrict its use to the destruction of weevils in stored grain where the greatest caution is necessary.

Feeding Young Calves

A worker at the Kentucky experiment station has been testing various feeds for calves and has found that rolled oats make a fine adjunct to whole milk and skim-milk for the feeding of these animals. The calves thus fed had whole milk at first and this was gradually replaced by skim-milk and rolled oats. The rolled oats were prepared by adding one gallon of boiling water to twelve ounces of the oats. The mixture was allowed to cool enough to feed. The calves relished the oats and would have eaten considerably more that was fed, but were limited to a pound per day. The total cost of whole milk, skim-milk and rolled oats for each calf was \$5.42 for the 70 days of the experiment and the calves gained .465 of a pound per day per calf. The cost was very small in comparison to the lot of calves fed a more elaborate mixture, such as a combination of equal parts of oilmeal, cornmeal and bran by weight; but the calves did not become quite as vigorous as the others. It would seem therefore that a mixture of rolled oats, with milk. The skim-milk calves were as vigorous as the whole milk calves and the experimenters

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

crowling in her ear. The poor thing would go deaf sure. How many wings do chickens—that are raised together have? I don't see how they could have more than two, one on the outside of each. They will never make a mark in the world as aviators, winged up in that manner. The man at our meat market told us the other day that chickens came high, but yours seem to come together. Just think too, if one chicken wanted to die, and the other desired to live, what a lot of trouble the live chicken would have, dragging the dead chicken around everywhere she went. I think it would be more humane and more profitable, to you to raise your chickens singly instead of together. The goat says I'm very lunk headed and very foolish. He says he's confident what you mean is that you and your brother have gone into partnership in the chicken raising business and that you are working together to increase the production of poultry. I hope Violet, I am right in my surmises as I think it would be fowl play to raise fowls glued together instead of in the ordinary and conventional way.

GRANTVILLE, W. VA.

DEAREST OF UNCLIES:
I am eighteen years old, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, have blue eyes, golden hair, and fair complexion. I live near the thriving little city of Grantville, which has five stores, one ice plant, one blacksmith, one planing machine, two churches (Baptist and Methodist) and about seventy-five houses. We live on a farm and I am glad of it, for I don't like to live in the city. I am a minister's daughter and of course a very good girl—when I am in dreamland. My papa has decided he will try the hardships of keeping the county infirmary for a year. We will move to our new home the first of April. It's scarcely a new home, for it was one of the first log houses built in this country. It was erected before saw-mills came in vogue. The logs are hewn. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister and oldest brother are married. You see there are quite a bunch of us at home. I have a nice piano, and can play very well. I have taken music lessons for the past five years. I am in the sixth grade. I love music, flowers and horses. There is nothing I enjoy better than a good horseback ride. I have been crippled ten years, and can only walk with the aid of crutches. Spinal fever caused my affliction. I don't suffer any now, and I am indeed glad of it, still a cripple's lot is hard. I often wonder why God sent this affliction upon me, still I know "Life knoweth best," and whatever way He leads is best for me. I do all the housework, as my dear old mother is almost an invalid with rheumatism. She cannot work any and some mornings is unable to dress herself. It seems that God has laid the hand of affliction on our home. Still with all our afflictions I am happy and have many pleasures. My papa is a fine cook, and we have lots of fun in the kitchen.

I have taken comfort for about seven years and think it the best and dearest comforter on earth. I have Uncle Charlie's song book and just love it, couldn't do without it. I am trying now to get subscribers enough to again get Uncle Charlie's book of poems. I was at our "Literary" last night, and dear Uncle Charlie, I do wish you could have been there, and heard the hearty cheers when I declaimed your wonderful piece, "When Mother Gets Her Vote." Everybody thought it grand. I have been a member of the O. L. O. C. for three years and am trying to keep all the rules; especially to be kind to dumb animals.

I will bid all a loving good by. May God bless Uncle Charlie in his noble work.

Your affectionate niece, and cousin,

LESLIE TRUBETT. (League No. 31,884.)

Luey, I am grieved, dear, to find you are so sadly crippled. I'm glad you take your affliction so bravely. That's the only way to take it my dear. One thing however, I want to impress on you and all others similarly afflicted, and that is that God has nothing to do with your affliction. Remember God is love, or God is nothing. You probably were afflicted with spinal meningitis when you were a child, as thousands of other children are. Now you don't imagine that a God of love would be so cruel and wicked as to spend His time torturing thousands of little children, poor little innocent things who never harmed anyone in thought or deed. Now the devil might do that kind of thing, but a God, a heavenly Father who forbids us to murder, would not be going around committing murder Himself. A century or two ago, men and women

died like flies. Continents were constantly famine and plague swept. Death swung its scythe in every direction. There was a city in France a couple of centuries or so ago, with a population of over thirty thousands people that did not contain a single inhabitant over thirty-five years of age. Today the average man or woman can look forward to more than forty years of life. A couple of centuries ago the average length of life was less than half of forty. Now the reason we live longer and have less disease today than we did a century or two ago, is not because God is more merciful, and afflicts less, but because we have learned or are beginning to learn how to live. We have begun to find out that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that filth and dirt, are not only a disgrace but they are death itself. It is not pills, potions or special providential care that has lengthened human life, and banished scores of filth diseases that once ravaged the world. It is science sanitation, hygiene, cleanliness, education, progress and enlightenment, and all these God-given qualities humanity could have utilized hundreds of centuries ago, if human beings had not been so infernally busy cracking one another over the bean, swatting one another over the biscuit, raiding, ravaging, pillaging and destroying life, instead of striving to preserve it. Every disease has some definite cause, remove the cause (and we are rapidly discovering causes and removing them) and the disease vanishes. Keep the typhoid germs out of your drinking water, and you will not have to blame God for killing you off by the typhoid route. Keep your children from fondling filthy dogs and cats, which carry millions of disease germs in their fur, and you won't have to blame God for robbing you of little Willie, who died of diphtheria, or Mamee dead from scarlet fever. Pay decent wages and put people into sanitary homes, and you won't have to blame God for afflicting people with consumption. Have a Wassermann or Noguchi blood test made of the men who offer themselves for marriage, and you will have no scrofulous children and no blood taints handed down for generations. And so I could go on indefinitely. Health is the heritage of all. It is usually our own fault or society's fault, if we are not healthy, not God's. The only disease we have any right to die of is old age, and that is no disease at all. Allow only the healthy people to marry and we will have what God intended us to have—a world full of healthy people. If there are any sick they will be sick because they have broken nature's laws. Science, cleanliness and common sense, will banish sickness. God was blamed for yellow fever deaths at Havana and the Panama. Uncle Sam cleaned up those two plague spots and yellow fever vanished. Rheumatism in certain forms is another disease we ought not to have and will not have in future years. The blood is the life, and if humanity will keep the source of its life, clean, wholesome and pure, disease will vanish. We should take care not to blame God for rheumatism. At some other time I will tell you why. I have had seventeen years of sickness, but I tell you right now I've never blamed God for any of it. From whatever trouble I suffer, God is not to blame, and won't be blamed by me. If I trace my family history, as the family history of all who suffer should be traced, I can account for most of my ailments, and as I said before, God has had no hand in my troubles, any more than he has in anyone else's.

MONTICELLO, NELSON COUNTY, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you admit a boy from the old mother state into your merry family? I'm eighteen years young, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes and dark complexion. I live on a farm of about two hundred acres. I love to hunt and fish. I have fine sport hunting squirrels and raccoons sometimes. Well Uncle you must come out here and go hunting with me. Well you must excuse bad writing and bad spelling I never went to school much and could not learn much when I did go. I never went to a teacher with a first grade certificate in my life. I would like to get some education for I think there is nothing like an education.

I am teaching a school now, like it fine too. But I would like to have more learning. Well Uncle I like comfort just fine. I like the cousins' letters and your witty answers best of all. I also like the stories and "A Few Words by the Editor." We have Uncle Charlie's Poems and Uncle Charlie's Songs and like them fine. Well, I am one of a family of nine children, three girls and six boys. I am the oldest of the bunch. Don't you know there is something going on when we all get together.

I like farm life fine, I live near the Crab Tree falls and they are fine.

Well I will say an revoir to you all. Will try and answer all cards.

Your nephew,

HERBERT H. CAMPBELL.

Herbert, I am wondering if the squirrels and raccoons get as much fun out of being hunted, as you get out of hunting them. I wonder if you would not get just as much fun and a great deal more pleasure, hunting animals and birds with a camera than with a gun. Suppose you try it for a while. You all ask me to excuse bad writing and bad spelling, and most of you would do that if you had been going to school for twenty-five years instead of twenty-five minutes. I will however excuse you Herbert, because you admit when you did go to school you could not learn much, and do you know when I went to school I was in exactly the same boat. There were some things I couldn't get through my head. One was a piece of lead pencil. That did get about half way through my head for it took three doctors more than half an hour to get it out. My teacher was always telling me that everything he told me went in an ear and out at the other. It seemed to me that as I had such excellent communication between my ears that a piece of lead pencil ought to have no difficulty in getting through. I was always a terrible lunkhead at mathematics and that as you know included arithmetic. I ought to have been good at arithmetic because I was always figuring, figuring how, when the master turned his head, I could hit him on the bald spot with a paper wad without his knowing where it came from. I remember when I was a very little boy I went to a school conducted by a very prim old lady. She was trying to teach me simple addition and I must have looked simple or she wouldn't have done it. I remember one day she said: "Now suppose your mother had three dollars and I gave her two more, what would she have?" "Gee, she'd have a fit" was my immediate reply. That's where I got soaked. Herbert you say: "I never went to a teacher with a first grade certificate in my life." Why did you want to take a first grade certificate to a teacher anyhow? If he and one of his own he would not want yours, and what good would your certificate do him anyhow? The goat says he thinks you mean that you never went to a teacher who had a first grade certificate. Now that you are a teacher Herbert, you must study every sentence that you write, and see if it is so constructed that it will convey your meaning clearly and not something you did not intend it to mean. If people would only read over some of the things they write, it would save them a great deal of mortification, though it would also rob the world of many a hearty laugh. I remember taking up a newspaper once and saw this advertisement in it: "Piano wanted by a lady with mahogany legs." The lady should have written "Piano with mahogany legs wanted by a lady." or "Lady wants piano with mahogany legs." Some years ago this notice appeared in a Western cafe and restaurant: "This establishment will open soon with a special room for ladies with marble fittings." When I was looking for a furnished room once, I came across this advertisement: "To let, furnished room for gentleman with folding doors." Then there was another one that ran thus: "To let, furnished room for single gentleman with steam heat and bay window." Just imagine the plight of a single gentleman, who had to

carry around folding doors, steam heat and a bay window, before he could get a place to lay his head. You see then how careful one has to be in the formation of sentences. Even if you don't learn much at school, Herbert, you can learn a great deal from study and observation after you leave school. Always have a dictionary handy and buy a cheap encyclopedia. Every word you come across the meaning of which you do not know, look it up in the dictionary. If you read of any person or event that is new to you, turn to your encyclopedia. You belong to a big family, Herb, and as the senior member of the bunch it's up to you to acquire all the knowledge you can, and be as careful as you can in speech and action, so that you may be a constant source of help and inspiration to your younger brothers and sisters. Children are great imitators and whatever you do the younger ones will strive to do, be it good or bad. A great responsibility rests on your shoulders, Herbert, see that you carry your burden nobly and well.

GROVE CITY, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I was so delighted to read that piece concerning the prayer chain letters. I have been so pestered of and on through life with them. I never paid any attention to them but it certainly was annoying to receive them, and sometimes I have been so burdened with cares of a family when I received them, I could not have done what they asked me to if I had been paid a salary. I wish everybody could have read what Uncle thought of those letters. If he had been in reach I would have invited him to a square meal with all the trimmings I could muster for giving that thing space in the paper. I can't enumerate each article that I enjoyed reading so much it would make this too long. I would like to ask one question if Uncle will be so good as to answer. It is concerning your comments on Minnie Poole's letter. You brought some of the European countries. I believe it was France and Switzerland, in comparison with our own United States and if I understand it you held up their form of government above our own. Now if they are so much better governed than our country why is every nation under the sun pouring in here by the thousands. If they are better off over there, why don't the people stay there? As I am not posted and being only a woman, am not supposed to know any how, please enlighten me. I have often wished with many others that the foreigners would not pour in here so fast, but they keep coming and will as long as there is nothing to stop them. They must at least think there are better chances here for a living or they would not come. I don't want you to think either that I think our own country is perfect for I can see some of its failings. I sometimes wonder if things would be any worse if a bunch of old women were running the government. No, things would be fifty times better.—(Uncle Charlie) I thank God it is then I think best government existing. (If it's the best, God help the rest.—Uncle Charlie.) I must close now with good wishes to all.

MARY ELLEN BROWN.

(This is not my name, but will do if you see fit to print this. Keep out my own which is on another page.)

In my reply to Minnie Poole, I said France and Switzerland had real republics, something we had not got. You ask if this is the case why people pour in here from every country under the sun? Well my friend they don't pour in here from every country under the sun. The French and Swiss are so satisfied with their countries that they never or hardly ever leave them. The people who immigrate are not French or Swiss. Most of the immigrants who are entering the country at this time, are coming from southeastern Europe and Russia. From eight to nine hundred thousand immigrants land in this country yearly. From the tone of your letter, I gather you would be mighty glad if most of them would go back, or better still never land. Well it may interest you to know that nearly half a million of those who landed here last year went home again, so our net gain in immigration is not so large after all. Of those who remain here, a large per cent are Russian Jews, and they stay in the cities. That does not leave many immigrants you see to do the hard, laborious, underpaid work that Americans will not do. You sneer at the Italian, or the dago as you call him, but if it were not for the swartthy hard working Italian, we would get no railroads built, no cellars or sewers dug and if it were not for the Hungarians or the Slavs you would get no coal. If too we had barred out those magnificent races, the Norwegians and Swedes, we would have no Minneapolis or St. Paul and no northwest, and Billy the Goat says if it were not for our splendid German citizens (and by the way I love everyone of them) we would have no Milwaukee already yet, and no beer, and if you barred out the Scotch we'd have no kilts or libraries. Please remember my dear friend, that we are all immigrants, and no one immigrant has any right to crow over any other immigrant. Just because one immigrant happened to get here a few years before the other, is no reason why the immigrant who got here ahead of the other immigrant, should think he was the only immigrant, who had any right to do any immigrating into this country of immigrants. Let me tell you something else, if it were not for the immigrant, a very serious problem would soon confront this country. Our birth rate is falling off alarmingly. It's all right to have small families I believe in them, but so many married couples have no children at all, and so many more only have one or two, that there is not enough to keep up the wastage caused by death. Many people don't marry because they can't afford to marry. It is the immigrant who is keeping more, note the work he does, no less than 85 per cent of all the labor in the meat packing industry, 9-10ths of the work in the woolen mills, 19-20ths of the clothing, hats and shoes are of his make, 4-5ths of the output of furniture, 4-5ths of the making of leather, practically all the refining of sugar, and half the manufacturing of cigars and tobacco is done by recently arrived immigrants. A vast number of these poor people have been brought here by the lying tales of shipping agents. When they get here they find it is, in many instances, harder to live than it was at home, and half of them live like dogs for a year or two, so that they can save enough money to brought here by the instrumentality of our trust wares of other immigrants who got here a few years before them? As regards present day immigration, Dr. Isaac Hourwich, in his book on immigration, points out that the standard of living of the present day immigrants is as high and the minimum wage demanded no lower than those of Irish and German immigrants who came here half a century ago. So far from the authorities wanting to shut down on immigration, determined efforts are to be made to keep the tens of thousands of the most desirable of those who yearly return home, to stay right here and grow up with the country. The immigrant often succeeds where the native born American fails. Do you know why that is? Well he comes here with the pioneer spirit and overcomes every obstacle. That is the spirit which made our forefathers great, and which most of the old stock unfortunately has utterly lost. In New England and the states that hug the Atlantic seaboard there are hundreds of abandoned farms, and hundreds of other farms which though not abandoned, are scarcely scratched. In these communities you will find the young and progressive folks have gone West. The people who have remained have gone to seed. Even the eggs and the vegetables they need are "imported," bought at the village store because the villagers are too lazy to raise them. In one village of which I have been reading, one cent's worth of produce was sent to the big hungry city, only a few miles distant. When the village doctor prescribed anything it was sure to be morphine. The villagers lived on greasy, indigestible food, slabs of pie for pref-

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erence. Of course this diet gave them indigestion and every other ailment imaginable. They were nearly all in poor health and usually treated their ailments with bottles of dope—poison that they got from the village store, stuff that was forty per cent alcohol and the rest knock-out drops. A city man who had made money bought an abandoned farm in that village. On looking around he found that only two men were making good use of their land and these were two Italian immigrants, who were doing marvelous things, feeding in fact the whole village and in a fair way to eventually own it. The city man got the villagers together, and gave them a talk that fairly made their ears tingle. He induced the State Agricultural College to send experts to lecture on various subjects, for the villagers said farming did not pay, and certainly their kind of farming could not pay, but the Italian were right there to disprove this statement, but of course as they were only "dagoes," nobody would condescend to listen to anything about them. The business man also offered a thousand dollars in prizes, the money to be divided amongst those who raised the best crops of various kinds, garden truck, corn, fruit, etc. The village was at last awake. The pioneer spirit which can be as profitably exploited in the East as well as in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Egg Basket in Winter

IN the winter we all want eggs, when they are truly golden gifts at the present market prices. Supposing that you have good healthy birds, not too old in years; it depends almost entirely upon yourself whether you get the coveted eggs or not, for feed and care are the main factors. Don't be afraid to spend a little money on your birds. They must have the right kind of food before they can give you eggs. A diet of all corn won't produce them. Whole corn is the best supper for cold winter nights. Be generous with scratching material on the floor of the poultry house, and let in all the light and sun you can. Then remember that the nights are long at this season, and just as it is light enough to see, give the birds something to scratch for, by scattering small grain, oats, cracked corn, and commercial scratch feed (which is a mixture of small seeds and cracked grains.) Scratching amongst the material on the floor for the small grain makes the birds exercise, which promotes circulation, and warms them when they most need it. Get a big pan with a close-fitting lid, for boiling food; put all the odds and ends of table scraps and vegetables into it, with sufficient water to boil into a thick soup. Then, if you have it, mix in cut clover hay and stock food late at night. Leave the covered pan near the kitchen stove, and it will keep warm, or at least not get icy cold. For that reason, until the weather gets warm, corn, buckwheat and sunflower seeds should drop out of the rations. Never forget for a single day that the birds expected to lay in winter must have vegetable and animal food of some sort, for they are the materials necessary for eggs. Skim-milk is one of the best foods laying poultry can have, especially when the eggs are wanted for hatching. Of course, skim-milk contains a heavy percentage of lime, which is needed in an egg to produce strong bone in the forthcoming chicks. I live in a real farming neighborhood where everybody has plenty of corn and a big flock of hens, yet nearly all of my neighbors have to buy eggs from me during the winter, when they should be making money from their own hens. Not having eggs in winter is just as silly and reprehensible as letting the cows go dry to save feeding. Poor winter feeding of any kind of stock is pennywise and pound foolish, for it reaches much further than the immediate time. It would not hurt so much if it meant just no eggs and milk in the winter, but it is the effect it has on the spring hatching. What's the use of setting a hundred eggs, and only getting seventy-five chicks, most of them undersized and hard to rear, or scrawny calves that need all the best of your profits to get up to anything like market weight. The first lesson all stock keepers must learn before they can make animals pay, is the influence of prenatal conditions. Breeding stock of all kinds must have good food and care or the progeny cannot be profitable.

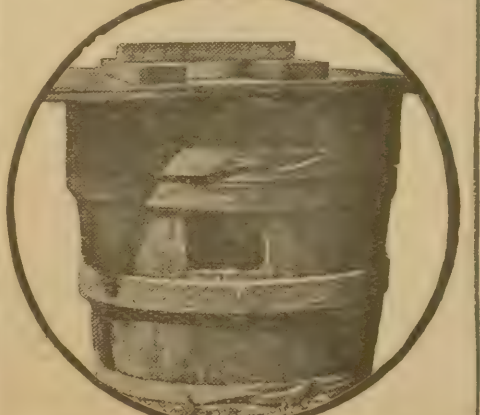
Have you made any provision for supplying the hens with green food this winter? Remember, your egg basket will suffer if you don't have a bountiful supply, so it behooves you to give the matter immediate attention. If you don't get eggs in the winter, you can't make money out of your fowls. Sprouted oats are the best green food in the winter because they can be grown in the house. There are several sprout cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which ranges from five to fifteen dollars; but there are plenty of people who don't want to spend five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a home-made cabinet which cost only two dollars. Get a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep. Line this with zinc at the front and running the zinc up to about fifteen inches. Then set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards make a top to fit it. Then get eight pairs of iron shelf brackets from a five and ten cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches above. Make legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, cut a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom, to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rests on the first set of brackets. This tray must be made at a plumber's shop, but it won't cost more than seventy-five cents. The three other trays can be made of light wood. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays must be left open, and a piece of burlap tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through. A brooder lamp which has a tin chimney is the best to use, so there is no fear of smothering. When in use, after the chimney has been pushed through the hole in the floor of the cabinet, a block of wood must be put under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place and bring the top of the chimney to within an inch of the zinc tray, which is kept filled with water. The oats are put into pails of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray. I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with flannel, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet. As the three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally, the bottom tray getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop and broody hens get busy. Ducks and geese must simply have lots of vegetable and animal food, otherwise they are bound to get too fat, and their progeny will be sickly creatures, only born to die. If you have no machine for cutting up clover or Alfalfa,

you can buy it ready chopped from any store that carries poultry supplies, and there are dozens of different brands of animal food on the market. As for such names as "beef meal," "beef scraps," "beef, bone and blood," and "animal meal." They are all about the same, and are valuable substitutes for fresh meat and bone, and have the advantage of keeping any reasonable length of time without spoiling. If you have a silo, ensilage makes a good foundation for mash when feeding geese. Chop up a pailful, and add a pint of wheat bran and middlings, or stock feed and shorts; and in the middle of the day, when all outdoors are frozen, give them waste cabbage or any vegetable which you may chance to have, except potatoes, which should be used very sparingly, because they are too fattening for breeding birds. Failing a home supply of vegetables, you must buy the chopped clover or Alfalfa. Put three or four quarts into a pan with a tight lid, pour scalding water over it, and leave in a warm place to steam for several hours. Mix in the grain just before feeding.

Lots of fresh drinking water is imperative for both ducks and geese—in fact, for all poultry. During freezing weather, it is difficult to keep up the supply unless you make some special provision for the water not freezing. A very simple contrivance is made by using two empty cases, one a little larger than the other. Put the smaller one inside the larger one, cut a square hole through both boxes at one end, so that the birds can reach the water when an ordinary drinking fountain is placed inside the smaller case. Fill up the space between the two cases with sawdust; or, in very cold localities, with horse manure. There are several poultry drinking fountains on the market which have lamp arrangements, and keep the water warm.

Another point, which many people neglect with ducks and geese, is keeping their sleeping quarters dry, and giving them plenty of bedding on cold nights. Strange though it may seem, water fowls, who can swim about all day in cold water will develop rheumatism and leg weakness if they sleep in a damp place. The best thing is to make a rack like a big gridiron, to cover one part of the house. Use hardwood slats on three by three battens, and there will be a good space between the ground and the slats. The slats should not be more than half an inch apart, and well covered with straw or coarse hay. If making such a rack is not feasible, cut some saplings and crisscross them on the floor, then spread boughs over them, and finish off with straw or hay, and clean off the upper soiled part two or three times a week. The bedding of ducks and geese should not be neglected, for it is quite as necessary as bedding cows.

At the request of several subscribers I am reprinting the picture of the butter tub fixed for drinking water, which has a square hole cut half way up on one side for the birds to put their



BUTTER TUB FIXED FOR DRINKING WATER.

heads through. It holds about two gallons of water below the hole, and with a heavy lid the water is kept clean, and the tub is easy to fill and clean.

Correspondence

L. J. E.—Will you please tell me what ails my chickens? They will droop around for a few days and then die, apparently without any pain, as I have found them dead under the roost with their heads under their wings. I feed wheat and oats. They have free range to run in. Their droopings are a deep green color and quite thin. I have opened some of them, and they are fat. I can't find anything the matter with their intestines. Will you please be so kind as to publish in the next issue.

A.—The birds must be eating some irritant, such as lime, fertilizer, or strong spraying mixture. Old paint cans, waste water which has had a quantity of soda or soap powder in it, are all liable to cause the condition you describe. I can only suggest that you try to locate the cause of the trouble, and remove it. Meantime it would be well to give any sick bird a dose of Castor oil.

J. E. H.—What will rid my chicks of mites? The young ones have them more than the old ones.

A.—You may say mites. Don't you mean real hen lice? Mites are the little red pests which hide in the crevices of the roosts and houses by day, and only come out during the night to feed on the birds whilst on the roosts. Such being the case, I can't think that you mean lice, because you would not be able to see them unless you examined the birds whilst on the roost. However, the best way to get rid of mites is to whitewash the house. Use the lime rather thick, and mix with scalding skim-milk, and one ounce of crude carbolic acid to every pail of whitewash. Then swab the perches and the fixtures every morning for two weeks. For hen lice, use Dalmatian powder. Hold the birds by the feet, head down, and shake the powder well into the feathers, especially into the feet around the thighs, and under the wings and body. Provide dust-baths for the birds, shallow boxes half-filled with dry earth, or finely sifted coal ashes, and they will keep themselves clean. I am sorry that I can't undertake to answer letters through the mail.

P. S. W.—Where can I get the tools to make capons, and what do they cost? How old should the cockerels be?

A.—You will find the addresses of firms having caponizing tools for sale in the advertising columns. All poultry, supply and large seed stores keep them. The price runs from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents. Birds should be between three and five months old.

C. D.—I would like to know which breed of chickens is the most valuable to raise—as layers as well as for table use. I have had a mixed flock, but got a small flock of Buff Orpingtons just lately. I am very much interested in chickens and want to raise those that pay best. Any information will be appreciated.

A.—Orpingtons are as good as any other breed for general purposes, for they lay well and make good table-birds.

J. A. O.—This is my first year in raising chickens, and I have had unusually good luck in raising young chickens, but I have lately lost both my roosters, that I had bought when I got the hens. One was Plymouth Rock, the other Leghorn. They were about two years old. The Rock bird was first sick; then the Leghorn. The first I noticed wrong with them, they stopped crowing, then sat or stood around in a droopy manner, but always seemed hearty. Yet they were as poor as they could be. Their legs seemed weak, and the Leghorn would take a few short steps and fall over on his head. They kept getting worse until they could not get up to eat, but would eat and drink while lying on their sides. I then killed them so as not to spread the disease among my flock, and buried them. They were this way for two months or more before I killed them, and the other bird was affected. They had free range and a very dry henhouse, but I think got more cold than they needed, as they were always at the barn to eat with the cows, horses and hogs. The perch in henhouse is five feet high. Now two weeks ago I purchased a Barred Plymouth Rock, and he seems to be taking the same disease; has quit crowing, stands around and doesn't hunt for food, but runs eagerly for everything thrown near him. I have taken Comstock many years, and have examined all back numbers for anything like this, but nothing

seems just like it. Any information will be gratefully received, as I am getting discouraged. My hens lay well, and my young chickens do well, and I cannot understand why the roosters alone should be so affected. P. S. The combs are very bright red at first, then turn a dark purple.

A.—I think you are right—the birds got too much corn. It is very likely to show in the roosters more than in the hens, because all the food they consume goes to nourish their own bodies, whereas the hen utilizes at least half of the material she eats for the production of eggs. I should advise you to let the roosters out in the morning before you feed the hens, or in some way contrive to prevent them from getting the extra food, as a young bird is less likely to overeat than an older one, it will be better to buy cockerels—birds hatched in March or April—and dispose of them the following year, when the hatching season is over.

M. M. B.—You don't say to what breed the chickens belong. Plymouth Rocks and Cochins are both late in feathering out, especially if they are crossed with any other breed. Your method of feeding is good, and I can see no reason for the condition unless the fault lay in the way the hens have been fed during the winter. A chick's life, growth and general development depend very largely on the condition of the parent stock.

O. E. A.—Please advise me in the next number of COMFORT, a cure for my little chicks. Their crop gets packed with food, and becomes real hard, and will not digest. They sit around a day or two and die. They won't eat. I feed chick food and three kinds of mixed grain, also mash. They have plenty of gravel, and free range. I have had hens with the same disease. Would be very glad to know how to cure it.

A.—I think this is a case of too much care and "chickfeed, three kinds of mixed grain, and mash" is pretty heavy feed for chickens on free range, and at this season of the year. A feed of mixed grain at night is quite sufficient for chickens over six weeks of age, whilst the hen is confined to the brood coop and the chickens restricted to the ground immediately surrounding the brood coop, keep a dish of chickfeed or dry mash always before them, but when the hen is released, and they commence to wander, give them one good feed at night.

M. H.—Any information you can give me in the line of chickens will be greatly appreciated, as I am about to start with them, and will kindly ask your advice.

A.—I shall be very pleased to help you in your new undertaking, and if you will write again and specify the special points on which you desire information, I will be obliged, for it would be impossible for me to tell you all about chicken raising in this column. Read "Poultry Farming for Women," each month, and especially the correspondence column, and I think you will be able to glean a great deal of practical information, which you can apply to your own poultry.

N. E. E.—Would you please let me know through COMFORT if the E. E. Brown Leghorn is a quarrelsome breed of chick. Have had them for five years, and find them so, and always pulling feathers in summer and winter, and eating them. I feed ground bone, ground Alfalfa, charcoal, granite and shells, and they will leave ground bone and meat, and pull and eat feathers. I have killed some, and put the feathers in a pan, and put bitter aloes on them, and can't stop them now. Would like to know if they all do as mine do. They have free range, plenty of grasshoppers and bugs, corn, wheat and ground oats before them all the time. Wish some of the many readers of COMFORT would give their experience with this breed of fowls. They are always fighting each other—little and big just the same.

A.—The Brown Leghorn fowls are often quarrelsome, and will often kill and devour small chickens, if by any chance they run into the yard where they are confined. All the light weight birds of the Leghorn class have a good many of the characteristics of the game fowls, which accounts for their fighting.

E. G. D.—I used to keep lots of chickens, but have not for six years. Now I intend raising them again. I never had to keep them shut up—I mean in yards; now I will, as I live in a small town. Have a nice, large yard; will divide it in two. What is the quickest growing green for chicken eat? I hope to keep something growing all summer for them in either yard.

A.—Oats and buckwheat will make the quickest growth and best green food for hens.

S. M. H.—I have two pens of pigeons that lay lots of eggs, but the birds are dead in the shell, and do not hatch out.

A.—There may be several causes for squab dying in the shell. Mites or other vermin may disturb the sitting birds, and cause them to leave the nest, so often that the time of incubation is prolonged, in which case the squab become weakened and have not strength to break through the shell. Another and very fre-



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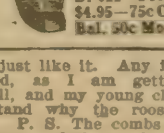
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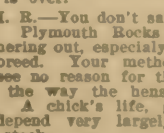
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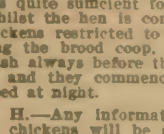
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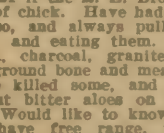
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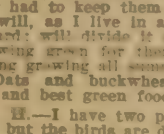
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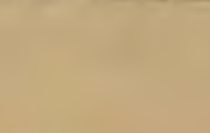
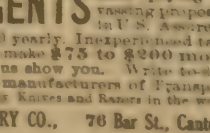
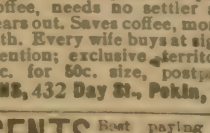
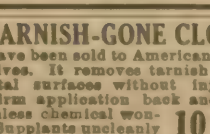
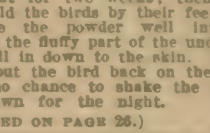
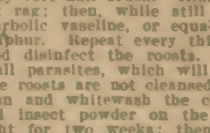
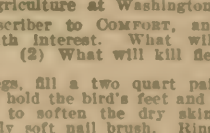
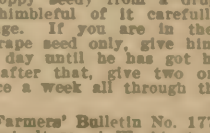
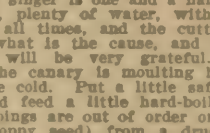
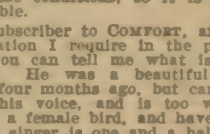
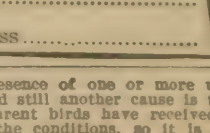
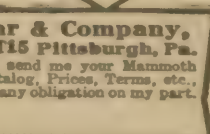
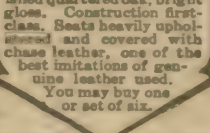
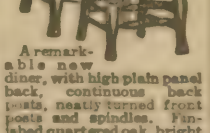
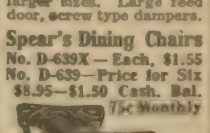
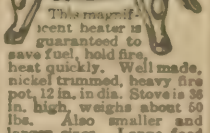
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quent cause is the presence of one or more unmated birds in the flock. And still another cause is the feed and care which the parent birds have received. You don't tell me any of the conditions, so it is difficult to locate the real trouble.

J. A.—As I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and have never seen the information I require in the paper, I write, asking you if you can tell me what is wrong with my canary bird. He was a beautiful singer when I got him about four months ago, but can't sing at all now, has lost his voice, and is too weak to fly on a perch. I have a female bird, and have raised three young ones. The singer is one and a half years old. I feed bird seed, plenty of water, with water each day. If the droppings are out of order or loose, get some mayweed (poppy seed) from a drug-store, and scatter a small handful of it carefully each time you clean the cage. If you are in the habit of feeding the canary rape seed only, give him three or four heaped each day until he has got his new coat of feathers, and after that, give two or three as a treat once or twice a week all through the winter.

H. F. M.—Send for Farmers' Bulletin No. 177, from the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

S. R.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and read your poultry items with interest. What will cure scaly legs on chickens? (2) What will kill fleas and lice on chickens?

A.—To cure scaly legs, fill a two quart pail with warm, soapy water, and hold the bird's feet and legs in it for a few minutes, to soften the dry skin, then scrape with a moderately soft nail brush. Rinse, and partly dry with a soft rag; then, while still moist, rub thoroughly with carbolic vaseline, or equal parts of lard and flour of sulphur. Repeat every third day until cured. Clean and disinfect the roosts. Scaly legs are caused by small parasites, which will travel from bird to bird if the roosts are not cleaned. For the lice and fleas clean and whitewash the chicken house, and use a good insect powder on the birds' thighs every third night for two weeks; then every week for a month. Hold the birds by their feet, head downwards, and shake the powder well into the feathers, especially into the fluffy part of the underbody and thighs. Rub it well in down to the skin. Do the work after dark, and put the bird back on the roost, so that it will have no chance to shake the powder out before settling down for the night.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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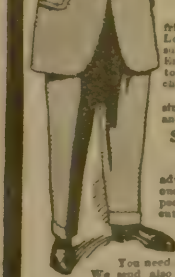
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

the West had begun to take hold. The Pioneer Produce Association was formed and all marketable products were sent to a community warehouse. A second hand motor truck was bought and the produce was whirled to the city. The second summer after the village got awake, a village which hitherto never marketed an egg or a potato, sent \$68,000 worth of produce to its nearest big town. Now that's not a dream but a fact. That shows what a community can do when it wakes up, and its warring or sleeping units get together and work together. I know sections in this country where the people are so dead the only reason they are walking around is that there is nobody ambitious enough to bury them. Some of these people beg me to get them help, but their only salvation is the help that comes from within and not from without. Place the despised immigrant in any of these localities and it's ten to one he will make it blossom like the rose and while he is doing the job there are people who will stand by and jeer at him. The people who sneer though are not altogether to blame. Why, I will tell you. Not only the individual but sometimes whole communities are not more than fifty per cent efficient. New blood, new energy, new ideas, new ideals are sadly wanted in all our older communities. Many immigrants who come here though you may despise them, come from countries infinitely more democratic than our own, countries where they have imbibed progressive ideas and habits of thought in some cases fifty years ahead of ours. Why these people came here is a question easily answered. They come here because they think they are going to better themselves. This is a big country where people are not crowded as in the old, a country which has one state capable of supporting our entire population. That state is Texas. They come here because this being a new country there are more opportunities here, and a chance to acquire land that they can till, and not only till but own. They come here Mrs. Brown because they are strong, adventurous spirits, and for the same reason that your immigrant ancestors came, and there were people here who sneered at your ancestors when they came, just as we sneer at the immigrant of today. The wanderlust is in almost every soul, and America is painted in such glowing colors to the peasants and artisans of Europe, that they would be fools if they didn't want to see a country where gold is supposed to grow under one's feet. I do not wish to see this country entirely flooded with the class of immigration we are getting today which is too much eastern Europe and too little western; and especially I would like to draw the line at those races that give the average American as much chance to live as do the Japs or Chinese. The Turks and those Balkan races that have lately been guilty of the most fiendish atrocities and displayed greed of the vilest type, should be canned until they are civilized, or chased out of Europe at the heels of the Turk. The Balkan atrocities and the miserable ending of a war that might have been glorious for Christendom, have nearly wrenched my heart from its moorings. We want a little time to carefully comb all those who are coming into this country, rich as well as poor, so as to exclude the undesirable of both classes. We also need time to assimilate the enormous foreign population we already have. We need not fear however that we are going to be swamped with foreigners as long as they get out half as fast as they get in, and that is exactly what they are doing today. If native born Americans won't raise families, the good old native stock is bound to disappear and ought to disappear. It would be worth while shutting down on all immigration for say five years, if only to hear the yells of those who though declaring they want high tariff, so as to protect the dear American workman that they so fondly love and whose head they hammer every time he strikes for an extra five cents a week, use nothing but the cheapest imported labor. As for our government being the best, how can it be when the most important of all our legislative bodies is crowded with millionaires, all looking after their own interests, men that we have not even been permitted to elect. If you admire that kind of government, I don't, and what lover of right and justice could?

LAURENCE, 625 Sullivan St., S. C.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am afraid I'm a little too old to sit on your lap, as I have four little fellows and a husband.

I know my writing and spelling are bad, but my education is very limited. I was very fond of reading, but my father was like Sunny Jane's father, he placed all books except religious books in a class with trashy novels, and unfit for any one to read. He would scarcely read at all himself, and was not capable of judging. We were not allowed the privilege of reading magazines and very little of newspapers. But I think I have made up for it since, I married by devouring almost everything I came across. I do not like to read any kind of books, but am fond of anything descriptive, historical, educational or uplifting. I married when I was sixteen years old, and had been working for wages four years before that, and had kept house for my father and two brothers (younger than myself) for two years before that. So you can imagine how much I or my brothers either went to school. My mother died when I was ten years old. I am not grumbling or making excuses, for our parents were poor and I suppose they did the best they could for us.

Uncle Charlie don't you think the schooling system of our great country should be more compulsory than it is? I believe if there were a law to compel parents or guardians to give children at least ten years schooling that the child labor problem would be partly solved. I suppose circumstances alter cases, but I believe there would be a way provided for the education of families in moderate circumstances. It would cause parents to manage more carefully and they would get along about the way I would not be any children put to work without any chance to make good in the future. Only the present gain in dollars and cents I believe, as some one else has said, that worthy mothers that have been left widows should be pensioned instead of our Presidents. (This is being done in all the progressive states—Uncle Charlie.) With all respect for our Presidents I think their salaries are sufficiently large for them, with good management to save enough to live on the rest of their lives.

I certainly enjoy reading the cousins' letters, and your comments on each one. I am one of your most interested readers. When I have a chance I intend to procure your Song Book and Book of Poems and know they are fine. I'm fond of anything humorous. Uncle Charlie you certainly express my thoughts in "pounding" the questions of our country. If more of our voters were men who would delve to the bottom of things and weigh their man in the balance before putting him in office, there would not be so many unsolved problems confronting the American people today. With love to you and all the readers of our dear old Comfort, I am, yours truly, Mrs. P. W. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller you had a hard time in your youth. If I had had as hard a time as you had, I would have gone on strike. A grouchy father who won't let his children read anything but religious books is just the kind of man to make children hate religion. Children need moral instruction and religious training, but give them too much of it and they'll revolt, and despite the thing you are trying to make them love. Your father, like "Sunny Jane's" father, is a classmate among the inferior beings who are allowed to vote and yet neither of them did any reading to speak of, and did not want others to read. Ignorant themselves they tried to force others to be ignorant. "Sunny Jane" can't vote and neither can you, and yet both of you are far more capable of casting a vote than millions of men, and you are entitled to vote because of the intellect you display, and the valuable services you have rendered the state and society. Think of it! A woman who had kept house from the early age of ten, working for wages for four years after that, the mother of four embryo male voters, who will have to thank her for every good quality they possess, risked her life in bringing them into the world, educating herself to be useful citizen all the time, writing me a dandy typewritten letter and still not allowed to vote; classed with Indians, idiots and children. That's pin-head man's idea of justice. Mrs. Miller I wish there were more like you. I hardly know what to say about the school system. I do, however, know that education is the only thing that will rout ignorance, and ignorance is the devil in disguise, nay it's the devil itself. Here's something I read in a paper today that will give you some idea of the ignorance, superstition, and fear still existing in this age of wireless and airplanes, in a section within a hundred miles of New York. I do not remember all the details of the story, but it does not matter much anyway. The main facts are these, and they are some facts believe me; a girl about sixteen years of age, managed to lose herself, or got lost a few miles from home. At the time she was lost it had been raining for forty-eight hours, and this girl was out in all this terrible downpour. In her wanderings which took place during the night, she struck four farmhouses, and woke the people in each house in turn. She tried to explain to them when they talked from an upper window, that she had lost her way and wanted shelter. It seems incredible but that bunch of cowardly, ignorant boobies, four whole families, thought that child was a ghost, and slammed the windows tight, jumped into bed and got their frightened carcasses under the covers. Now if we don't need more education after that, what do we need? For it's only education that will chase the demon of superstition and fear. In some sections of this country the schools are excellent. We are proud of our public school system, and justly so, but there are regions that I would not dare to mention for fear of causing bad feeling, where education must be a farce, because the letters I get from these sections are (with a few exceptions) simply atrocious, and there is no excuse, no reason for it in this big, rich country. The teachers apparently know little more than their scholars. About half the letters I get, run something like this: "Please don't criticize my writing or spelling, as we only had three or four days of schooling here I was raised, and I couldn't get to go most of the time, as I was needed on the farm to help with the work." If it isn't a farm, it's a cotton mill or some other devilish place where children are made mentally unfit and their lives blasted. In some sections the school term is so wickedly short, that no child has a chance to learn anything even if there were capable teachers, and I don't believe that a third of those who draw money for teaching in this country, are really competent, and fewer still have a genius for imparting knowledge. The education of today compared to what it will be fifty years hence, is just a farce, that's all. Children are pushed into school at the earliest possible age. They get a smattering of a few, or a great many subjects, as the case may be, and only a smattering, for they never learn anything thoroughly. The thing you know they are yanked out of school, just as fast as the law, or whoever controls their destinies will permit, and pushed into some wretched, profit making establishment, mill, mine, factory, store, office or some other dollar producing joint, without knowing anything worth while, unequipped for any line of business and utterly and entirely inefficient. The children who can go to high school, are few and fewer still ever stay long enough to graduate. Benjamin Franklin said "An illiterate individual is a menace to the state." We turn out thousands of such menaces yearly for two million of our native born Americans can neither read nor write. Think of that! Education should be universal and at the disposal of all citizens. The mind is a dynamo of wealth and power, but only education will release it. In the very near future books will play but a small part in the education of children, compared to what they do now. Employment and study will go hand in hand and children will learn by doing. Children shy at books but they love tools. Theory does not appeal to them but practice does. The child should be educated not only with the idea of helping him, but of helping society. The boy and girl who leave school today do not know a thing that would bring them a dollar. Education should begin later and end later. Sending babies to school is a crime, sending immature kids out into a half civilized, wicked old world to make a living is also a fiendish crime. The schools of the future will not turn out immature ignorant children, but young men and women, thoroughly equipped mentally and physically for the battle of life, each one the master of some trade or vocation or grounded in the fundamental principles of the arts and sciences. But what's the use of talking about education when the parents can't even earn enough to keep



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the home going and so have to send nearly two millions of children under fifteen years of age to work. There are 150,000 children but ten years of age, working in the factories of this country; 160,000 eleven years of age, about 225,000 twelve years of age, and nearly half a million fourteen years of age. These children practically know nothing. When they grow up, marry and have children they deteriorate the race because their children can inherit nothing from them except weaker bodies and weaker minds. The school buildings stand ready for business 365 days in the year, but they are only used on the average for school work, 155 days. You see children, taking the country as a whole, only get about five months' schooling out of the twelve. That of course is not education, it is only fooling with education. Education should be a national and not a state affair. Most state governments are rotten bad. They are run by grafters for grafters. There are two or three rings or cliques, composed of men of means and influence, and their political undertrappers that run things with a view to fattening their own pocketbooks. The federal government should look after the schools, and every child should be kept at school until he or she is at least sixteen years of age, and a good deal longer if possible. When the parents cannot afford to keep the child at school, the state should step in and do what the parents are unable to do. If all the people in this country were educated this land would be a paradise. An educated and intellectual people would never stand for graft and corruption, and with everybody educated there would be no inefficiency, and with everybody efficient there would be no poverty. A nation that is only half or a third educated, must stand for and does stand for every kind of outrage that is handed to it. Poverty is the result of ignorance, inefficiency and injustice. Intellectual people as a class, would never tolerate injustice nor any other of the evils we suffer from today. So educate, educate, educate for by no other means can the American people realize the glorious destiny that is yet to be theirs, when efficient, capable skilled, and intellectual, they get together and work together for the common good of all, each for all and all for each. Work with hand and brain and let efficiency be the watch word, and let's have no drones, puppets or princes in the human hive. It is of course a good idea to size up a man before he's put in office but you can't tell anything about a man until he gets in office, and that's the time you should watch him closest and kick him out if he doesn't carry out your mandates and do as he's told. This is what the American people never do and this is why they are imposed on by incompetents and grafters, and have such a wretched apology for a real people's government.

CHANUTE, 20 W. 3rd St., KANS.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
Will you allow me to say a word. Well I will first describe myself. I am 5 ft 8 in tall, I have dark brown curly hair, blue eyes and am 21 summers. I am night coal shut form at the Santa Fe round house. I get fifty five dollars a month. Uncle don't you think I could save money at these wages? Well as Billy the goat is look very hungry I will ring of. Hoping to see my letter in print. I would like to exchange post cards with the cousins. I will guarantee to answer all I can, so I bid you good by.
ERNEST W. MCBRIDE. (League No. 38,067.)

Ernest, I have printed your letter just as you wrote it as I think it would lose much of its charm and literary value if I were to be very enough to edit and destroy your highly original novel and entertaining orthographical efforts. Ernest you say you are five ft. eight "inc tall". Now, is "inc" an abbreviation of inches or is it a new way that you have invented for spelling ink? You surely don't want us to believe that you are five feet eight ink bottles tall, for I have seen some phenomenally tall ink bottles, Ernest, bigger than demi-johns and even though you live in a prohibition state I feel pretty sure that you know that a demi-john is some size in the bottle line. You say you are twenty-one "sumers." I suppose, Ernest, that has some reference to your age. I don't know how long a "sumer" is. The goat has been looking over the calendar and the nearest thing he can find to "sumer" is summer, so I think we will take it for granted that you have reached the age when you can vote. Though I hardly think it's fair for the ally who spells summer with two m's not to be allowed to vote while the gentleman who rolls summer out of one of its most important letters, can vote all the year round if he feels disposed. I call that gross discrimination and very unfair treatment of all ladies outside of suffrage states. A summer in Maine is three freezing hot days and a thunder storm. Ernest you say in referring to your profession that you are a night coal shut form. You seem to be holding a very important position for a young man of twenty-one "sumers." I can understand the night and the coal, but the shut form is beyond me. Billy the goat (and you don't know what a lot of help he has been in deciphering your letter) says he thinks you mean that every night you take the foreman of the Santa Fe round house, and lock him in the coal bin and for these five dollars a month, the Santa Fe railroad pays you fifty-five dollars a month. If that's the case I think the money is well earned. The goat says maybe you are foreman of the coal chute and maybe you are not. As from your highly original way of expressing yourself Ernest, I shall never be able to quite make up my mind what you are and what you are not. Now as to whether you can save any money on fifty-five dollars a month I am very dubious. When I was last in Kansas, prices were pretty high. I paid three dollars a day at a hotel for a room and bath and I hadn't been in bed an hour before a cyclone came up and blew the hotel in halves and dumped me down in another section of Kansas and here I had to pay dollars for a room in one night. I complained to the landlord and told him I thought his prices were exorbitant. But he explained that he once had fifty rooms in that hotel but the big wind had blown away forty-nine of them and he only had one left, and he had to get good money out of that or starve to death. Now Ernest if you can sleep in the coal chute and induce the round house to stay right where it is, and not go wandering round the state every time the wind blows, and if you go about attired in a coat of paint and pants to match and don't eat more than one meal a week and don't attend any movies except such as the cyclones provide, and

stay single and make extra money by teaching spelling in the daytime, I think you might be able to save about ten cents a month. By practicing great self denial and economy I saved a ten cent piece last month, but to my utter disgust when I examined it I found it was a Canadian dime and it cost twenty-five cents to change that miserable Canuck dime into good American money. Don't however, Ernest, let my experience discourage you. Maybe in your section Canadian dimes are scarce. For your sake I fervently hope they are.

GOSHEN, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am about five feet tall, have light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion with plenty of freckles. I weigh just ninety-seven pounds and am nineteen years old. I live on a farm with my father and mother, and being the only child at home, I get rather lonesome sometimes, but I'd much rather live in the country than the city. I've boarded in town and gone to high school, but have about decided to quit school and stay at home with father and mother. They get so lonesome when I'm gone and I'm willing to sacrifice an education, if by so doing, I can be any comfort to my parents in their advanced age. Don't you think that's right, Uncle Charlie? So few people realize how great a blessing a mother and father are until it is too late. We can't have them with us always, so I think one should take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself, to add to their comfort. Uncle, what do you think about girls doing office work? Well, my letter is getting rather lengthy, so I'll close by asking all the cousins to write to me, both boys and girls.

God speed to all, Your niece, AVA DAVIS.

You ask, Ava, what I think of girls doing office work. It's rather late in the day to ask a question of that kind, as girls have been doing office work now for a quarter of a century. The usual bowl when they first started to butt in to a field that was considered sacred to men only, but then foolish little man always got into his two by four cocoon that everything in the world was sacred to him, excepting of course a wash tub, and a cook stove, minding babies and other work of that kind. Man has always wanted to make his women slaves or dolls, but thank God the clinging vine and doll baby type of woman is rapidly passing out of existence. Progress has evolved a higher type of woman and the old types have to go. Office work is work for which women are peculiarly adapted, and for which real men are not adapted. Clerical work is a woman's work, not a man's. There is nothing more pathetic to my mind than the sight of thousands of men stuck in offices and thousands

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Massage

WE all know how the chemists and necromancers of the dark ages went searching for the fountain of youth, and how they invoked the aid of black magic, and all the unseen powers of earth and air to help them in the hunt. The necromancers are dead and gone, their magic potions are forgotten, but as long as women are women, the daughters of Eve will go seeking the El Dorado of eternal youth. You and I, and all the rest of us, want to be young and pretty, and modern science has shown that wonderful results can be obtained, not from witches' brews and bats' wings, or the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, but from right living, sensible diet, and daily massage.

To bid defiance to Father Time or to repair his ravages when once he has gotten in his disfiguring work, I know of no better method than massage, but it must be carefully and intelligently done. Hasty and violent manipulation can wreck the loveliest complexion, but if you cannot afford the services of an expert operator, be not downhearted, for the amateur masseuse who will carefully heed these pages can get splendid results. In fact, there is one great advantage in home massage, you can take the treatments at night, then lie on your snowy bed and let eight hours of perfect relaxation confirm the good work you have done.

The first great rule in work of this kind is to take plenty of time. Remember that you can never force wrinkles away, you must coax them; and the woman who sits down with a hurried, nervous feeling that this is a disagreeable duty to be quickly disposed of, is simply wasting her efforts. If you feel that your face is worth fifteen minutes of your time—and of course you do—begin this very night to build up wasted tissue and tone up tired muscles.

Of course, your skin must be immaculately clean before you begin to massage it, and do not imagine that soap and water, alone, can do the work. If you do think so, scrub your face as much as you like with soap and water, then rub in a little cleansing cream, and wipe the face with a clean cloth. Your illusions about soap and water cleansing will vanish with a first glance at that cloth, for, if you have been out in the dust during the day, there will be tell-tale streaks of brown across your fresh white towel. Put little dabs of the cleansing cream on cheeks and chin and brow, smear it over the skin, but not into the skin, then wipe the face with the towel. This cleansing cream must be carefully distinguished from the massage cream which you will need later on; it should be light in quality, and very penetrating, as its mission is not to build up tissue, but to free the pores from all accumulations of foreign matter. If you have no cream of the kind on hand, here is one which you will like, as it combines many desirable properties:

Rose-water Cleansing Cream

Almond oil, three ounces; white wax, five drams; spermaceti, five drams; lanolin, one ounce; rose-water, three ounces; witch-hazel, one ounce.

Melt the white wax and spermaceti in a double boiler, then add the oil and lanolin. When all are melted, take from the fire and add the rose-water and the witch-hazel, little by little, beating until the mixture is cold.

When your face has been thoroughly cleansed, so that not a trace of grim remains, dip a towel in very warm water, and press it against your cheeks for a few minutes. This will open the pores and your skin will be in excellent condition to absorb the skin food. The massage cream, of course, should have more body than the cleansing cream; it should be made of nourishing emollients which feed the tissues, but those oils which have a strong tendency to produce superfluous hair should be avoided. Different complexions respond best to slightly different skin foods, but there are one or two creams of such general excellence that they seem to be universally popular. As a reader of these columns you have doubtless made their acquaintance.

With your massage cream handy, sit you down before your mirror and set to work. As all massage movements should be upward, I always begin with the chin and work up to the forehead, but of course this is immaterial. Put a dab of skin food on the center of your chin, and with your dainty fingers give it a gentle rotary treatment. The prettiest of chin dimples will often appear after a week or so of this treatment. Now attack your cheek muscles, for sagging cheeks are most unlovely, and massage will keep them firm and plump. For this you can use the palm of the hands, beginning with the hands under the chin and rubbing up with a firm motion, stopping the stroke at the ends of the eyes. Of course, you will remember never, never to rub the face downward, as that would loosen up the tissues and make your cheeks flabby in short order. When you reach the skin immediately in front of the ears with your palms, change to the fingers, using gentle upward strokes, for age begins to show in this part of the face very quickly. When the large muscles on the sides of the cheeks have had their share of "uplift," place the fingers on the center of the upper lip and massage upward and outward, gently erasing the lines which extend from nose to mouth. This movement should be carried up to the eye-sockets, and then outward to the ends of the eyes.

More especial attention to the muscles around the eyes can be given in the following movement: Place the first two fingers on the bridge of the nose, and describe a semi-circle under the eyes. The skin about the eyes is extremely delicate, so you must be sure to have plenty of cream on the fingers when massaging there, and your touch should be as light as the brush of a butterfly's wings. This very light movement, by the way, generates electricity in the tips of the fingers, and is simply excellent for the skin, so do not for one moment try a "firm" movement under the eyes.

The forehead must now receive your attention, and you will probably find quite a crop of lines there, for there are dozens of ways to print wrinkles on the brow, and rare indeed is the woman who has not contracted one of these line-forming habits. If you are near-sighted, if you worry, if you are cross, these or any one of a million other "ifs" will leave their mark on your forehead and make massage essential. Dab the forehead with quite a good-sized lump of skin food, and rub gently across the lines, be they vertical or horizontal. Then hold the skin taut with one hand and massage with a rotary movement between the eyebrows. Wrinkle plasters worn at night will also give good results on furrowed foreheads; if you wear them in the daytime they will teach you to "unknit that unkind,

lowering brow," as Shakespeare so sensibly advises.

Massage of the nose is very important, for the pillars back of the nostrils are apt to congest and form an ugly red line where the nose joins the cheeks. Gentle massage will correct this, and will also improve the quality of the skin on the nose. If this member is very fleshy, you should give it dry massage, using no cream on the finger-tips. All movements should be upward, and very gentle.

Of course, the throat must receive its share of massage, and there are a set of spanking movements which will make a double chin fly, but I



AN ATOMIZER MAKES AN EXCELLENT SPRAY FOR THE FACE.

have told you about them so often that to talk of them now would be mere repetition. In general all movements on the neck should be backward and very firm, using a goodly supply of skin food. And let me beg you, lady, to remember that although you cannot see the back of your neck, other people can, and that it should be rubbed with a strong rotary movement, until all collar marks disappear and it is as pretty as can be.

When you have finished your beautifying work for the night, you will want to close the pores and leave your skin firm and cool. To do this, lay a towel wet in cool water on the face, then dry the skin and spray with this refreshing astringent:

Orange-flower Astringent

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

This will tone up your skin and shut the little pores tight, so that no dust can get in. Dry your face after using it, and jump into bed with a clear conscience and the comforting assurance that pretty cheeks will be yours on the morrow.

Questions and Answers

X. X., Della, Mrs. C. F. W., Estelle, Little Girl and others.—If you wish to reduce the size of your thick lips rub them with the following cream:

One ounce of any good cold cream, one gram of pulverized tannin, one gram of alkanet chips.

Let ingredients macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth. Remember, when using this cream, that the lips are very delicate in structure. If you wish to make your hair become long and thick, massage the scalp for fifteen minutes daily with vaseline. Be careful not to get any of the oil on the hair itself, as it is apt to become unruly. The milk diet is the most efficacious way of gaining flesh. A simple way of putting on flesh is to take two tablespoonsful of peanut or olive oil after each meal and before going to bed.

Nellie O'N., Mrs. I. N. L., Mrs. C. C., Mes. Mattie E. B., Lecta, Petience, Mary and others.—Take one half pound of epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shave fine one and one half bars of the best white kitchen soap and dissolve in one half quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight per week is two pounds.

Myrtle H., A. F. G., Mrs. Geo. E., Ned's Sweetheart and others.—Do not attempt to close the open pores until the blackheads have disappeared. If you want to get rid of these pests, scrupulous cleanliness is the first essential. Before retiring at night wash your face with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this, rub in a little boric powder, and if this smart the skin massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail-brush after bathing the face and before the boric powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the skin has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water; then rinse in hot water and spread over the face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boric powder. Always wash the face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water. For the soap jelly add one teaspoonful of powdered borax to three cups of water. Pare one cake of Castile soap into this. Boil until mixture jellies and then put in covered glass jar to use as wanted. If you suffer from indigestion the best thing for you to do is to drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed.

Bessie N.—I would not advise your friend to meddle with the mole as it is apt to start a cancerous growth.

Mrs. A. F. G.—I am sorry but I cannot give addresses of manufacturers of rubber garments through the columns of my department. You might get the desired information by reading the advertising pages of newspapers and magazines.

Wausau and Irene.—Practice rising on tiptoe, walking rapidly around the room as you do this. I think you will find that this will develop the muscles of your legs.

Stanley.—I do not believe you have been persistent enough in the almond oil treatment for thin lashes and brows. I would advise you to continue for a little longer.

Miss Hazel E.—I could not tell you just how much the bleach for a red nose would cost you. Different druggists charge different prices. I do not imagine, however, it would be much over fifty cents.

A City Girl.—Freckles bleach in order to remove the freckles must be strong enough to peel off the skin, as the freckles are underneath the skin. You are not applying the bleach any too often. When you speak of a Violet Hair Scent, do you mean violet perfume, violet brillianine or a violet sachet to be sprinkled in your boudoir cap? Kindly advise me and I shall be pleased to print whatever formula you wish.

Thankful, Naomi H., Dexter, M. W. T. and others.—So the hot summer sun has tanned your face outrageously. That is too bad. I would advise you to make use of my Country Tan Bleach, formula for which is as follows: Make a paste by throwing in a few drops of tincture of benzoin, one ounce of strained honey, the white of one egg and enough ground barley to make a spreadable paste. At bedtime, when the face has had its bath, spread this paste over the skin and on a cheese-cloth face mask, cutting holes in it for the eyes, nose and mouth. When morning comes, remove mask and bathe the face in warm water, remove mask and bathe the face in warm soapy water until every bit of the paste has washed

its way into oblivion, then dry skin gently and dust it over with some good powder. Take this treatment for several nights in succession, when the ugly skin tints will take to their heels, metaphorically speaking.

Mrs. Pearl S., M. E. W. and Peggy.—I am not familiar with the flesh reducing treatment you speak of. See my reply to Nellie O'N. in these columns. You weigh about twenty pounds too much. Any cream that contains animal oil is liable to cause a growth of hair on the face.

Orma W., Sara B. W., Mae B. and many others.—It is said that alternate applications of peroxide of hydrogen and toilet ammonia will kill a superfluous growth of hair. You use the peroxide one day and the ammonia the next. The peroxide bleaches the hair and the ammonia kills the roots. This is a very tedious treatment taking eight or ten months in some cases to complete a cure. I think books or subscription to a magazine would be a very appropriate Christmas gift to your dance. Or a ring, watch, case containing toilet articles, a traveling bag, or in fact anything along this line that you think he needs and would like would be proper.

L. N., Margaret, A Bachelor Girl and Billie.—Spray your face five or six times a day with the following astringent:

Extra Strong Astringent

Juice of cucumbers, four drams; tincture of benzoin, one ounce; cologne, four drams; elder-flower water, sixteen ounces.

Combine the juice of the cucumbers with the cologne, add the elder-flower water, and lastly the benzoin, drop by drop. Open pores are generally the cause of an oily skin, as soon as they contract you will find this condition will disappear.

Sarah J. M.—Soak a strip of cotton cloth in the alum solution and apply to the bust, tying securely at the back. In this way you will have a breast corsage.

Mrs. W. E. S., Elsie, Miss M. W. and others.—The manner of manipulation in making all cold cream is the same. Place the fats and oils in a double boiler and warm by gentle heat until they can be smoothly mingled or "creamed." The difficult part, that which requires most patience and skill, is uniting the other substances, perfumed waters, aromatic or astringent tinctures, etc. with the fatty base. The perfumed waters are to be poured in very slowly in a fine stream, or even drop by drop, while the mixture is steadily stirred or beaten with a silver spoon or fork. Add the tinctures or extracts last of all, in the same way.

Miss M. C.—If you wish to use benzoin on your neck, place a small quantity in the bath water when you are washing your neck. It is not a poison used externally. I am not familiar with the proprietary article you speak of, neither can I tell you where you can obtain it.

Mrs. Thomas J. E.—The preparations you speak of are proprietary articles and, for obvious reasons, I cannot pass an opinion on them.

Anxious and Troubled.—I imagine from your description that you have a goiter. I would advise you to consult a physician regarding same.

Alfa.—See my reply to Myrtle H. in regard to blackheads. A simple lotion for freckles, and one that is quite effective, is composed of a dram of ammonium chloride to four ounces of distilled water. Night is the best time to apply a face lotion, and after the face has been bathed in hot water. If I were you, my dear, I would not be so self-conscious. Do not think so much of your looks and go out into society more. I shall be glad to hear from you again. Be very careful of your diet and sleep with your bedroom windows opened wide at night. Get plenty of out-door exercise. Do not take both the blackhead and freckle treatment at once. Get rid of the blackheads first.

Sunshine.—When taking the milk diet, drink sweet milk, the more cream on it the better.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Ashes of Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Strange, strange," Waterman said. "I remember the place so well. You are quite sure?" Reassured Waterman bowed and left. The old man shut the door, and Nora behind the dining-room curtains watched the visitor vanish up the street.

"Never known no Weathersbys, huh," he reflected. Then he inquired at the hotel.

"Weathersby?" the proprietor of the Grand Central looked abashed and shook his head. "Bob, Bob," he called.

"What?" the answer was from the barroom.

"Know any Weathersbys?"

There was a clinking of glasses and then a well-rounded fellow who had been made when Providence had plenty of material, with a well-seasoned face and roaming red eyes, appeared at the doorway. He was wiping his hands on a much laundered apron.

"Jule Weathersby?" he asked.

Waterman's eyes brightened. "Jule, yes, Jule."

"Died, let me see, high on ten years ago."

"But Mrs. Weathersby and—?" He dared not speak her name. He had meant to come before, and they might suspect. Oh, yes the furnaces. Those everlasting furnaces.

Bob made an extravagant flourish. "Moved on," he said.

"Moved on?"

"To the city," he explained. "There was no way to earn a decent livin' here. I guess the young one—Sara—I guess she married. Seems I heard she did."

Sara! The name tingled through his blood like new wine.

"Know them?" Bob asked.

Waterman nodded and pointed to a cigar in the case. "Used to. Just going through and thought I'd inquire."

All night long the whirl of the wheels grinding under him resolved itself into the words, "She was there. She was there." "Until midnight he went into the dressing-room and lit a cigar. It was a moonlight night and as the train swayed and curved over the sparsely wooded land, he fancied grotesque figures in the clusters of the naked trees that shown up dimly on the horizon. Presently they swayed up in sight of the river, a broad smooth expanse of water with a duplicate moon that rivaled the brilliancy of the original. A patch of fire from a packet with pinked stacks reflected brokenly down stream. A pair of night birds idly poised settled gently down into the gray mist that might have been fog or a deeply hung forest. Waterman's eyes followed it all as the train swept down through deep cuts and out over ravines on huge fill-ings.

He had thoughts but he could not decipher them. They had become entangled and confused. They had been unknown to himself. Presently he could see a lake, a beautiful lake fringed with maples and there was a boat idly moving in the glamour of the moon, and then the belching stacks of P. C. Waterman & Co., spouting fire and grime clouded blackly over all. His head ached; his heart ached. He had gone back. The sharp black eyes of the woman picking coal stung sharply through his brain. He would see her again and toss her another handful of coins in the morning.

He awoke with a start. It was early morning, but light. He could tell by the way the bells rang. Those are the birds of the city. They were coming up into the yards. He pulled himself together hastily and went out on the platform. The women were there picking coal. They seemed to be there eternally. He looked for her of the blood red shawl. Presently he saw it dangling from a soot-begrimed clothes line. There was a high board fence, but a board was off.

The train was having difficulty in entering the station and was moving slowly now. Waterman slipped a silver piece into the ever vigilant darky's hand. "I've got to land here," he explained. "Can you be quick?"

The bell of the train was clanging constantly and the heads of as many anxious travelers were thrust out through open windows seeking a cause for the delay. Waterman swung against the car and then around. He picked his way across the tracks and in through the open place in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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His Fight for Manhood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

One day a stranger called at the brewery and inquired for Mr. Schneider the proprietor. Augustus who happened to be in the office, called his father who came and addressed the stranger.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes," answered the stranger introducing himself. "I am James Noble, Jr., the son of the Baptist minister down at the village. My business in calling is, first to inquire if the rumor that your daughter is missing, is true?"

He paused and looked inquiringly at Mr. Schneider. The latter was staring at his visitor and seemed unable to comprehend what was wanted.

"Pa, he wants to know about Gretchen," prompted the son.

"Well, of course. Mine daughter she has disappeared entirely off the earth. Und I vos so upset mit the trouble, dot I got brain-storm and know not what I say half the time. You ask about mine lost girl?"

"I have come," continued James Noble, Jr., "to inform you that I have a possible clew to your daughter's whereabouts."

"Well, don't keep me waiting," said Mr. Schneider, impatiently.

"To make my story short," returned the young man, "I was with a fishing party this morning, and picked up a floating beer bottle at the mouth of the river. The bottle was corked and contained a note directing the finder to communicate at once with Jacob Schneider of the Schneiderville Brewery. The note is signed 'Gretchen.'"

"Well, where is the girl? Did she write dot letter from the grave? Ah, I no understand this kind of yolk. You make my brain-storm worse by givin' me some hope that vos no hope," moaned the disconsolate man.

"My dear sir, there was another note in the bottle, directed to you, sir. It may explain." He handed a paper to Mr. Schneider, which the latter unfolded with trembling hands. He cast his eyes over the familiar handwriting of his daughter, and glided his eyes to the German characters. The note read:

"Dear pa; you have locked me in the spare room of the brewery, and I can't get out, nor make myself heard. I am going to put this note in a beer bottle and thrust it between the bars of the window, where it will fall into the river and be washed down stream. My only hope is that some fisherman will find the bottle floating, secure it, and, reading the note, communicate with you."

(Signed) "GRETCHEN."

"Quick, Augustus! Run in the basement und get the key to the storeroom where I left it in my vorkin' pants pocket. Oh, what a fool I vos to lock mine daughter in the storeroom where I seldom go, except on occasions. She may be dead already."

The key was procured and the fateful door opened. In fear and trembling they entered. Thank heaven she was alive, and greeted them with all the fervor of a lost child restored.

"Oh, it was a long, long imprisonment," sighed the now happy girl. "But you were not to blame, pa, for locking me in, because you did not know that I was there. While waiting in the office for you that night, I saw the door partly open, you had been in there for something, and out of curiosity I stepped in to look around. Then you came into the office and seeing that you had left the spare room door open, you closed it with a bang and locked it on the outside before I had the chance to make myself heard," explained Gretchen.

"What a miracle it vos that mine daughter she came back from the dead. Und—und—it vos a minister's son dot brought the bottle dot saved her life. Here, Gretchen, I makes you acquaint mit the bravest man dot ever lived. He vos the Rt. Rev. Noble, Jr., and I think he vosh all right. This vos my daughter Gretchen, Mr. Noble. I am happy to meet you—shake."

The beer-brewer's daughter and the minister's son clasped hands. The young man murmured his pleasure at meeting her, and she generously thanked him for saving her life.

"You must be grievously hungry," said the minister's son, "for I suppose there was nothing in the room for you to eat during the period of your incarceration."

"Oh, yes sir, there was something to eat, such as it was. I lived on the grain, and drank from the keg with the faucet," said Gretchen smilingly.

"Well, vell," put in Mr. Schneider, "to think dot mine daughter she live on beer for forty days und nights. It vos a wonder. Und they try to prov dot beer vos not life-sustaining. It vos the staff of life, und I will get out some folders right away, to advertise dot stuff dot vos the staff," cried Mr. Schneider gleefully.

"No, pa," corrected Gretchen. "It was not beer that I drank, but the keg of grape-juice that was keeping unfurmented."

"Oh, dot vosh different! Vell, anyway I vos satisfied when I gets mine daughter back from the dead, almost."

"You dear old pa!" murmured Gretchen, embracing him.

Then she accepted the offer of Mr. Noble to take her in his automobile to her home, a distance of half a mile. He was sure, he said, that she needed food after her long dieting on grain.

As they stood outside of the yard a few moments later their ears caught the sound of something that sounded like the blowing off of steam. A workman came rushing from the yard shouting: "Oil! Oil! We have struck a gusher in the third sand."

Investigation proved that it was true. The oil was spouting up from the fifteen-inch hole and throwing a stream to the top of the derrick, then falling back, and fairly inundating the place. Men were put to work throwing up dykes around the yard and entire brewery to head off the oil. In a short time there was a veritable lake of oil, in the middle of which stood the somber looking brewery.

The oil continued to spout, and within a few days the earth became so softened around the underpinning of the building, that it gave way, and the great beer factory toppled into the lake and was lost to view.

"Mine Gott! there goes all my property, und I vos ruined," shouted Mr. Schneider as the building sunk.

"Don't trouble yourself about property, pa," said Augustus with a confident smile. "You see, pa, that well is spouting thirty thousand barrels a day, and every barrel that we can save is worth a dollar and a half, for it is the best refining oil. And the expert says the gusher will most likely continue for several years to come."

"Is dot so? Vell, then ve vos millionaires," "Exactly, pa, and it comes so easy without effort, now that the supply is tapped. And pa, how much better it is to deal in oil than to smirch our lives with beer that make men drunk. I thank God that King Alcohol is knocked out in the third round by King Oil the Champion Heavy Weight of California!"

There was a light in the young man's eyes that meant a permanent reform for himself, and a confidence in his will to stick to his principles. He had somehow gained confidence by his recent acquaintance with the young minister, who talked temperance when he had a chance, though he was liberal, and made due allowance for circumstances over which people have no control.

While the father and son were standing by the lake of oil and watching the gusher, the former said as though he had just thought of it: "Say, Gus, don't you think that young minister is takin' Gretchen for a good many automobile rides lately?"

"Oh, well, he seems to be a nice young man, and I think Gretchen likes him," replied Augustus diplomatically.

"Of course, yes! It vos natural dot one romantic girl vould like some feller dot saved her life mit the beer bottle."

"Hush! pa. They're coming now in the auto." "Yah! Und Gretchen is stearin' already."

Uncle Charlie's Thanks and Comments on His Birthday Letters

As a result of the notice which appeared in August Comfort, announcing the approach of my fiftieth birthday, and the invitation that was extended to you all in that issue to write me a few lines of congratulation, so as to make that (to me) memorable occasion one of pleasure and delight, I have been the happy recipient of hundreds of the most beautiful missives that were ever penned by mortal hands. In fact angel hands could not have swept the vibrant chords of love and sympathy more touchingly and beautifully, sweetly and inspiringly, as have those who have filled my chamber with the perfume of their tenderest thoughts. At the time I am writing this it is more than two weeks before my birthday which comes September 25, and yet the letters are pouring in on me by every mail.

You will better realize what these letters (which have come from faithful friends scattered all over our mighty land mean to me) when I tell you that during the last twelve months, I have scarcely seen a soul, outside the members of my own little family, which as you know consists of Billy and Maria. Owing to sickness, I am very much alone these days and scarcely ever see a visitor. As we have never met personally I may as well tell you, so that you may get a better idea of my personality, that I am a regular dynamo, all full of fire and enthusiasm, and when I get into a discussion with the ordinary selfish mortal, the sparks begin to fly, and there is a punch in every word I utter. I put my whole soul into everything I say or do. To make others have faith in you and your ideas, you must first have faith in yourself, and be ever ready at all times, even as I am ready, to sacrifice everything, even my life for the principles I advocate.

Every night after the light is out I talk to humanity's troubles over with God, and after submitting my ideas to Divine Judgment, I can feel within my soul that I am on the right road, in fact I not only feel that I am right, but I know I am right. There are certain self evident truths (and God is behind everyone of them) that must be woven into the warp and woof of national and individual life, truths that all men should and must accept ere we can begin to live like men, instead of rooting like animals.

When I meet people who are indifferent to, and who scorn these truths, because the acceptance of them would cause them to take their hands out of other people's pockets, no matter what my physical condition at the time may be, there is bound to be a fight.

My physician, who understands me thoroughly, does not tell me to rest for he knows that is impossible, but he invariably admonishes Maria thus: "Just keep the soft pedal on him today, don't let him get into a mix up with the colored wash lady on woman suffrage, or burn up his nerve force explaining the initiative and referendum to the ice man, and if there are any accounts in the papers of policemen hammering in the heads of strikers or a speech by the Rev. Dusenberry about the rule of the people being mobocracy instead of democracy, for heaven's sake cut it out and don't let him see it, or I won't be responsible for the consequences."

You see I'm obliged to keep quiet, so that the vital spark may not flicker out entirely, and so I am practically a prisoner, a recluse, with only my mail to connect me with the outside world, a live wire that you keep red hot all the time with your love and sympathy. For I know there is scarcely a minute or even a second of the day or night that someone isn't waiting a tender thought to me, or softly breathing my name in their prayers.

Ah, dear brothers and sisters mine, how your letters tug at my heart strings. Often in the middle of a sentence when I am reading aloud,

as is my custom, some particularly touching passage, I have to stop short, my quivering lips refusing to utter another word. I know the inmost secrets of your hearts. There is no road of sorrow that you have trodden that I have not walked with you, for in spirit I am with you at all times, and carry your burdens upon my heart and shall do unto the end for whatever strength and ability I have is consecrated to you and your service.

Ah, me, how hungry humanity is for real men, big-hearted, loyal Christian men, men the plain people can love and trust. Poor, narrow-minded little souls will tell you you can't alter or change human nature and that human nature will always be selfish. Such people judge human nature by themselves and naturally the result is always exceedingly discouraging. Let me tell you of a beautiful, Christ-like act that will give you an idea what humanity will be like when it gets a chance. Some ten years ago I got a helpless shut-in out of a Canadian poorhouse. That poor soul, though dead from the waist down, and fighting against terrific odds, has, after years of struggle built up a successful business for himself, and monthly pays ten dollars for the house rent of another shut-in nearly as helpless as himself, keeping both the boy and his mother from the poorhouse. I heard of that lovely act by accident, and I have never heard of anything that gave me greater pleasure or that so strengthened my faith in both God and humanity. To be loved by you must love, love sublimely. If you would receive you must give, give liberally and of the best that is in you. If you would reap you must sow. Be lovable and you will be loved. My love goes out to you now and at all times like a mighty flood, and your affection like the rush of the never-falling tides, sweeps back again into the harbor of my heart, comforting, soothing and inspiring, giving me renewed life, hope and strength.

The equal of your letters (warm with the very life blood of you who have penned them) no man has ever received. I shall keep them all, keep every one of them, and I shall select the golden nuggets of thought, the pearls of affection so plentifully sprinkled through each, and have them copied into a book so that those who are nearest and dearest to me may have this golden sheaf of loving thought to inspire them when I have gone. In your letters you have thanked me most for daring to speak the truth and for standing unflinchingly at all times for the right. You recognize, and I am grateful for it, that I am tremendously in earnest. I thank you for that. Earnest I am indeed and poor though I am, not all the gold in the whole wide world could buy me to deceive you or be false to that loving and sacred trust which you in the goodness of your hearts, have placed in me.

One of the most delightful letters I received came from a young lady who deeply regretted the fact that the distance that separated us was so great that she never would be able to see me and shake my hand. Little did the young lady realize at the time she indited those words, that if she had put 'er hand out of her back window she could have tickled me on the bald spot. Such is life in the great metropolis.

For good and sufficient reasons my address is not published in Comfort nor will it be. Those who are interested will find it on all my books.

I am writing this early in September, and I hope you will keep up your shower of letters until at least Christmas has come and gone and longer if you care to.

Your friend,

Uncle Charlie

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CONTENTS

- THE ROMANCE OF HELEN BLACKFORD; OR, TWICE A BRIDE AND ONCE A WIFE. A story of absorbing interest with a startling and original plot.
- WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN. A battle of wits between two beautiful women, both in love with the same man.
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I want every admirer of Uncle Charlie to have a copy of his beautiful and interesting Birthday Souvenir Story Book for the good it will do you and the pleasure it will give you to read it and keep it as a remembrance of him, and I have arranged so that each and all can obtain it without it costing you a cent.

It is bound in two styles, both handsome and either good enough. One in heavy, fancy opal blue paper covers known as "cloth of gold paper," will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of two new subscriptions at 25 cents each, 50 cents in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and one 25-cent subscription, 55 cents in all.

The other, beautifully bound in lilac silk with stiff covers, will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of four subscriptions at 25 cents each, one dollar in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and three 25-cent subscriptions, \$1.05 in all.

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Uncle Charlie has gotten up this birthday souvenir at his own expense and I pay him a good price for every copy that goes out as a club premium. He has done his part and done it well, and I stand ready to do my part, and it is up to you, my friends and his friends, to rush in the clubs and orders for the book so to make it a financial success and a birthday present worth while and worthy of him and of your love and admiration for him.

Remember the pretty opal blue "cloth of gold paper" covered volume for a club of two renewals or subscriptions, or the elegant silk-bound book for a club of four renewals or subscriptions.

These are the best and most costly premiums that I give for such sized clubs. I do it for the sake of Uncle Charlie's birthday present and because I want you to have a souvenir worthy of him and of the occasion.

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FIRST SHIP THROUGH CANAL.—Colonel George W. Goethals announced that the first boat that would go through the Panama Canal would be a Panama Railroad ship. He added that water would surely be let into the Culebra Cut early in October, and that immediately afterward dredges would enter it and begin final work.

ATE A THREE-YEAR-OLD EGG.—The State Board of Health released ten tons of cold storage eggs, worth \$4,000, which had been held by the Trenton, N. J., authorities in a warehouse in Jersey City, for the last three and a half years. Doctors and reporters had eaten cake, custards, and ice cream made from the eggs and not one of those daring persons had died, so the board decided the eggs were fit for other stomachs. They were owned by the H. J. Keith Company of Boston, Mass.

PIGEON FLIES FROM BRAZIL.—"Sunny Jim," a racing pigeon, flew from Rio Janeiro to Pittsburgh recently, in forty-eight days. It is said that "Jim" is the first bird to come home across the Equator.

Government Constantly Needs Men



CHANGES and growth in every department of the Civil Service call for new men all the time. The Parcel Post Service for instance has given good paying positions to thousands. This department is growing so rapidly that it will need thousands of new employees within the next couple of years. The International Correspondence Schools have a Course to fit applicants to pass the Civil Service examinations. Over a thousand persons have secured Government positions with the help of the I. C. S. All Americans over 18 are eligible. Send for free I. C. S. Civil Service Book, and learn how the I. C. S. can prepare you.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Special Infant Set

By Geneva Gladding

NO. 6320—Infant's Set of Long Clothes. This set consists of a dress, slip, kimono, sack, petticoat, pinning blanket, night gown, cold feet gown and coat, cap and bib.

The pattern is cut in one size only and requires for the dress, No. 1, two and one half yards of 36-inch material, eight yards of insertion and eight and five eighths yards of edging. The slip or gown Nos. 2, 3 and 4 requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard of edging. The petticoat No. 5, requires one and seven eighths yard of 27-inch material. The kimono No. 7, requires two yards of 36-inch material. The pinning blanket No. 6, requires one yard of 36-inch material. The sack No. 8, requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material, with three quarters yard of ribbon. Coat No. 9, requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Cap No. 10, requires three eighths yard of 27-inch material and one yard of ribbon. Bib No. 11, requires three eighths yard of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 6296—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Adaptable to a variety of materials, this model leads in popularity. For the three-piece suits (waist, coat and skirt) the waist is made of both contrasting material and color. Plaids are greatly in evidence, more so than for several years. White cotton corduroy makes a smart waist and washes perfectly. The waist fastens at the front and at either side are a row of buttons set close to the edges. Here is an opportunity for introducing a bit of color to match the color in suit. Make the tie of soft, thick silk and wide enough to make the bow large. As it appears where the collar and revers join a pretty bit of trimming is made.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5502—Ladies' Kimono in Empire style with top and sleeves in one. Crepe materials are particularly suitable and pretty for kimonos, being washable and durable. Silk and challis is also much used. The one here illustrated has ample walking width and is so cut that it stays in place around neck and shoulders. There is a seam under the band extending around body, joining top to lower part of garment which is cut gored.

Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch materials with six and one quarter yards of ribbon. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6216—Ladies' Dress. This attractive costume has the slightly raised waist-line which is a good feature, doing away, as it does, with the separate belt. It is generally becoming as well, and easily fitted. An inch and a half, or two inch belt should be sewed inside, hooking together at the skirt opening. The broad collar may be made of same material and trimmed with braid or velvet ribbon, or of a contrasting color of silk covered with a half inch of the edge with all over lace collar. Make cuffs to correspond with collar. Scallops may be piped or faced with trimming color. The skirt is cut in four gores.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5217—Ladies' Dress for Nursing and house wear. Every woman needs such a dress in her wardrobe, and the white prints and percales striped or figured with black develop them very smartly. Dutch collar and cuffs of all over embroidery add daintiness. Skirt is cut in seven gores. Long or short sleeves.

Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires six yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5735—Ladies' Dress. The simple dresses with kimono sleeves are as much the fashion as ever, and there is no waist pattern so easily put together. If a dressy effect is desired, use a narrow silk plaiting down the front. The skirt is cut in four gores, and the neck may be made high or square.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5694—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. The sailor style of dress for young ladies is always in good taste and can be made from a variety of materials, including cotton, linen and wool. For general wear, blue serge with red silk trimming on collar, cuffs and chemise, matching tie and girdle, makes a stylish combination. Use hard buttons. Dress closes in front. Chemise is made with or without standing collar and sleeves are long or short.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; size 16 requires five yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of 24-inch silk, or contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5127—Ladies' Corset Cover. The garment is made in the tight-fitting style and is especially desirable for stout figures. Many prefer to bone the seams by covering them with a straight strip of cloth just wide enough to receive the bone. These are fastened top and bottom and removed when waist is washed.

Cut in sizes 36 to 46 bust measure; medium size requires one yard of 36-inch material, three yards of heading. Price, 10 cents.

Little Folks' Clothes

No. 6311—Girls' Dress. This stylish little dress is one of usefulness and easily made. The skirt is cut with four gores to which the underwaist is attached. The separate blouse can be made with long or short sleeves and has a side front opening. A leather belt or one of material can be worn.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the dress and one half yard of 36-inch lining for the underwaist. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6106—Children's Yoke Dress. Here is a fascinating little model and one that is becoming to any small girl. The dress has a round yoke front and back to which the body of the garment is gathered. It may have long or short sleeves. The yoke may be made of all over, fine tucking, or strips of lace insertion. The bottom of dress is made of deep Hamburg edging.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; size eight requires as represented, two and one half yards of nine and one half inch flouncing, one and one eighth yard of 36-inch plain material, three eighths yard of 18-inch tucking and one yard of narrow edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6328—Children's Dress. A simple, easily made slip of a dress that every child needs several of. It has long or short sleeves and the closing is at the back. Any of the plain or small figured wash materials are suitable for such a dress, and very dainty are those made of white lawn or dimity with a bit of narrow lace at neck and sleeves.

Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; size two years requires one and seven eighths yard of 36-inch material with two and three quarters yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6355—Children's Dress. This cute little dress closes at the front, trimmed with a rolling collar, cuffs and patch pockets. The pattern provides for a pair of bloomers which are attached to an underwaist.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; size four years requires three yards of 36-inch material, three eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods and three eighths yard of 36-inch lining for the underwaist. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5220—Children's Underwaist and Drawers. Waist is cut with scant fullness at top and waistline where it is stayed; also an extra piece strengthening it over shoulder and under arm. The

drawers are gathered into belt and trimmed with scantily fulled linen lace. A heavy quality of cotton cloth is best for waist and a lighter weight for drawers.

Cut in sizes two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight years requires for waist, three quarters yard of 36-inch material and for the drawers one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

COLOR COMBINATION.—SCHOOL GIRL. Your gray poplin will combine charmingly with either blue or rose color, using the gray for waist and overdress. This will give you the darker color for collar and skirt flounce. For belt and cuffs use this same color covered with a band trimming of lace in ecru or white; also carry band around collar and edge with a two-inch wide fine plaiting made of silk to match poplin. Over buttons with darker color.

GIRDLES.—D. C. L. Gayly striped ribbons are worn at the waist with the fall woolen gowns. These extend around the waist, crossing at the back, and brought back to the side front with a flat bow and long ends. Others are carried once around and tied at the back with a fancy bow.

HATS.—LITTLE. The soft brown felt hat will serve several purposes with a little cleverness on your part.



First, do not remove the plain band, but use this effect for occasions when you want to be plainly dressed. To wear with your white wool, make a soft plaited band of wide corded white ribbon and finish with a fancy bow. A third effect is gained by making a soft roll of the trim and carrying onto it three loops of figured brown silk that also extends around crown. Make each of these trimmings so they will stay in place by the use of two or three pins, and will readily slip onto hat.

DRESSES.—MRS. WAKEFIELD. Easy-to-get-into mod-



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No. 9B-1007 A beautiful lustrous black astrakhan coat of very latest model. Serviceable, warm-giving and stylish. Has beautiful roll collar, long lapels, pretty silk braid frogs and silk covered buttons. Lined throughout with mercerized satens and comes in black only. Length full 54 inches. Sleeves 22 to 44 bust measure. Give bust measure only. PREPAID PRICE each \$4.98

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The Charles William Stores
NEW YORK

ern dresses have become the fad, if a universal adoption of this practical idea may be called such. In this number are shown several styles that will be found easy to make, launder and wear. They may be made more dressy by the adoption of trimmings and choice of materials. The morning dress, No. 5246, can be converted into a handsome gown for an elderly woman, if

made of soft wool or silk and suitably trimmed with a frill of black lace or thin accordion plaited silk down the front. At the wrist make close cuffs of three-inch wide white lace and over this a band of plain black net, leaving the scallop of white lace uncovered. Finish the neck with lace stock or rolling collar comfortably loose. Make blind closing and bottom of gown touching floor. An attractive combination would be gray silk or wool lavender plaiting and black net, with white lace or excepting the lace at wrist, the whole gown made of soft black silk.

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For Both

An offer that positively saves you half. We challenge the world to equal this remarkable offer of a Pure Worsted Jersey Bulgarian Sweater and a Billie Burke's Hood to match. All the rage this season. This set could not be purchased for less than \$4.00. Made in the smart new Bulgarian style of finest quality pure worsted yarn. Single breasted, 3/4 length, long sleeves, deep turn back collar, Bulgarian border around neck, cuffs and hem. Hood is made of the same material, with turn back collar, chin strap and very comfortable. Hood weighs but one ounce and is made of 44 in. chest measure. Color with gray collar, cuffs and border. Hood is made of the same material. Hood direct from this set. Write for full challenge price for both hood and Bulgarian \$1.98

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Send for our beautiful Fall Style Book—filled with 10,000 beautiful offers like above. Allowance for shipping charges. 10c. Add 10c. for postage. Total \$1.10. Send to: W. & H. Walker, 7037 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15206. For \$1.10, we will send you a beautiful Fall Style Book, filled with 10,000 beautiful offers like above. Allowance for shipping charges. 10c. Add 10c. for postage. Total \$1.10. Send to: W. & H. Walker, 7037 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15206.

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The Ashes of Love
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

the fence. There was a sickening smell of decaying food mingled with coal smoke and ashes. In one corner of the yard was a scanty coal pile, and a youngster with color akin was filling a pail to its capacity with the fuel.

Watterman rapped on the door twice before he had an answer.

"Nothin' doin' I said," was the answer. "Can't yer clear out."

It was a child's voice but rudely coarse and uncultivated.

"Clear out." Then the door opened cautiously. "Lord," she said, for it was a girl. "I thought yer was that Jew peddler that sold ma the rug."

"What rug?" Watterman asked.

"Oh, that up with the auto cart and the the woman holdin' the umbrella over her. Ge we can't keep up no dollar a week now." Then she looked past him out to the coal pile. "Trot that pail in here full young man. Gee the house is freezin' now." Then to Watterman. "What yer want?"

"I'd like to see your mother," he said.

"Ma ain't home. What yer want? The long green?"

From another room came a hoarse, husky voice. "Shut that door brat."

The girl stepped aside and Watterman stepped in.

"The air ain't too good for the old man," the girl explained, and from the other room came a dry dusty cough and then laborious breathing.

"Jest pa," she went on. "Foundry lungs." She tapped her breast ominously and pointed Watterman to a chair. "Foundry lungs."

The squalor of the place was depressing. A huge kettle of porridge was sputtering away on the fire. A patched, dirty tablecloth, stained and besmeared with numerous mishaps covered the table. The floor was bare and showed signs of once having been scrubbed, but now was neglected and dirty. The wall paper, heavily tinned was smoked and unappropiate, and an old walnut clock with one hand broken ticked nervously almost forebodingly above the stove.

Presently the boy tugged in the pail of coal and banged it down beside the stove. "That suit yer?" he asked and stood arms akimbo regarding his sister savagely.

"Go in and give pa his dope," she commanded quite forgetting Watterman. And at the command he went.

There was another spasm of coughing in the bedroom, followed by a series of mingled oaths and groans.

"Foundry lungs?" Watterman asked.

Watterman had been too busy building.

The girl stirred the porridge and nodded without looking up. "Yep." Then in a lowered voice. "Done fer I guess. Clogged up ter here with foundry dust." She indicated the depth of the malady. "It ain't human. It ain't right. And every night I cuss the man who owns the plant. Owns the plant. God, owns the men. Owns their souls."

Watterman shifted his position.

"Ma knows. She's told us. He's a fend."

She dashed out some porridge for the boy, and seated him at the table. "It comes to them all sooner or later," she went on. "An' now it's up ter us. But ma says when you've lost yer hat you've got to go back and find it where you lost it. Ma's workin' in a laundry now."

"They don't die of foundry dust in a laundry," Watterman gave a sigh of relief.

The girl's black eyes flashed up instantly. Watterman started. She had her mother's eyes. Eyes that had looked at him from under the blood red shawl when he had dropped the coins. "Steam," she hissed. "In a laundry it's steam."

He was silent for a moment. The girl went about her work. "Trot some more water up here from the pump," she commanded of the boy who had grabbed his cap in hopes of escape. "None of yer blarney now. Ye might as well commence life one time's another."

Watterman went quietly to the door of the sick room. A smoky oil lamp was still burning on the dresser. An unkempt bearded form lay sprawled amongst the bedclothes. He was quiet now after the medicine the boy had given him, but Watterman could see that his breath came hard and painfully.

"You have had a doctor?" he asked quietly.

The girl nodded. "Once. Had ter. It's against the law."

Watterman fumbled in his pockets. He counted some change out to the girl. "What's your name and the address here?"

The girl looked incredulous, but reassured by the money finally told him.

Dolly Prim and Her Dresses

COME little folks and gather round your Uncle John, as you used to do last season once a month for the "Children's Jolly Hour," and I will try to make you have a good time. We did have jolly good times together, didn't we? All summer I have been looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you again in COMFORT, and have been making something new and nice for you to play with and to make you happy. And here it is; pretty little Dolly Prim and four of her fine dresses and hats to be cut out and put on her. It is a lot of fun to cut them out and color them, besides the enjoyment of playing with them afterwards.

If you want to dress Dolly up in her pretty

DIRECTIONS

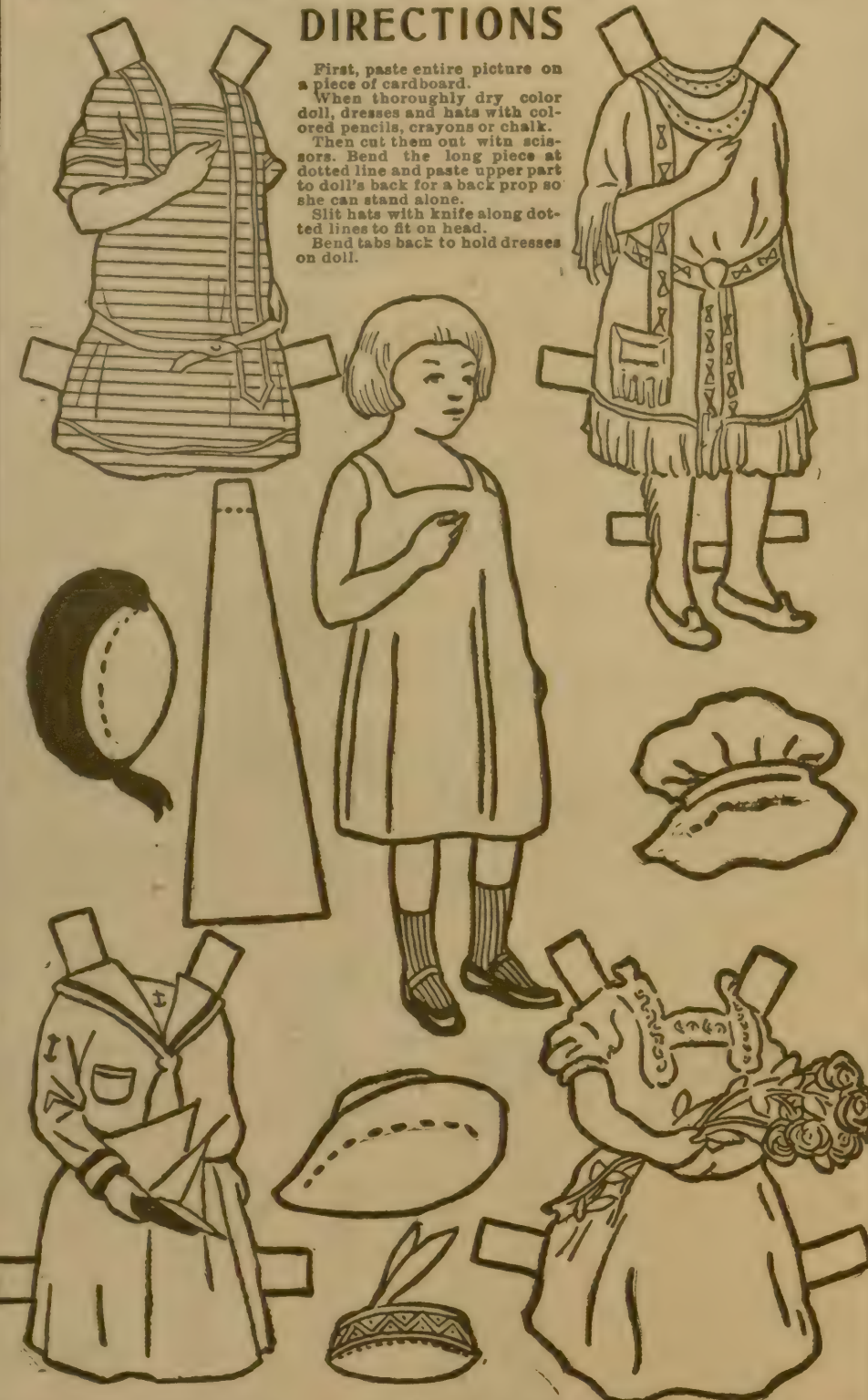
First, paste entire picture on a piece of cardboard.

When thoroughly dry color doll, dresses and hats with colored pencils, crayons or chalk.

Then cut them out with scissors. Bend the long piece at dotted line and paste upper part to doll's back for a back prop so she can stand alone.

Slit hats with knife along dotted lines to fit on head.

Bend tabs back to hold dresses on doll.



dresses, the first thing to do is to cut out and paste the entire picture on a piece of cardboard and put it away to dry. After a few hours, when dry, you may tint the dresses with colored pencils, crayons or chalk. The first romping suit should be light blue, the second or Indian dress a dark brown, the sailor outfit a navy blue, and the last one with the flowers a pretty pink. Dolly herself a very light pink, except the hair which should be brown or black. Next cut out Dolly and the hats and dresses with a pair of scissors. The dresses are put on by bending back the tabs. The hats are slit with a knife at the dotted line and placed over Dolly's head. The long piece is bent at the dotted line and pasted to Dolly's back so she can stand alone. If you

about to start Dolly began to cry. She wanted to look very wild that day and insisted on having her Indian suit put on. This was done to please her, but an awful thing happened when they got to the circus grounds. The Indians that were in the show thought Dolly was their little girl and tried to drag her away. Dolly Prim screamed and Alice pulled her back and took her right, straight home. Dolly was glad to take the Indian dress off, so she was dressed in the sailor suit and played with her little boat in a tub of water till evening. Then she donned her cool pink party dress and went out and picked a bouquet of roses for the supper table. Play you are Miss Alice and take Dolly around as told in the story.

"Water, water." The cry was muffled and choked, and at the sound the girl dropped the money jingling into her pocket and hurried for the water. "Fever," she said, "always goes with foundry lungs."

Watterman started. His eyes flashed at the girl, but she hurried unheeding to the call from the sick room. His hand twitched beside him and his head blurred. He could see a lake fringed with maples. There was a moon and the sound of oars. He knew. They had just "moved on."

"Water," the voice was calling. "Water."

Watterman stepped to the door. The girl was holding a broken cloisonne vase to her father's parched lips. The neck had been broken

off and with it half a yellow poppy, and the balance served the noble purpose of refreshing the sick.

"Where did you get it?" he asked feebly.

The girl looked up quickly. "That?" she held out the vase to him.

"That?" She laughed. "That's the relic of an old affair of ma's. She laughed hysterically for an hour when she busted it. God—"

Watterman looked for an instant into her deep brown eyes. "Your mother may be right about finding the hat," he said. "But tell her. She'll know. You don't always find it where you lost it. Some move on." He turned back at the door. "Your father shall have care," he said. "There must be somewhere a cure for foundry lungs."

Angora Poodle Dogs

The Latest Novelty for Children and Grown-Ups

It is now the latest thing to own a White Angora Poodle with their dear little faces, soft silk-like heads and tails, and cute pink bows on their necks. Everyone loves them on first sight and many a man and woman has carried them home, not alone for the children, but because they could not resist the liking for these dear, little, pure white poodles that are the rage and fashion and are really considered lucky to have and to hold. They are well made of good quality cloth, filled solid and firm and shaped real lifelike in contour of legs and body, having real natural poodle-like eyes and as the nose and mouth are imitated with black yarns stitched on, they will stand a lot of rough handling. They are over eight inches long and half a foot high. They stand up with a saucy little turn of the head as if asking, "What you want, or they sit down and almost speak."

This Angora Poodle Dog craze has come to stay and every child from Maine to California will sooner or later want one after seeing those at the home of some neighbor. These poodles have lately sold in the big city stores for good sums, but now that many firms are competing and trying to cut prices, we have been fortunate in securing a large supply and have arranged to mail \$5.00 poodle dogs a month.

For only two 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will safely send by Parcel Post, as a reward, one Angora Poodle Dog. Premium No. 370.


Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Trial Package Mailed Free to Any Sufferer.

If you have catarrh of the head, nose, throat; if catarrh has affected your hearing; if you sneeze, hawk or spit; if you take one cold after another; if your head feels stopped-up; you should try this Remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, who has made a specialty of treating catarrh for over thirty-nine years.



This Remedy is composed of herbs, flowers and seeds possessing healing medicinal properties; contains no tobacco, is not injurious or habit-forming; is pleasant to use and perfectly harmless to man, woman or child.

Catarrhal germs are carried into the head, nose and throat with the air you breathe—just so the warm medicated smoke-vapor is carried with the breath, applying the medicine directly to the diseased parts. If you have tried the usual methods, such as sprays, douches, salves, inhalers and the stomach-ruining "constitutional" medicines, you will readily see the superiority of this Smoking Remedy.

Simply send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you a free package containing samples of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe and made into cigarettes, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the subject of catarrh. He will send by mail, for one dollar, enough of the medicine to last about one month.

Katrinka of the Bohmerwald
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Her face was terrible in the agony of death. He tried to raise her up. Something was holding her down. He gently turned the body over.

As he did so, he noted a strange thing.

The girl was held to the ground by a stick. He looked a moment; then comprehension dawned upon him.

For the girl, when she had stuck the stick into the ground, had not noticed that her petticoats had fallen upon the grave. Then when she had, with all her strength, thrust the stick into the ground, she, in the darkness, had thrust it through her skirts. When she tried to arise, she could not, being pinned down by the wooden peg. "Twas this that had frightened her to death, for she undoubtedly supposed she was being held down by a creature of the Infernal Regions.

The priest pulled the stick from the ground, releasing the skirts, then picked up the body of the girl, and bore it from the gruesome place.

The frightened villagers expected nothing less than they saw. Nor did they dream that their supposition was not correct as to how poor Katrinka met her death. But ah, many were the tears shed by the maidens for Karl, poor honest Karl, who had so loved Katrinka, and gave her that which is even more than life, his reason.

Slowly the villagers, with superstitious horror, quietly stole to their homes.

The morning grayed.

ECZEMA BOOK FREE

The National Skin Hospital, located at 119 Main Street, St. Joseph, Mo., who treat skin diseases only, have published a book of more than sixty pages which they are mailing free to anyone writing for it. It has many colored plates showing the different forms of skin diseases and tells how they can be treated at home. Anyone interested should write for it at once enclosing 4c stamps for postage.

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A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 393 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT Seeker, Tolley, N. Dak.—Usually when a married woman is annoyed by the attentions of men she asks her husband to pay them a little of his attention. That ends it as a rule, and would in this instance as the men who are annoying you seem to think they are paying you compliments. If you haven't asked your husband to protect you, now is the time to do it.

Brown Heart, Velasco, Texas.—The sure way to win popularity is always to be doing something to please other people and not think of your own. A very short course of this is sure to make you popular with everybody. You don't have to be a brilliant conversationalist if you will do this. And you especially do not have to be "fast." This last kind of popularity is ruinous to yourself and those who admire you on account of it. (2) Wear your hair in the style most becoming to you.

Brown Eyes, Battleground, Minn.—The principal attraction in decoration of a moonlight picnic is the lanterns, and you can fill the grove with them, if you can afford so many. Flowers and that sort are not necessary. You may use some on your table, if you wish, which should be spread in the grove rather than in the dining-room, if it can be conveniently done. Wild flowers and ferns are quite as pretty as the others and more appropriate. You may choose whom you please as assistants, but you are the hostess. Have two or three older women, and take the others from among your associates, but don't have too many.

Pansy, Iron Mountain, Mich.—You may think you have read this column, but you haven't, or you would know that it is proper to thank anybody for any courtesy extended to you, indoors, or outdoors, or anywhere else. And do it naturally, not as if you were reading it out of an etiquette book.

Red Rose, Quinton, Ala.—If he has run away from you and your four children and is living with another woman you can secure a divorce with alimony. Or if you object to divorce, have a legal separation with alimony. It is criminal for a husband to desert a wife and children in that manner. If you condone the fault and take him back, you will have difficulty in getting court protection, should he desert you again.

N. D., Lowry City, Mo.—If your beau moved over and tried to escape when you got sleepy in the buggy and laid your head on his shoulder, it is plain that he does not know the first principles of etiquette and you should never go with him again. He is not only ill-mannered, but inhuman.

Donna, Summit, Tenn.—It is perfectly good form for a gentleman to put the lady's rubbers on for her, and you did right in permitting him to do so. (2) Once a week is the average time between letters unless the young people are very much in love, or engaged. In that case there is no limit to the frequency of communication.

Freckles, Petersburg, Alaska.—If a girl not yet sixteen becomes engaged to a man of twenty-seven, she must expect that he will take a good deal of time off to attend to social duties she is not yet old enough to indulge in. If you had a little more sense you would not have become engaged at your age, and we recommend that you break the engagement, or postpone it, until you know enough to know what you are doing. Of course being engaged to you, he hasn't any right to run around with other girls, but you are too young to go out as he does, so there you are. Be sensible, if you can, and tell him you guess you will wait three or four years before you settle. He hasn't any more sense than you have, or he would not have asked a child to marry him. What were your parents thinking about?

B. H. Girl, Eldon, Mo.—We suppose if the young man had money your parents would not think you were too young to receive his attentions. Maybe you are too young, now, but wait and don't let preventable poverty stand in the way if he is worthy in other respects. (2) If a young man declines to go in the house when he has brought the young lady to his place, she should decline to stand at the gate and talk to him. Send him to his own home if he won't come into yours. (3) It is not considered proper according to etiquette for a girl to kiss a young man good night, but they do it just the same. Which accounts for a lot of our bad manners—not the kissing, but the disregard of rules of propriety.

Cowboy, Carpenter, S. Dak.—The engagement ring should go on the third finger of the left hand, and the wedding ring takes its place. (2) We don't quite understand why the lady should have taken off the engagement ring when you put it on and changed it to the other hand, unless one of you didn't know which was the proper finger to put it on. Ask her about it, before breaking the engagement and taking the ring back.

Earlham Girl, Earlham, Iowa.—It is a good thing for a girl to study the man she may marry and have to live with for the rest of the life of one of them. Marriage is not courtship by a white lot, and it may be a very dull life with a dull man, even though he is a good man and a good provider. This one you like now, is the dull sort and slow, and you will have to do all the talking and entertaining and making home happy. He thinks he is doing enough to provide the home and feed and clothe you. We think you would be wise to study the future a little more before settling down to a life of everlasting dullness and silence. It gets awfully on a wife's nerves and often drives her into bad company just for relief from the deadly dullness of home. It may suit some women, but others cannot stand it, no matter how faithfully they want to and try to.

J. S., Springfield, Ohio.—You were quite right in restraining the impetuosity of the married lady who was so strenuously attentive to you, even though her husband did not object. Married women have no right to treat innocent young men that way, but not one in a hundred would have repelled her as you did. Read the 39th chapter of Genesis, and know that long before you, another good man had his troubles and conquered.

Brown Eyes, Raymond, Minn.—Having promised the next dance to the young man who had danced the previous one with you, you could not have accepted the invitation of the other man to dance it with him. He has queer ideas of social usage if he says you should have done so.

F. G., Perkinsville, N. Y.—We don't admire the rough and rowdy young man, but you are rather ladylike to be popular, we should say. What you should do is to go out to a Western ranch for about six months and get some of the fine polish rubbed off of you. (2) We do not think it proper for a young man to use powder on his nose in any kind of weather. And you should learn how to spell "norfolk suit," before you wear one. And, Willie, change your name to Bill.

N. G., Dunn, N. C.—It is quite correct we think in introducing a stranger to your friends to add a word or two to fix the identity of the newcomer. You did right in introducing this person as your former teacher, though you might have asked first if you could do so. Sometimes people do not like to be identified. (2) It is proper to let down the buggy too so the lady can get in more easily, though it is not necessary always. You can't do much in helping a lady into a buggy, unless she is fat and you have to get behind and push. Most ladies help themselves in.

Inquirer, Clymer, Pa.—Unless you want to stop and talk with your escort when he has brought you home, you should bid him good night and let him go. You do not have to wait for him to start. You start him.

Willing-to-learn, Wisner, Neb.—In making presents to a bride, her new initial should be used, unless you only want to use the initial of her first name, or her full first name. Any presents, shower or otherwise, should be so initialed, as she is expected to use them under her new name. (2) A young man may take a lady's arm either in town or country in the evening or in the day, if she wants him to. But arm taking is not prevalent in daytime, nor in the evening as much as it used to be, though sweethearts usually walk that way. (3) An introduction of one person to a whole party of people is usually quite informal and either the individual or the crowd may say pretty much what they please. So a bride in thanking her friends in a crowd for presents may say what she pleases and they may respond in chorus or individually, as they prefer. To be formal at such times is unnatural and uncomfortable.

W. H., Turberville, S. C.—The groom at an afternoon wedding should wear frock coat, gray trousers, patent leather shoes, gray tie and pearl gloves. In the evening, the usual full evening dress. A home wedding with only the families present, he may dress in his ordinary business clothes, if the bride doesn't care. A wedding may be the most formal or the most informal of social affairs.

Blue Eyes, Sublimity, Oregon.—When candy or nuts are passed to a young man by a young lady he should take some, unless the doctor has told him he mustn't indulge in such food. (2) If the lady coming home from the dance in the evening wishes to take her escort's arm she may do so or she may permit him to take her arm. There is no rule, but the lady's.

N. M., Hatfield, Pa.—As you have received an invitation from the young man's sister to go to his house, it would be quite proper for you to go with him. If his home is near, his sister might call on you and then you go to meet his parents. Either will be correct, and the more convenient is better. When you call, it is your place to suggest going home, and you may make the call as long or short as you please, but don't make it stiff and formal, and if you are having a good time, stay as long as they want you to.

Red Head, House, Mont.—There are some husbands like yours who don't want their wives to be "mushable" as you say yours doesn't, and as etiquette provides no rules or conduct for such cases, we would advise that you follow his lead and be just as cool and indifferent as he is. By and by, under this treatment, we think, he will change his mind and conduct.

Mary, Lake Mills, Iowa.—At a dancing party the lady usually does not rise when a man is presented, though she may do so if she wishes. It makes it easier for him to ask her to dance, if that is why he is being presented. (2) It would not be proper for a lady to ask her escort to introduce her to other men at a dance, but it would be proper for her to ask him to introduce other men to her. There is a difference, you see.

I. K. T., Lula, Iowa.—In introducing couples, introduce the ladies first, then introduce the men to the ladies and the men to each other. (2) No response is necessary when you are thanked for pouring a cup of tea or when you pass it.

Egyptian, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—It is not proper to do more than nod to a friend coming in during the course of a number on the program, as the friend is already disturbing the audience enough. (2) "Pardon me" and "excuse me," are used in the same way, either among children or grown ups.

F. H., Conneautville, Pa.—No doubt your aim is against you, for most young men do not like a girl who weighs two hundred pounds. But you can remedy that if you will diet yourself and reduce as very many ladies do. While you are doing this, cheer up and look on the sunny side of the world and try to make other people happy and that will make you happy and loved by everybody, including the young men. But don't try to win the one who may meet you at the station. Be so nice and lovely that he will try to win you. The man wants to win, not to be won. Now take our advice, cheer up and begin to do things to make other people have a good time and you will soon be the most popular girl in your community.

B. B., Frederick, S. Dak.—It is more of a sin not to break an engagement than to keep it, thinking as you do of the young man to whom you are engaged. Both of you are too young anyhow, and by the time he is a full grown man he will be glad enough that you let him go, and you will be gladder. A girl who is in love right with the man she is engaged to does not want to "go with other fellows."

Anxious Friend, Salisbury, N. C.—In view of the fact that the lady to whom you were engaged wrote you that she would let you know in her next letter about the date of the wedding and for the eight months has not written to you or replied to your letters or telegrams, we should say that you would be foolish to go to see her now. She has played you false, and you should be glad that she did so before she became your wife. It may hurt some, but it is not fatal as it might have been had it happened later. Cheer up and make a better choice next time.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

birth, believing we are competent and financially able to do a fair part of such worthy ones.

We own eighty acres of land on the famous Sand Mountain which is known of as a health resort throughout America. We raise stock and all fruits and vegetables adapted to this climate. Oranges, lemons and bananas are cheap, but we can't grow them here. We have this year seven acres in cotton, ten in corn and twenty in peas. We have a abundance of clear running spring water near the door, a good four-room painted dwelling and it seems all that heart could wish.

One can buy land here with a house and some cleared land at four dollar an acre. Our part of the country is building up fast and we have lots of stores, mills, gins, shops, school and churches.

We have many good Christian neighbors and most of our boys and girls over twelve years are members of a Methodist or Baptist church. God has spared our country for fifty years and we have never known a

crop failure or a perilous disease to overshadow us, and I believe when "A man's ways please the Lord His ear is ever open to their cry."

May the good sisters, Uncle Charlie and our noble editor ever live faithful and do good in the world.

OLIVER L. COULSON.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you allow a little Montana girl to come into your corner?

I am five feet four inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds; have golden hair, dark eyes and a fair complexion. I am twenty-one years old and have been married three years. I have the dearest Willie in the world and a sweet baby girl two years old.

Many of the sisters seem to think that early marriage is very wrong. I think it depends upon the person or persons, and I have seen boys and girls get married that did not know any more about making a home than a little child, while others do as well as many older people. My husband is only twenty-one years old and we have as good and well managed a home as anyone of the laboring class of people. Neither of us do anything without consulting the other, and reasoning together. William has been working for one firm now for five years. He is an engineer. I love housework, sewing, crocheting and embroidery. Could any of the COMFORT sisters send me a pattern for a crocheted bedspread and pillow shams? I will be very thankful for it.

Now let me add my little help before I close. To clean granite ware pans or kettles that have been burned or stained, take one pound of chloride of lime, three pounds of sal soda and one third cup of strong vinegar. Take one gallon boiling water and dissolve the soda in it, stir the lime in a little cold water and add, boil five minutes, set off a few minutes, pour off the liquid, add the vinegar and put in jars or bottles for use. To clean a kettle, pour enough of this liquid in it to cover the bottom of the kettle, set on the stove and let boil and the stain will come out immediately. This is also a good bleach for clothes. Use about a teaspoonful to a boiler of water.

With best wishes to all COMFORT's readers, I am, Yours truly,

MRS. WM. BROCKWAY.

COLLINS, E. R. 1, Box 28, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT some time, and have often thought of writing, but feared the waste basket, but since I read July COMFORT I decided to add a few lines to its most helpful corner. I don't see many letters from our state of Mississippi, and surely it is not lack of interest in such a grand old paper as COMFORT, for it is indeed a comfort to all who seek its pages, for it contains so many good remedies and recipes.

Now I am coming for a little help. Can some of the sisters tell me where I can get a couple of little orphan children, a boy and a girl? I will take them as young as one year old. I would give anything for children, as I am destined to live a childless life, so I am going to adopt two babies if I can get them. I'll care for them to the best of my ability, I am a farmer's wife and I do so enjoy life in the country. I wouldn't live in the city for anything. I was reared in the country, and it's a nice, clean life too.

Wishing success to COMFORT's noble staff of writers, I remain your devoted sister,

MRS. M. V. YAWN.

WALKER, E. R. 2, Box 108, West Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let a little crippled COMFORT reader in your happy and delightful corner? I have taken the dear COMFORT for nearly a year and do love it so much.

I am a little crippled girl of fifteen summers and haven't walked a step or stood on my feet for over seven years. I don't know what caused me to be so afflicted. I am just drawn in a sitting position. I can sit up now and am stronger than I was. For four or five years I could not sit up or hardly move around much in bed, but since last fall, I have gotten so I can sit up and can bear some weight on my feet. My one great sorrow is that darling mamma was taken from her little family of three boys and two girls over three years ago. My baby brother was past two years old when mamma died, and my oldest brother was almost fourteen years old. He was left to be our boy and girl both. Roy has been a good boy and done nearly all our housework since mamma died. Since I have got so I can sit up, I and my little eight-year-old sister can help him lots with the work. Sister is a pretty little girl of eight years old, her name is Alma. My brothers' names are Ray aged seventeen, Oren aged ten, Howard aged nearly six years. Our papa is living and is a United Brethren preacher.

I love to get mail and my greatest pleasure is reading. I get very lonely but try not to get discouraged and hope to walk some day. Will say good by for this time, but if you like this will write again. I am lovingly your COMFORT reader,

LESSIE MARIE HEWITT.

ATHENS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never before attempted to enter your circle, but nevertheless I enjoy it very much. I've been a reader of COMFORT for many years, almost as far back as I can remember. I always read the Sisters' Corner the first thing and find many helpful suggestions therein.

I am twenty-one years old and married two and one half years. I have one sweet little girl baby, Jessie, and have found so much help in COMFORT about the rearing of children.

Mrs. Estella Ballew. I heartily agree with you about telling children falsehoods regarding Santa Claus. I believe parents should teach their children the meaning of Christmas, and that the giving of gifts is in celebration of this day. This will cause children to care more for papa and mamma and really much more for their presents on Christmas morning.

Mrs. Ross Weedlin. I am so glad you wrote on the subject of kissing. If more would write on that subject it might do a world of good for some girls who have not been taught how to properly conduct themselves.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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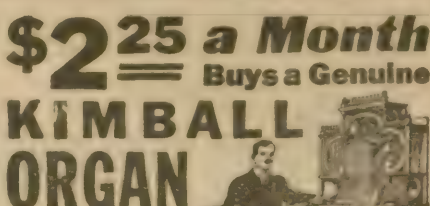
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Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

them, suffered the revolver to drop in his shaking hands.

And the girl, for whom this awful fight was being fought—what a presumptuous idiot I should be if I attempted to set down her emotions!

Suddenly a short cry, a gasp rose from the men and was echoed by Fleming; the Lascar's knife had cut a gash in Manning's shoulder.

"Oh, stop! stop! For God's sake, stop, Manning!" cried Fleming.

But neither the combatants nor the other spectators heeded—they probably did not hear him.

Manning felt the cut of the sharp knife, felt the blood running down his shoulder and side; but he set his teeth and forced himself to remain calm; everything depended, he knew, upon his keeping his head; not his life only, but the girl—the sweet, innocent girl. Ah, now he must not lose his head!

He drew back a moment, and the Lascar, with a hideous smile, pressed on to him. It was what Manning wanted. With a sudden swoop, a movement of the leg and the strong, steel-like left arm, he threw his opponent to the ground, and in an instant was on top of him with a knee like iron pressing into his chest. He raised his arm, the reflected knife gleamed in the moonlight, the Lascar's wavering life hung in the balance. A shudder ran through the spectators, a cry arose from Nina—she had come to the door. While one could count ten the knife poised above the Lascar's heart. Then, before the other men could interfere, Manning had wrenched the knife from the Lascar's grasp and flung it behind him; then he tore the bandage from his own arm and sent his knife flying with the other.

"Get up!" he said, removing his knee. The Lascar sprang to his feet, dazed, uncertain. Manning waited a second or two, then he said:

"Now, we'll fight it out English fashion."

The Lascar was no mean boxer—he had picked it up from his English messmates—and, with a flicking smile, he threw himself into position. This second fight shall not be described. Suffice it that the Lascar was as a child in the hands of the man who had carried all before him with the gloves at Christchurch. Again and again the Lascar came on—let us give him his due—to receive the terrible punishment but at last a well-aimed blow from Manning—who was now enjoying himself amazingly—sent the Lascar to earth with the sickening thud some of us know so well.

Manning, panting and wiping the sweat—dripping like a water—from his swollen face, stood over him for a moment in silence; then he beckoned to the men.

"Take him to the hut," he said. Then, as they picked up the unconscious man, Manning added, quite quietly:

"I think that settles it. If not, if any of you would like to try your hand—"

The polite and liberal offer was declined with thanks.

"That's all right, sir," said one man, the best of the bad lot. "It was a square and fair fight and he'll get what he deserves."

"Well, then," said Manning, "you understand that I'm master here—someone has to be, you know—and that if I find any man pass the line of that tree," he pointed to one a hundred yards from the Vernons' hut—"well!"

They went off, bearing the Lascar, and Manning turned to Fleming, who was clinging to his arm.

"Manning! Manning! You are hurt! You are bleeding! Oh, Manning, how—how nobly you fought! It was wicked, very wicked, but—oh, how I admire you for it! God forgive me!"

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF THE DOCTOR.

Nina came from the hut, not running, but with a graceful swiftness. Her face was still pale, but her eyes were glowing under their dark lashes.

"Are you—are you hurt?" she asked, in a low voice, which she was, womanfully, trying to keep steady.

"Thanks not at all, or very little," said Manning, going for his coat.

"Oh, Manning, how can you say so!" exclaimed Fleming reproachfully. "He is badly cut. Look at the blood! It is of no use putting your coat on Manning; you must have that dreadful wound dressed."

"It is too slight to be called a wound," said Manning casually.

"Come to the hut," said Nina, in the tone a woman uses to a man when she means to be obeyed.

They went to the Vernons' hut, and she poured some water into a tin and examined the knife-cut.

"It is an awful cut," she said, between her white, even teeth. "I—I don't know what to do."

"Oh, we'll just wash it," said Manning lightly. "It will be all right; it is nothing."

She shuddered slightly, as she beheld the flowing blood from the wound, but her hand was quite steady, and it was only her beautiful lips that quivered.

"I—I am glad you did not kill him, though—though at one moment I almost wished—How strong you must be!" she said, in a low voice.

"I did not know you were looking," said Manning reluctantly. "I told you to shut the door."

"I did—oh, I did! but I looked between the logs," she said, with sudden meekness.

A shadow fell across the threshold and the doctor entered. He was an old man, bent and feeble, but at that moment in a state of suppressed excitement which lent him fictitious strength and vigor.

"Nina, where is Mr. Manning? Oh, there you are!" he said, peering at them under his white and shaggy brows. "I've got news, great news, for you, Manning. What are you doing? What is the matter?" he broke off to inquire.

Nina lifted her eyes from her work.

"Mr. Manning has been hurt—the men, father, they wanted to steal the chest, and—"

"Eh? What? No matter!" he interrupted impatiently. "Some quarrel, I suppose. Let me see."

He put the girl aside gently, and looked at the cut.

"Knife, eh? Flesh wound only. Give me a piece of linen. Tear it off the sleeve of the shirt. Why did you quarrel? At such a moment, when you need all your strength and coolness, Manning, Fleming," he continued as he deftly stanching and bandaged the wound, "I have made the most extraordinary discovery. A pin, Nina. Tut, tut, haven't you a safety pin?" She found one and gave it to him. "Pin it here."

Her cool, soft fingers touched Manning's arm gently, pityingly, tenderly.

"That's right. You will do very well. Next case. Eh? What? Thought I was in the ward. How did you get that hurt? No matter! Manning, see here!"

He turned the empty box which served as a table, and turned out the contents of his pocket upon it.

"Look at those!" he exclaimed in a tone of suppressed excitement. "Look at them! Do you know what they are? Wait! Shut the door!"

Nina closed the door, and came back to the group; but, though the casual observer would have said that she was looking at the apparently extremely commonplace stones on the table, she was really looking, sideways, at Manning.

"See what they are!" said the doctor, in a thick, tremulous whisper. "Take up one of them; examine it!"

Manning mechanically took up one of the stones. He was thinking of the men, wondering how long they would remain quiescent, amenable.

"Well?" demanded the doctor impatiently. His

face was flushed with excitement as well as fever, and the sweat stood in big drops on his wrinkled forehead.

Manning raised his brows deprecatingly. "They look like ordinary stones, doctor," he said.

Doctor Vernon uttered a cry of impatient contempt.

"Tut, man, where were you educated?" he retorted impatiently. "They are gold quarts. Gold, gold, I tell you! Hush!" He glanced anxiously toward the door. "It's gold. We are rich—beyond the dreams of avarice!"

He uttered the dear old hackneyed phrase hoarsely, unctuously.

"I found them in the valley between the ridge of hills, south by southwest. There is gold there, I tell you, gold in immense quantities! Gold!"

His bloodshot eyes peered from one to the other, with feverish excitement, and his hanging under lip trembled as if he had been struck by palsy.

Fleming and Manning looked at each other significantly. The glance said, "He is mad!" "In immense quantities! It lies, most of it, on the surface, in what the miners call 'placers.' It is quite easy to get. It is, I verily believe, an island of gold. And it is ours, ours! Nina, Manning, Fleming, we are rich, millionaires, multimillionaires, as the phrase goes. It is incorrect, but no matter, the gold is there! How hot it is!" He drew his trembling hand across his wet brow and sank, almost collapsed, onto the table.

Nina went to him and laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"You are tired, father; you must rest, be quiet—"

"Rest! Nonsense! You—you talk like a child! You don't understand. Nina! I tell you it is gold! I cannot have made a mistake. We have been cast ashore on an Eldorado! Mr. Manning, Fleming, you will share it with me! Indeed, it really belongs to you, Manning, for but for you we should never have reached the island alive. Gold! Gold in practically unlimited quantities! Think of it! Nina, I—I am thirsty. I have been in the sun—water—water!"

He was gasping for breath, his face was livid and his features twitching.

Manning ran out of the hut and brought some water, and a draught somewhat restored the old man.

"Go, now," said Nina, in a low voice. "I will get him to lie down and sleep. He will be better in the morning."

She extended her hand to Manning, and, as he took it, she murmured:

"Good night—and thank you!"

"That's all right, Miss Nina," he said, in true Englishman's fashion.

"Do you think there is anything in the doctor's discovery?" asked Fleming hesitatingly, as he and Manning walked toward their hut.

Manning shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I don't know. There may be. Gold is found in all sorts of places. But it would have been more to the point if the doctor had discovered a banana tree, a boot tree, or a coat tree. What is the use of gold to us? You can't make even a decent crock out of it."

Fleming coughed violently.

"That is true. Manning what a lesson to some of us who spend our lives amassing useless wealth! I wish that some of our millionaires could be here to learn that lesson!"

His pious reflection was broken by the cough which shook him from top to toe.

"Turn in and get some sleep," said Manning.

"And you? You, too, will get some sleep tonight, Manning?"

"Yes; oh, yes! But I'll look round first."

Fleming entered their hut and dropped into the rough bed, exhausted by the physical and mental strain; but Manning, as soon as he had assured himself that Fleming was asleep, went up to the Vernons' hut and, revolver in hand, dropped down outside the door.

Though he had firmly resolved that he would not sleep, he must have fallen into a semi-dose, for he was startled, as one is startled out of sleep, by a cry in Nina's voice.

"Mr. Manning—my father!"

He was on his feet in a moment and followed her into the hut.

But he could do nothing. The doctor was dead. The excitement of his discovery, on the top of the fever, had proved fatal. The girl stood beside the lifeless form, her eyes dry, all her tears shut up in her bereaved heart. Manning found himself bereft of speech, a dumb dog. With scarcely a glance at her, he went in search of Fleming.

He met him coming up from the beach, his frail figure bent, his arms hanging limply at his side, almost every step punctuated by his cough.

"Manning," he said, in the tone of one who brings bad news, "they—they have gone!"

"Gone? Who?" asked Manning dully.

"The men—all of them. They have taken the boat and left us."

Manning nodded grimly.

"It is like them. The boat gone! There goes our only hope of escape. I, too, have bad news. Doctor Vernon is dead. Go up to the hut, Fleming. He wants you."

Fleming caught his breath, then, without a word, went up the beach.

Manning stood on the edge of the sand and looked out seaward. With the boat had gone their last chance, hope, of escaping. He and Fleming and Nina were now left sole inhabitants of this lonely island. He stared out to sea, and the sea mocked him with its splendor and majesty. It seemed to him to say: "I am master; you are my slave. I laugh at you and all your efforts. I am supreme. My will is law. I have cast you here to live in a living death. There is no escape!"

How long he remained staring at the waves, as they lapped on the sand, he never knew. He was recalled to life and its exigencies by Fleming, who, crawling up weakly, said:

"Is there a spade, Manning?"

Manning made a mute assent, found the spade, and the two men dug the grave. They went up to the hut and carried the dead man down.

Nina followed them, her head bowed almost

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to her bosom; and she stood motionless, tearless, while Fleming recited the burial service in gasps.

Then, still with bent head, she went back to the hut; a girl, an orphan, with these two men as sole companions.

Fleming, as a clergyman, had offered the usual condolences, and she had accepted them meekly, with the docile humility of her sex. It was evening before he left her and met Manning at the entrance of their hut.

Fleming was wan and pale, and his cough was like a war cry.

"How is she?" asked Manning.

"Fleming made a gesture of despair.

"Who should say? Very bad. Poor girl! oh, poor girl! It's terrible, terrible! And—and, Manning, I've been thinking—I—I want to speak to you."

"Well, what is it?" asked Manning dully.

Fleming had sunk upon his bed, and was gasping as if for breath.

"I—I must do my duty. I must face it, Manning. The doctor is dead."

"Well, I know. What then?" asked Manning doggedly.

"And—and I—I don't think I shall last long."

"Nonsense!" said Manning brusquely.

"I don't. I'm—I've never been strong, and this place, beautiful as it is, seems to sap all my remaining strength. Manning, if—I go, you two, you and Nina, will be alone!"

He paused and fought for breath, holding his weak chest, as if he would fain hold the strength in it.

"Well," said Manning.

Fleming looked at him with poignant anguish.

"Alone! You and she! Manning, for her sake, for yours, you must be—Can you not guess? Oh, help me, Manning! You must be married!"

Manning stared at him, at first vaguely, then with an intense anxiety and gravity.

"Married!" broke from his parched lips.

"Yes, married!" breathed Fleming.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

GROWTH.—My dog has a growth on her toe. It does not make her lame and it does not seem sore. I thought that you might tell me something to put on it to absorb it. Mrs. H. P. C.

A.—The proper treatment for such a growth is to have it cut out by a qualified surgeon who will cauterize the wound and direct subsequent treatment. If you cannot have this done paint the lump with tincture of iodine each other day. Do not let the tincture run in about the toe nails.

THRIFTLESS COW.—We have a five-year-old Jersey cow, in good health but she won't get fat. We feed her good and she is on a pasture. When we feed her corn on the cob she will take the corn in her mouth and chew off the grains and then drop the cob. When she is on the pasture she will eat a while and then go lie down and after a time go to grazing again. She won't eat dry fodder at all, and we can't get her fat. She has had two fine calves. She gives about two gallons of milk a day and is a good butter cow. She seems to be weak in her hind legs. When she is eating and I am milking her, her bowels seem to rumble as if her digestive organs were not in the right condition. J. S.

A.—In all probability the cow is in an advanced stage of tuberculosis (bovine consumption) and if so her milk is highly dangerous and she may give the disease to other cattle. Have her tested with tuberculin and meanwhile keep her isolated and do not use her milk.

STIFFNESS.—I have a two-year-old colt that has been sore and stiff in her hind parts since March. She seems to be humped up just in front of hips and when walking her toes will drag on the ground, is swelled in hock joints. She is in good condition. Had exercise all winter and good care. J. E.

A.—Give half a dram (thirty grains) of iodine of potash each night for five successive days a week, for two weeks. Rub the loins and hock once daily with druggist's soap liniment. Let the filly run on good grass and feed oats and bran in addition. Do not feed millet hay. Chances of recovery are rather poor in such cases.

TENDER SKIN.—I have a driving mare ten years old, in good condition. I feed whole oats and marsh hay. When the mosquitoes sting her it makes a large swelling. In a few days the swelling goes down and leaves a scab. What must I do to cure her? A. S.

A.—Paint the sores with tincture of iodine once daily. Protect the mare with a light sheet when at work, or spray her with "shoo fly" as often as found necessary to keep flies away. Screen the stable against flies. Weak ammonia water applied to fly bites will counteract the poison.

CATARH.—I have a three-year-old heifer. She has a discharge from the nose. It seems to run at night as every morning the nose is dirty, but is all right by evening. She is in good condition, eats well, is in pasture now. Gives about two gallons of milk. Could this be anything that would make her milk unfit for use? Her eyes are bright and she seems well in every other way. Her first calf is seven months old. Mrs. E. C. S.

A.—It is possible that tuberculosis is present and the only sure way of determining that is to have the animal tested with tuberculin. This can be done by any qualified veterinarian. It is quite possible that chronic catarrh is present; but the test should be made and then treatment may be given if tuberculosis is proved to be absent. Treatment would consist in giving a dram each of dried sulphate of iron and powdered hydratis in the feed night and morning, provided the cow is not pregnant and if necessary changing to a dram dose of iodine of potash twice daily after giving the other medicines for ten days.

SUSPICIOUS CASE.—My horse has had distemper ever since the first of July when it rained on him. He swells up and catches cold. His legs have become knotted. It all came from distemper. Mrs. J. N. J.

A.—The symptoms mentioned so strongly suggest glanders-farcy that we do not feel justified in prescribing treatment. A graduate veterinarian should be employed to make an examination. Glanders-farcy not only is incurable in horses but communicable and fatal to man, so that one should be careful in dealing with any horse that shows a chronic discharge from the nostrils. An affected horse has to be destroyed according to state law.

TUMOR.—Please tell me how to take a knot or gristle off lower point of work horse's shoulder. The horse is four years old and I began working him last January. The knot seems to be formed on the bone and was caused from collar being too large. W. A. A.

A.—A fibroid tumor has formed and you should have it removed by a competent surgeon. Such tumors come from bruising. Pus forms and is not liberated and then the tumor forms. To prevent such tumors, the abscess should be opened as soon as noticed, so as to let out the pus and afterward the cavity should be packed once daily with oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil.

LAME COW.—I have a nice four-year-old heifer that commenced getting lame in her right shoulder about three weeks ago and can hardly put her foot to the ground. She lies down a good part of the time. Her appetite is good and she gives a nice lot of milk but is getting thin in flesh. In fact, she has rheumatism? I had two heifers four years ago that acted the same way. I did not do anything for them. They got stiff all over, could hardly get up and down but finally got over it. A. B.

A.—Cows sometimes suffer from rheumatism, if stabled in damp stables or allowed to lie on low, wet ground. Stiffness and lameness also may be seen where cattle are fed a well-high exclusive ration of cotton seed and meal and but for an extended period of time. Possibly hay from ripe millet may have a similar effect, as it lames horses. Tuberculosis also is a common, but unsuspected cause of mysterious lameness in cattle. Have the cow tested with tuberculin and if she proves free from tuberculosis then give her half an ounce of salicylate of soda twice daily in feed. Do away with causes of rheumatism.

LAME COW.—I have a fine milch cow that is in a bad fix. She cannot stand on her feet long at a time. Her joints are very sore and she cannot travel only a short way. Her joints don't swell but her hind feet seem to give way like she is tender footed. E. W. W.

A.—This cow probably is in an advanced stage of tuberculosis and if so should be destroyed. Have her tested with tuberculin. Meanwhile do not use her milk. It may be some other trouble, but we would not feel justified in advancing treatment until a tuberculin test has been made.

THRUSH.—I have a mule that the frog of the foot has pockets of stuff in them that look like wet gunpowder and has a very bad odor. The pockets will come to the surface and then crack open and then you can pare the frog down a piece and find some more of the pockets. J. A. M.

A.—Cut away all loose, rotten and under-run parts of the frog, cleanse pockets and clefts perfectly and pack them full of calomel to be kept in place by pledgets of oakum or cotton batting. Renew the dressing once a day until well. Keep the stall floor clean and dry. The disease is due to standing in wet and filth in stable.

LUMP JAW.—I have a little yearling bull one and one half years old that had a bunch on his jaw five months ago and it rose and a discharge came from it a few days; it then healed up and in about one month there came a little lump and on examining it I found it was a bone. Will you kindly give me directions for treatment, if there is any? H. S.

A.—Open into the enlargement and insert a small pledget of wet cotton batting rolled in corrosive sub-

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imate; then pack in oakum or cotton to keep it in place. This may cause sloughing which often is followed by healing; but if the bones are badly involved the case will not be likely to prove curable.

GARGET.—What is the matter with my cow? She eats heartily, is in good condition but one of her teats swell up and once in a while she gives clabber and stringy milk and that test never gets as small as the rest of them. It seems as though it had milk in it all the time. We don't use that milk but we use the other out of the other three teats. Is any of it fit to use? Can you tell me how to dry her milk up? She gives seven quarts of milk a day. She has been that way about two years and a half. We feed green corn now and we fed hay corn all winter. T. L.

A.—On general principles it is best to use the milk of a comparatively fresh cow and the milk of one that has garget is not considered quite fit for use, as the cow may be in an unhealthy condition. It should also be remembered that tuberculosis of the udder sometimes is present in cases such as you describe, therefore the tuberculin test should be applied. Tuberculosis makes the milk dangerous for use. To dry up milk put the cow on spare, dry feed, leave some of the milk at each milking and then milk once a day and then each other day until milk secretion stops. Twice daily rub the udder with a mixture of equal parts of camphorated oil and fluid extract of belladonna leaves.

FOUNDER.—I have a horse that was foundered about three years ago which is now chronic founder. One year ago my husband removed the sole from the flesh of his feet. The sole had become separated from the flesh. He is still worthless. Is there anything that will effect a cure? Mrs. F. F. G.

A.—The condition is absolutely incurable and the poor beast should be put out of its misery.

RUPTURE.—I have a colt four months old, that has a navel rupture, having it when quite young. Now the hole is so you can put two fingers in and the entrails that drops down is about the size of a turkey egg. I also have a three-year-old filly that has a hard lump on her face just below the right eye, that came about ten weeks ago, very suddenly. I blistered it with a liniment and it does not get any larger. The lump seems to have cracks in it but not honeycombed. M. E. C.

A.—Colts tend to outgrow such ruptures of the navel; but to hasten this point the part with tincture of iodine two or three times a week, or blister it lightly each month. A soft leather harness applied to the part and kept in place with elastic harness also proves effective. Often no treatment is required. In aggravated cases a veterinarian should be employed to operate. (2) The blister caused the cracks. Smear the part with vaseline daily. When the skin recovers paint the part with tincture of iodine each other day, if the lump has not subsided. It is associated with the cutting of teeth.

SWEENT; LAMPAS.—I have a mare twelve or fourteen years old. I weaned her last April. I was told to rowel her. I made a thin braid of horsehair, run it through the insertion and tied it together like a ring and moved it round once a day, but she does not seem to be doing very well. I will take your advice on the matter. (2) She also has the lampas. They were cut last March and I cannot get her fat. F. L. L.

A.—Remove the horsehair rowel (seton) and inject peroxide of hydrogen into the wounds twice a day, until they heal. Three times a day give the wasted parts a very thorough hand rubbing and try to pull the skin loose from the flesh. At night rub in a little of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and aqua ammonia and six parts of raw linseed oil. Stop for a time when this liniment has blistered the skin. (2) Lampas ("lampas") is a term applied to a swollen condition of the bars of the hard palate just back of the upper incisor teeth. It is wrong to cut or burn the swelling. It is associated with cutting of teeth in colts, or with irregularity of the teeth in adult horses. Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian. Feed some ears of old hard corn daily.

WORMS.—I have a rabbit bound, four months old. He is troubled with worms. This is the fifth dog I have tried to raise. Mrs. J. E.

A.—Worm medicine can be bought ready for use at any drug-store; or give freshly powdered kamala in cream or soup at rate of one or two drams, on an empty stomach and repeat in two weeks if thought necessary. There is no specific for distemper. The symptoms have to be treated as they appear and careful nursing and feeding are all important. Two or three grains of quinine may be given each night in capsule form and dog may have small allowances of egg-nog made up with whiskey. Scraped raw meat may also be given. Dog must be kept out of wet. Distemper medicine is also for sale at the drug-store.

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This GOLD PLATED LOCKET and CHAIN—Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with 7 similitude TURQUOISES and a PEARL—and there 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and send us \$1.25. We trust you and take back all not sold. A. D. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

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Rex Dyspepsia Tablets are a simple, old-fashioned and very effective aid to good digestion. They act to eliminate the cause of the discomfort and distress of flatulence, stomach acidity and other annoyances caused by faulty digestion and improper food assimilation. Sold and recommended for over thirty years. Sold by The Rexall Drug Stores located in over 5,000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada, or mailed upon receipt of price: 35c. United Drug Company, Boston, Mass.

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148 CARDS 10c Flowers, Birthday, Lovers, Bathing Girls, etc. Some embossed in lovely colors, etc. Guaranteed to please, or your money back. Send today. AGENTS WANTED. Address BELL TRADING CO., CHICAGO.

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SUDS do all the hard work. Send 10c for 3 TUBS and do 3 washings WITHOUT RUBBING or BOILING. SUDS CO., Dept. 2, Rahway, N.J. Agents wanted.

WE PAY 25c cash each for whiskey drinkers' names. Any number taken. Send time for contract. More Co., Le Roy, Michigan.

ECZEMALINE FOR ECZEMA, all skin sores and itching pains, quick relief. 50c and 25c. Samples free. The Eczemaline Co., Rochester N. Y.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarves will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarves and everyone is wearing them. Hereafter retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Premium No. 331.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

Dear girls, a true gentleman will not insist on kissing you. One kiss leads to another, and kissing has caused many a good girl who thought it no harm, to be dragged down to a lower level, to a life of unpardonable sin. The more distant, the more independent you are with your gentlemen friends, the more they will respect and care for you. Would be glad to hear from others on this subject.

Wishing COMFORT success, I am your sincere friend,

MRS. ALICE STILL.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Burn sulphur in the room to exterminate bedbugs. Those who fill bed ticks with straw will find corn shucks a good substitute.

Before cutting quilt squares, dampen material and press with hot iron. The work will be even and smooth.

Leaf mold is the best fertilizer for peanut raising.

Mrs. J. A. PARSONS, Nevada, Mo.

To color plumes buy a small tub of oil paint, same as for painting pictures, and the color you want, then take enough kerosene to dip the feather in, add a little paint to this and stir well, then dip the feather in and shake in sun till dry.

Mrs. F. FISCUS, Annapolis, Cal.

Pare off the thin outside rind of lemons or oranges, using only the yellow part, and put into granulated sugar. When the sugar absorbs the oil you have deliciously flavored sugar for cakes, puddings, sauces, etc.

A little lukewarm water and yolk of egg will remove coffee stains from linen.

All the skin from dried fruits can be removed if soaked in boiling water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Soaked a few minutes, no other washing is necessary.

To prevent any shade of blue from fading, soak for two hours in a bucket of water to which one ounce of sugar of lead has been added.

To keep moths from dried fruit. (Requested.) Peel the bark from sassafras root, dry and put in bag on top of fruit. Or a handful may be tied outside to top of bag.

Mrs. CLAYTON C. BARTHOLOMEW, Sunbury, R. R. 3, Pa.

To keep dried apples. When dry, put into pans and place in a moderate oven and heat very hot, taking care not to dry or burn. While hot press into stout bags and tie securely. Apples cured in this way will keep for two years.

Mrs. E. L. PHILLIPS, Bells Cross Roads, Va.

To remove machine oil, wash in cold water to which a little cooking soda has been added.

Sprinkle red pepper around shelves where ants are troublesome.

Mrs. E. H. HAMAN, Leora, Mo.

(Requested.) Winter clothes should be put away before March, the month in which moth millers lay their eggs. If this is done and the clothes put into tight bags, boxes or trunks, or done up in newspapers, no moths can penetrate. It is a mistaken idea that camphor or mothballs kill moths. The fact is, the moth dislikes these odors and will not come near them, but if the clothes have been put away with the eggs in them they will develop and eat the fabric.—Ed.

When grease is spilled onto hot stove, cover with salt to prevent so much smoking.

To take out axle grease, first dip spots in kerosene, then apply hard soap and rub between hands and then wash in warm water.

Mrs. BERT W. HUBBARD, Paradise, Kans.

(Requested.) Transplant parsley in the fall into inside window boxes. There are several good sprays on the market that if applied before the third leaf appears on cucumber, melon or squash plants, the bugs will keep away.—Ed.

Requests

Remedy for an eight-year old boy who suffers from convulsions. Miss W. J. Sheppard, 2810 Old Temple Rd., Los Angeles, Cal., shut-in, correspond. How to make material called "biacque." Remedy for salt rheum.

To make Worcestershire Sauce. Poem, "What Trade does Mother Follow." To exterminate bedbugs. Remedy for goller and granulated lids. Consumptive remedy made by inhaling fumes of burning tar. To make violet beads. Poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Home remedy for rheuma. To clean a white velvet hat. How to can clams. To make Southern Biscuits.

Letters on sweet potato raising. Songs, "I want a Girl just like the Girl that married dear old Dad," and "Just Plain Folks." Mrs. George Skidmore, Holly, W. Va., letters from homesteaders in dry climates. Mrs. M. E. Bradbury, Frost, Greenup Co., Ky., letters from sisters in Canadian Provinces.

Remedies

EARACHE.—Drop into the ear a few drops of warm rabbit fat and put a little cotton in the ear to keep out the air for an hour. Cotton should not be worn very long in the ears as it causes them to be sensitive to cold.

Mrs. CLAYTON C. BARTHOLOMEW, Sunbury, R. R. 3, Pa.

RHEUMATISM.—One teaspoonful of extract of dandelion in water every morning before breakfast.

Mrs. EVA MORGAN, Prairie City, Oregon.

INFLAMMATION OR SWELLING.—Apply cloths wrung out of hot water in which wood ashes have been boiled.

Mrs. G. A. BURCH, West Plains, R. R. 3, Mo.

SORES AND PROUD FLESH.—Two ounces each of beeswax, rosin, mutton suet, pure white Castile soap and brown sugar.

Disolve beeswax, rosin, mutton suet and Castile soap cut fine over a very slow fire so it will not burn, and when it is all dissolved remove from fire and, stirring all the time, add the sugar. Keep stirring until it is cold.

CONSTIPATION.—Put spinach in a tightly covered dish with a little water and bake half an hour. Drink a cup of the spinach water the first thing in the morning and eat the greens noon and night. Should this prove too relaxing, decrease the dose of spinach water. Spinach can be canned for winter use.

SOFT CORNS.—Bind a thin slice of lemon on corns for three nights and then soak in hot water.

Mrs. EMMA MAURER, 15 N. Beech St., Oxford, Ohio.

CHILBLAINS.—Put feet into a pan of kerosene oil and soak five or ten minutes twice a day for several days longer.

Mrs. SUSIE FETTERMAN, Escondido, Cal.

PRILES.—Use quite warm injections of Castor oil. Particularly effective with children.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By sending this Exchange List you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Emmet McKenna, Mingo Junction, Ohio. Miss Maude Campbell, 94 Iron St., Bloomsburg, Pa. Mrs. Chas. Cameron, 1550 Export Ave., Detroit, Mich. Thomas J. Ward, Horrevorts, Mo. Miss Clara Johnson, R. R. 3, Box 138 A, Spokane, Wash. Miss Vera Johnson, R. R. 3, Box 138 A, Spokane, Wash. Miss Garvin, Assumption, Box 86, Ill. Mr. John Bringham, Fayette, R. R. 15, Ohio. B. Lincoln Rose, 2026 Harney St., Omaha, Nebr. F. S. Shatley, Wilcox, W. Va.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed: so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Thomas J. Miner, last heard of in Alaska. Please notify his sister, Mrs. Mary E. Green, Toronto, Kansas.

Wanted.—Information of Roby Fullenwider, last heard from at mines at Villagrove, Colo. His stepfather is dead and his mother wants him to write. Address Matilda Wood, Mound City, Mo.

Wanted.—Information as to whereabouts of Clarence Johnson, last heard of about eight or nine years ago. Write to his mother, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Claud Hesson, please write to his sister, EMG Hesson, Springfield, R. R. 6, Box 134 A, Mo.

Information of William Burns, barber, quite old, thin dark hair, gray mixed dark mustache, is badly pock marked and has scar across back of left hand. Write M. E. Elder, 119 Frustrum St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

packing up what few things belonged to them, in readiness for removal.

Annie was the only one who manifested any real sorrow over their departure.

"I cannot bear to have you go," she said, with fast falling tears, while sitting with them on the evening before they were to leave. "I know," she went on, blushing, "that you both will be happier; but the—the reason for it seems almost inhuman."

"Please let us not discuss it, dear," said Clifton gently; "we will not spoil our last evening together with bitter recollections."

"It shall not be our last evening together," Annie stoutly affirmed, "for I am coming to see you and Shirley every day; we at least will be good friends always, for, Cliff, I love your wife dearly."

"Thank you, Annie, for the assurance," her brother responded, with visible emotion.

Dr. Wallace came the next morning, with an ambulance and skilled men, who moved Clifton so easily and quickly that he experienced very little pain or fatigue; and when at last he was laid upon the bed in what he called his "real home," he said he felt better and stronger than at any time since his injury.

Shirley's face was almost radiant as she went about the pretty rooms, drawing the shades to make the light just right for his eyes, and arranging various ornaments and other decorations, which she had laid away to make the place homelike and attractive on the return from their bridal trip.

Madame Marton was also very happy to have her dear girl back with her once more, and everybody in the house gave them the kindest possible welcome, and seemed eager to contribute in every way to their comfort.

"It will be so much pleasanter for you to eat together," he remarked, "while the nurse can come to the table and have his meals at the same time."

This was very considerate, Shirley thought, and the arrangement proved to be very enjoyable, while Cliff appeared to improve very quietly and peacefully.

Thus two weeks passed, and then the time arrived for the ordeal which they all so much dreaded.

Clifton referred to the coming operation only once during this time and that was late in the afternoon of the day before it was to be performed.

"If all should go well, as Dr. Wallace hopes, it will be a great blessing," he said, drawing Shirley down to him and laying his lips caressingly against her cheek. "But if—the worst should come—hush, darling," as she shrank and caught her breath sharply, "it will be all right whatever happens, though we will hope for the best. But what I want to say is, if I should not live through it, you must not let it spoil your whole life."

"Don't, Cliff! you will break my heart," Shirley pleaded, a great sob of agony bursting from her lips.

"No, I will not speak of this again," he answered, tenderly; "only remember, love, what I tell you—do not let it spoil your life."

Neither seemed able to talk much after that, but sat with clasped hands, thinking sadly and tremulously of the morrow, and thus Neil Wallace found them when he came in to see how his patient was, and to give the nurse some directions regarding certain arrangements for the morning.

Clifton was very calm, and talked with quiet cheerfulness of what was to come, even inquiring with a good deal of interest regarding the preparations and who was to assist him in his work.

"You are very brave, my friend, and I honor you for it," Neil Wallace remarked, in a low tone, intended only for Clifton's ear, as he bent to clasp his hand at parting.

"I am only trying to meet it as one should meet what must be," the invalid remarked with a quiet smile. Then, as his fingers closed almost spasmodically over the hand he held, he looked up, with clear, searching eyes into the grand face above him, so full of compassionate admiration, and added:

"But, Wallace, my friend, if I should not wake, you will try to comfort Shirley—my sweet, 'Lady Shirley'."

He did not appear to wish or expect any reply; but, dropping Neil's hand, turned his face away, while the young surgeon left the room with a swelling heart, and tears in his eyes, and he pondered long over those last strange words, which had seemed like an appeal and a solemn charge combined.

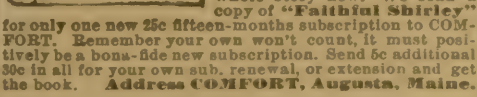
TO BE CONTINUED.

Cancer—Free Treatise.

The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

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You will like this story so well you will want to read the book. The whole story in book form is now offered you FREE. The regular installments of Faithful Shirley are bound to fascinate you; the complete story in book form will captivate and you should send at once for a copy and read it through. We are prepared to furnish in complete book form, a splendid edition with colored paper binding suitable for your home and reading-room. Don't wait for the installments, read the whole story now. We send a copy of "Faithful Shirley" for only one new 25c fifteen-months subscription to COMFORT. Remember your own word count, it must positively be a bona-fide new subscription. Send 5c additional 30c in all for your own sub. renewal, or extension and get the book. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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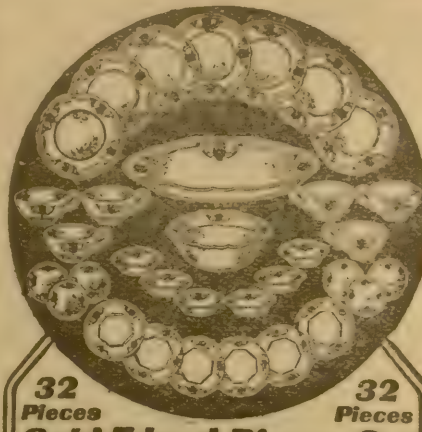
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We give beautifully engraved, latest style, thin model, ladies' small and gent's size hunting or open case WATCH. Fine time keeper, guaranteed 5 years, composition gilt metal case, looks and wears like gold. Also 1m. Diamond Ring and Handsome Chain. ALL FREE for sending 20c. of our high grade, gold-eyed needles at 10c a package. Silver aluminum thimble free with each pkg. Extra present given if you order now.

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32 Pieces Gold Edged Dinner Set For a Few Hours Easy Work

Every piece pure white, high grade china—edged with gold. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and of undoubted quality. Guaranteed not to crack. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures 16x20 inches (sold for \$1.00 each in many stores). 12 cases of 25c. Art Pictures, which you sell at 25c each. Send in the \$3.00 collected and the set is yours. We've been making these offers for 17 years. The Wilson plan is the easiest—and absolutely correct. No money required. Simply send name and address. Pictures and Silver sent promptly prepaid.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. #208, Tyrone, Pa.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Many show marked improvement from the Free Trial Treatment alone. Write today for this free treatment (\$2.50 worth) and prove the merit of the remedy to your own satisfaction. Address Dr. Feebles Institute, 170 Madison Street, Battle Creek, Michigan.

FITS \$2.50 Treatment FREE

Men, women and children have been permanently relieved of Fits, Epilepsy, Nervous and Falling Spells by the restorative of a prominent Battle Creek, (Mich.) Doctor.

One woman writes of her son: "He has not had an attack since taking the first month's treatment." A man says "I did not have a single spell after beginning the treatment." A woman writes: "You cured me of those terrible fits."

Many show marked improvement from the Free Trial Treatment alone. Write today for this free treatment (\$2.50 worth) and prove the merit of the remedy to your own satisfaction. Address Dr. Feebles Institute, 170 Madison Street, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims

You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We'll make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 13 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cluthe-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worn-out trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 6000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 68—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

Sweaters Free

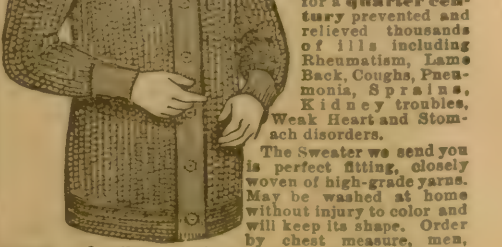
We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you.

You sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of 1111 including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarn. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



This Wife and Mother Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 474 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)



Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

G. L. J.—I am a reader of good old COMFORT, and as my daughter says, "It's a comfort to read it, isn't it, mamma?" I wish you could tell me, through your paper, what is the matter with my baby chicks. I lost all but six of a hatch before those, and now these are going the same way. They were incubator hatched; were smart till six days old. They stand with head down, wings drooping; and the least stretch sends them down, and the rest trample over them. The crops of some are soft and spongy; others seem to be empty. They won't eat food. Some get dirty behind. But others are clean till they die. I have fed bread, cornmeal, oatmeal, charcoal; and I keep clear water before them all the time. I feed five times a day and give them green stuff every day, and keep grit before them. I put them outside, thinking the sun and air would be good for them, when a few days old, but I noticed some seemed to be cold and they would huddle up and shiver. How old had they ought to be before they can be put outdoors? Will you please tell me just how to handle and feed chicks from the incubator until ready for broilers? Why should bone meal be fed? Mine have free range. I want to know just what to feed, so as to have them ready to commence business right in the spring. I haven't had very good luck this year, but am going to try again next year.

A.—I think you will have better success another year if you feed the regular commercial chick food, which is a mixture of cracked grains and small seeds. Give it them four or five times a day for the first two weeks; then keep a self-feeding hopper all ways before them, filled with what is known as developing mash, and give the chick food as an extra right and morning. If you have any special difficulty in getting these specially made up feeds, prepare them yourself. Take equal quantities of cracked corn, wheat and hulled oats. Crack them all much finer than ordinary cracked corn, and then pass them through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than mustard seed, to pass through the mesh. Crack charcoal, and sieve in the same way, then add white mustard seed and golden millet. For the dry mash to be used in the hopper, mix equal quantities of any good grade of stock or horse feed bran, and half the quantity of bone or beef meal for the first month, after which you can increase the bone or beef until you are giving an equal quantity. If the chicks have a warm brooder to run into, they can be out from the first day. If the weather is not too cold, but they should have a brooder which registers ninety degrees the first week, eighty the second, and from then on until a month old, seventy-five. Later in the spring the temperature under the brooder need not be so high after the first week. Read the coming January and February articles; they will be on the subject of hatching and rearing.

Subscriber.—Please tell me in the next issue of COMFORT, what is the matter with my hen. About three weeks ago she commenced having neck twitches, and would draw over till the top of her head would be on the ground, and would last about three or five minutes, and then she would get up and go to eating, and laid till about five days ago. Then she quit laying, and her head is drawn down to the ground all of the time. Please tell me what the cause, and if there is anything that will cure her.

A.—The hen has limberneck, which is a sign of intestinal troubles, which are usually caused by eating maggots from putrid animal matter or mouldy grain, which irritates the digestive organs to start with, and that acts on the nervous system and causes partial paralysis of the neck. When such symptoms are first noticed, one or two doses of Castor oil will often effect a cure. Give an adult bird one tablespoonful of the oil. If not cured within a day or two, the case is hopeless, and it is kindness to kill the poor creature at once.

J. G.—Can you please tell me how to care for hens so as have them lay eggs well through the summer after moving them in the spring?

A.—If hens are moved in the spring, they usually only stop laying for a few days, or week at most, then start in with renewed vigor, especially if they can be allowed free range. But it is apt to delay their becoming broody, so if you want early chickens, you had better buy a small incubator.

L. V. W.—I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, and am coming to you for information in regard to my young chickens and guineas. They are half grown, and have been well and healthy till about a week ago. Since then they have died in great numbers. I have examined all that died. I find their liver is healthy, but their crops are full and hard. When I hold them up by the feet, water runs out of their mouths, and they have a white, slimy diarrhea. Had been feeding them cracked corn until a week or so ago, when I began feeding wheat. I thought it was the wheat that caused it, but have a bunch of young guineas that have been fed nothing but corn bread, and they are just the same. Seems as though it is a disease. My neighbors feed wheat and theirs don't die. Have given them Castor oil and salts, but all that get sick die. The trouble all seems to be in their crops.

A.—You have a very serious condition to fight. Overfeeding, moulded grain or contaminated drinking water has brought on a disease of the crop, and or present in a flock it becomes contagious. Separate all the affected birds, clean the chicken house, feeding and drinking dishes, and give the sick birds one tenth of a grain of calomel three times a day. To check any infection in the flock add mercury bichloride. It is sold in tablets which contain one one thousandth of a grain each. Twelve of these dissolved in a quart of water is about right. Remove all other drinking water, and keep the birds shut up until midday, so that they will be compelled to drink it. Try and discover what has caused the trouble. Is there any stagnant water or sink drainage that the birds can get at? If so, have it drained away, or something done to prevent their drinking it. In such cases as these, removing the cause is the only effectual way of doctoring.

S. R. J.—As I am a subscriber to COMFORT, I am coming to you for advice. I had eight Montana Goshen ducks hatched the 19th of July. They seemed all right when first hatched, but next day one was drooping around and wouldn't eat anything that day, and the next day it died, and I light it open and found the yolk of the egg had not digested as it should. The old ducks are fed cornmeal once a day, and have fruit that falls once a day, and fresh water with plenty of sharp grit and free range. Please tell me what to do for the young ducks and how to prevent it.

A.—Young chicks, like young chickens, should not be given anything before they are hatched, so that the yolk of the egg, which is absorbed just before they break through the shell, has time to be fully digested, and it takes fully thirty-six hours to consume it. If young birds are given food before that time, the digestive organs and intestines are overtaxed, and the birds will never be healthy even if they live.

M. T.—Please tell me what is the matter with my hens. Their legs seem too weak to hold them up, and they have no use of their legs whatever, and can't stand up, and in a few days die. I've lost several like this, and am anxious to know the cause. They have a free range, as we are farmers, and get all they want to eat. I also have a rooster that rattles in his throat, like there's something in it to make him breathe hard. What is it? My chicks are B. P. B.

A.—What you say about the rooster having a rattling in his throat suggests that the chicken house is damp, and that the hens died from acute rheumatism, which would at first show in the legs, and then affect the heart and cause death. Rheumatism may be caused by a heavy grain diet and want of vegetable food, or the birds may have an inherent tendency to the disease, in which case the house will develop it. In a severe form it invariably affects the heart and causes death. See that the house is clean and well ventilated. If any more birds show signs of lameness, remove to a light warm coop, and rub the shanks with lard and turpentine, and feed lightly on strengthening food. Give the rooster about half a teaspoonful of vasoline every night for a week.

E. L.—It is exceedingly refreshing and gratifying once more to see COMFORT in the home, as it is more than three months we have been without it, the subscription having run out or something. I have now renewed for three years. The purpose of this letter is to ask you a question about ducks, as I have started a small poultry farm in my back garden. A hen has been setting three-four days on duck eggs before they hatched. This puzzle me, as I have always been of the opinion that twenty-two days was the time. What kind of ducks are they? My coop for chickens is ten feet by six feet; the run is forty feet by ten feet. How many fowl can I properly keep on these premises? Should ducklings be kept in a separate run? Shall be glad to see an answer in next week's COMFORT.

A.—I never heard of any duck's eggs which took thirty-four days to hatch. Don't you think it is just possible that you have made some mistake about the date of setting the hen? If you keep everything scrupulously clean, you could keep twenty hens in the house. Do you think chickens do not do well when confined in the same run? It is much better to give them separate quarters.

C. F. W.—Please read answer to G. L. J.

WE INVITE Every Thin Man And Woman HERE Every Reader of COMFORT to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight. How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-K, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of rebuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof? Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says: "I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes: "I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this

makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says: "Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes: "Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says: "Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up these days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-K, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

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FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

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to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; with your work or occupation, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. If it will not interfere with your work or occupation, I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which, speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sticks and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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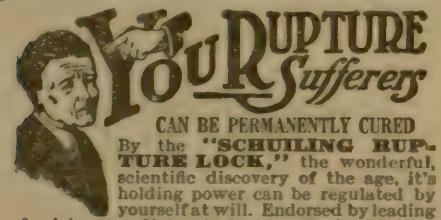
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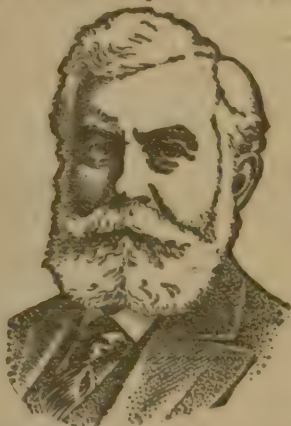
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**Talks
with
Girls****Conducted by Cousin Marion**

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

ONE month of autumn gone, my dears, and now we have October with us, the most reliable month in the year because the weather seems to want to settle down and stay the same a while. But that is not surprising because October weather is so lovely that it ought to want to remain just that way as long as it ever can. I like October better than any other month, though I can't help thinking every now and then about the dreary November coming on its heels and then the shivery winter time. However, if our hearts stay warm, and I hope you will always keep yours that way, there won't be any real shivering anywhere for very long. But I mustn't talk about the weather when there's work to do. So here I go at it.

The first letter I take up is from a Kentucky Belle down in Russellville, and she has a stepmother who isn't good to her and her father takes after the stepmother. That makes it unpleasant at home and they don't want her to marry and work for somebody who cares for her as they do not. She is only seventeen and won't be out of school for two years and my advice to her is to bear the ills she has till school is finished, then marry the nice young man who wants her, for I am sure he will wait till she is old enough to marry. Nineteen is too young ordinarily, but in this case it is not. She has a younger sister, but she must not sacrifice her own happiness and that of the young man in order to stand between the sister and the stepmother. A stepmother isn't quite that dangerous.

M. P., Oakdale, Neb.—Drop him, not only because he is no good, but because you should devote all your spare time to learning the simple rules of grammar so you can write correctly.

Undecided, Princeton, Oregon.—My dear, a man of thirty-eight is just the right age for a girl of twenty-five, and you should not marry to please your mother or anybody else except yourself and the man you marry. Especially when the man is all right and well able to give you a good home. Your mother isn't marrying for you; it's you and your wishes are the ones to be consulted, not hers. Marry him and be happy. You have my blessing.

Topsy, Phillipsburg, Mo.—Write him a letter instead of a card and see how he will respond to that. He is interested in you, but he seems to need a little coaxing. In the meantime if some more active sweetheart becomes attentive, don't neglect him on account of the one who is so slow. These are active times we live in and Cupid must get a move on.

Brown Eyes, Patterson, N. M.—You are to be too severe with the young man. He has to be off with the old love before he can get on with the new, and if his old girl is the kind who pushes herself on him, you must give him a chance not to be too cruel in breaking away. But have it understood definitely that he cannot have two strings to his bow. That half section homestead you own is worth thinking about. Maybe that is why he has quit the old girl. Better be sure he loves you and not your homestead.

Cousin Truth, Hamilton, O.—The man is utterly bad and you should never be alone in his company again. It is perfectly shameful that a man who has daughters should try to deceive you as this one has done. Be sure to tell your mother all about him.

Troubled, Fountain, Okla.—If his folks are respectable, though they don't amount to much, and he is all right, I think you can risk him, if he is able to support you independently of them and you can have your own home. Better be sure you love him though, for better or worse.

Friend, Flat Rock, N. C.—Some young men have a way of having what I call a reserve sweetheart, that they go with when they have a quarrel with the real one. You are that kind for this young man and if I were you I wouldn't play second fiddle any longer. You send him scolding when he comes around to you after quarreling with the other one. Be first in his heart, or not in it at all.

Sad Heart, Littleton, N. H.—Your father has no right to demand your services and treat you as though you were a slave. You have a right as a girl of twenty to have friends among the young men and to have a sweetheart too. Talk to this young man who wants to be and let him understand you will give up your father for him, and not be his slave, either. When your father finds that he will lose you, he will change his treatment of you.

Brownie, Big Lake, Wash.—You are the kind of a girl to marry a good man and make a good home for him. You can earn your own living without going to the expense of a business college course, by going into a store and learning some trade while you are earning something. Don't bother about the business school, try the business store. Study spelling and grammar, history and geography at home, and carefully read a good weekly or semi-weekly city newspaper so you will know what is going on in the world. If you do this right you will be way ahead of most of the high school graduates in practical education.

Lendy, Minnesota Lake, Minn.—Be talkative if you want to be popular, but don't be loud talkative as some are. Quietness is one distinguishing mark of a real lady. And don't try to win a young man's attention. Be pleasant and cheerful and polite, and the young men will try to win you.

Blonde, Salisbury, N. C.—Why send his presents back so suddenly? Why have a conviction fit anyway, when you haven't heard from him since he went away as promptly as you thought you should? You are not engaged and he isn't making any obligation yet. Don't bother about him, but have a jolly time with the boys at home and when he comes back, meet him just as if nothing had happened. If there are any explanations to be made, let him make them. Most girls are too awfully afraid of losing a beau.

Brown Eyes, Cantonment, Okla.—You are right about no interference from outsiders in your love affairs and listening to no gossip. You and the young man should always be frank with each other and let the gossips say whatever they please. And as for that drinking and gambling young man who wants you to give him another chance—don't do it. Don't do it, ever.

Nurse, Stanley, Wis.—When I began to read your letter, I thought your parents were rather too strict with a seventeen-year-old girl, but before I had finished it, I knew they were not strict enough. If you don't have trouble, I miss my guess. You deserve it, maybe, but your parents do not and it is a shame for you to disobey them.

Lonesome Lassies, Ranger, Texas.—If you are the three nicest and most modest girls in your town as the older people tell you, I think I should take it as a compliment that the young men of the town don't pay you any attention. They certainly are not the kind of young men that nice, modest girls ought to know. I'm surprised that you ask me how you can gain the attention of such beaus.

Gracy, Thief River Falls, Minn.—He is not worrying about you, why do you worry about him? You have done nothing to apologize for, and if there is any apologizing to be done, let him do it. My, my, won't you girls ever learn anything?

Poor girl, Almond, Wis.—Don't marry to please your parents unless it pleases you. Better not marry at all than marry to please somebody else than yourself. And don't marry just to please yourself, if you are silly enough to think a man is all right because he makes you nice promises.

Texas Girl, Coppell, Texas.—Maybe you think "he is the sweetest, noblest boy that ever lived," but I don't, or he never would listen to your sister's talk about you and another fellow and quit you without coming straight to you to have you tell him the truth. A young man of that kind, and there are plenty of them, is, in my opinion anything but sweet and noble. Go to him and tell him, not what you think of him, but what I think of him.

Brown Eyes, Platt, Okla.—Beware of the jealous man, especially the jealous kind that insists upon all a girl's attention and when he takes a notion to go with another girl, he goes with her. Don't have anything at all to do with him, except as an acquaintance to be treated politely.

Brown Eyes, Clarence, N. Y.—You did right in having him teach the forward girl her place and both of you will be better off if she never speaks to either of you again. That kind of girl only make trouble. If the young man is all right, as he seems to be, I think your mother will get over her dislike before a great while. Mothers often do when they find their daughters happily married to the men of their own choice, rather than unhappily married to men of their mothers' choice.

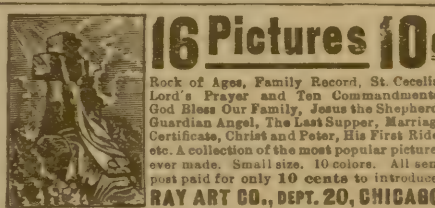
His Sweetheart, Gallipolis, Ohio.—There is no law against second cousins marrying, and if they are in love with each other, I suppose they ought to marry, but I believe in going out of the family to marry.

Twins, St. Paul, Minn.—I think you both had better stick to your bookkeeping until you have acquired a lot of good common sense every girl ought to have before she marries, either a rich man or a poor one. Both of you together haven't sense enough now for one.

There, my dears, your questions are answered, except those I had to send to other departments and some too silly to notice, and I am sure you will think I never did talk any more sweetly to you. Whether you do or not, I meant well and if you follow my advice you will do well. Now run along and be happy till we meet again. *Ad revoir.* COUSIN MARION.

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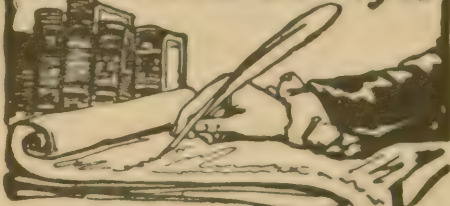
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F. C. S., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children by such husband, the husband would receive all the personal property, after payment of debts and administration expenses, absolutely; and an estate by curtesy of a life use in all her real estate, the remainder of the real estate going in equal shares to her children.

Mrs. R. H., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children by two marriages, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children of both marriages. The share of any minor would be administered by a guardian during minority.

Mrs. M. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a man has a legal right to give such of his property as he may see fit, to his wife or to such of his children as he may see fit, except that his wife has certain rights therein which he cannot defeat, nor would it be legal for him to transfer his property in order to defeat claims of his creditors; he must possess mental capacity in order to make such transfer valid.

Mrs. M. C., Texas.—We are of the opinion that the custody of the children, where the parents are separated, is a question for the court to decide after hearing all the evidence in an action or proceeding brought for the purpose of determining that point. The law gives to the parents the right of sharing such custody, unless one or both of them forfeit such right through some action of their own.

A. B. P., Connecticut.—Upon the death of a married man, we are of the opinion that his widow would have no interest in real estate, in which he only had a life estate; we think if he left no will, and left a widow and one child, and was married since April 20, 1877, the widow would receive absolutely one third of such personal property as he may leave.

M. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and a child or children, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in the real estate, and a share of the personal property equal to the share of a child, this would depend upon the number of children left. The descendants of a deceased child counting as a child in writing and acknowledged and recorded within fifteen months after the issuance of letters testamentary or letters of administration; under similar circumstances, we think a widower would receive a child's share of his wife's personal estate, absolutely, and in case a child was born to the marriage an estate by curtesy of a life use of her real estate, this we do not think would depend upon the child's being alive at the time of the wife's death.

May, Maine.—We do not think a court officer or other person, has any legal right to levy upon the property of a wife for the debts of the husband; we do not think property not covered by a chattel mortgage, can be held under the foreclosure of such mortgage until the property covered by the mortgage has been found not to be of sufficient value to pay the mortgage, interest and costs, or until a judgment of the court has been entered against the mortgagor; we think a sheriff or constable can be held in the proper action, brought for that purpose, for the amount of damages sustained, by reason of an improper levy made by him.

Mrs. F. B., North Dakota.—We are of the opinion, that a mail order business can be legally conducted, provided the articles sold are not forbidden to be sold or the sale of the same limited to other methods, and provided no other legal requirements are met. There are many ingredients, which are or might be used in the preparation of toilet articles, the sale of which are limited by legal requirements and the sale of some of which are forbidden except for some few uses and except by some few persons who have qualified under the necessary legal requirements.

E. F., Illinois.—The delivery and recording of a deed of property to an individual creates a prima facie case of ownership of said property in the individual. This would not, however, we think, be conclusive as to the grantor and grantee as such grantee may be a dummy or may only hold the property for some trust purpose, in your case, we can hardly tell you what your rights are in the property which you say was deeded to you twenty years ago, and the deed recorded, you positively state that the grantor still pays the taxes and inferentially state that some one other than yourself had built upon the property; if you bought the property or if it was given to you, and you have not disposed of it, we think you own it, but if you own it, we think you should exercise the rights or duties of ownership in it, you should pay taxes, and should take possession of it; from your information we can only guess that you may have figured as a dummy in a real estate transaction; we may be wrong, however, as some kind relative or friend may have given it to you, and may be still paying the taxes and taking care of it for you.

G. U., Illinois.—We think you have practically no chance to now recover any portion of the land in Missouri abandoned by your ancestor over fifty years ago.

Mrs. F. O'C., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if the husband converts the wife's property or income he becomes her debtor, but that he cannot be made to account for income after one year, and that if he applies her income to the support of the family with her consent, he is not liable, nor in the absence of an express contract could he be held liable to her for wages for the services she performs; he can be held for her support, but she has no present interest in his property during his lifetime, and in case of a separation she would only be entitled to a sufficient amount to provide for only her support, and we think she might defeat her right to this support, if the separation grew out of some cause for which she was at fault, we do not think she can recover any such of her property as she has voluntarily turned over to her husband.

L. H., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow but no child or descendant, his whole estate would go to his widow.

Mrs. G. F. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow receive but no child or descendant the widow would receive one half of both the real and personal estate, the balance of both the real and personal estate, the balance, subject to the homestead rights, if any, going to the parents or the brothers and sisters and their descendants depending upon who survived him; the widow

would also receive some small extra allowance from the personal estate; if he leaves a widow and no relatives of his blood the whole estate would go to the widow. We think real estate deeded to husband and wife as tenants by the entirety would upon the death of one, become the sole property of the survivor.

E. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and no child or descendants, one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate would go to the surviving widow, the balance of his real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants depending upon who survived him; if, however, he left no kindred the whole estate both real and personal would go to the surviving widow.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

more glued to ribbon counters and other places where a man looks and is utterly out of his element. Whenever possible the average man should be doing work that requires the exercise of both body and brain, for pen pushing and ribbon juggling do not add to the manliness and stamina of the race, though they do put a lot of men on the high road to consumption. Nine out of every ten men who are stuck in offices, dream of and long for a life under the blue vault of heaven, a life of freedom from boss rule, a life where they can reckon up their own profits and not the profits of other men, a life close to nature, a real manly man's life. Men however get in a rut. They acquire families and responsibilities and that prevents them from saving enough money to go out in the country and live a man's life, where the birds warble, the brooks murmur and the trees nod their heads in the bracing breezes and manhood can find an environment conducive to perfect development. Women have to go out in the world to make a living, as an average man's wage won't support a family these days, and every woman should be taught to do something useful anyway, something that will enable her to maintain her independence and keep her from becoming a burden on the community. Every woman feels she has just as much right to go out in the world and make a career for herself as a man has. If the right man comes along and offers her a home, she'll accept, but she is not going to hang around the house waiting and wearing her life out, as the women did of yore, after the fashion of Mariana, in Tennyson's "Moated Grange," and she couldn't do it anyway even if she wanted to, for it costs money to be idle. This is an era of change and readjustment. History is punctuated by epoch making events. We have had the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the French Revolution, which gave the last kick to Feudalism, the advent of the machine which broke up home industries and drove men and women into big, prison like structures, called factories. This destroyed handicraft and brought into existence stock holding, dividend paying companies—the era of capitalism. And now we have co-operative capitalism, or financial feudalism and the revolt of womanhood against sex inequality, masculine oppression and injustice. We see China throw off the sleep of centuries and in a few weeks become a republic and give women equal suffrage and emancipate them from the thrall of ages. During periods of readjustment and change, timid souls are fearful that the world is going to the bow-wows. A woman drops a slip of paper in a ballot box on her way to market to buy some soup meat and the whole world holds up its hands in horror and swears that the home is being neglected, and the pillars of society are sagging at the knees. Croakers and human sheep gasp with fear and terror every time God Almighty's wheels of evolution push the race another step forward. But don't you worry, Ava, my dear, the women are in the business world, and are in it to stay, because this is a man and woman's world and not a man's world only. Two heads are better than one, especially when one head holds most of the decency, virtue and spirituality of the world, and the other (the man's) runs to cash registers, fat cigars and whiskey flasks. Men and women are doing the work of the world, each doing that for which he or she is best adapted and best fitted, and this perfect combination will gradually usher in a new era, a brighter and better world, because in that world women will not be men's toys, playthings or slaves, but comrades, solving the problems of life and doing its work together. Women will not have to marry for a home or for a living, or be forced into white slavery in order to live. The world will not only get on as well as it has done in the past, but infinitely better, because women's horizon in life will be broadened, her sphere of action enlarged, her power for good multiplied a thousandfold. Man will respect woman's wishes and desires because the ballot will give her a weapon that will force respect, and she will not be treated with goodnatured tolerance as many low browed, gross, unimaginative, half civilized male troglodytes have treated her in the past and are treating her today. Women will be found not only in offices, but in every walk of life where she can render valuable service to humanity. She will not compete with man to lower wages, but she will work with him to maintain wages at a reasonable standard, and when she meets the right man, she will do as she does now, take care of his home for him. The presence of women in offices is merely a sign of race evolution and especially of sex evolution, and it denotes progress and development along lines that all make for human good.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; ages all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

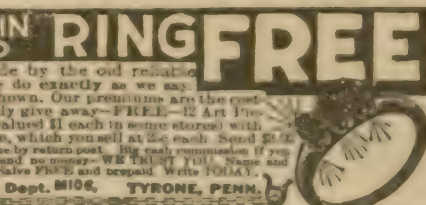
Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Ladies' Gold Shell Rings

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look as good as real diamonds. The settings are made of solid red and just as attractive as rings costing much more money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in up-to-date style and is sent in a nice Ring Box.

Club Offer. For a club of four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each you may have your choice of one ring free.

Emerald. Prem. No. 614. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Prem. No. 615. Opal.



Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 25 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium club.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and this can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

YOUR FALL SUIT FREE

Made to Your Measure \$30 to \$40 would not buy a better one, but you get it for nothing. Not a cent to pay. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it and make

'10 to '15 a Day taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a mobster suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in strictly advance style (3 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring, blanks, etc., etc. Don't wait. Everything free, we pay expressage. Get ahead of the other fellows—write this very minute. A postal will do it.

Hand Tailored. Clean Linings. Millionaire Trimmings. Sew Cut. AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO. Dept. 1007. CHICAGO

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR HERBS DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. It prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or dirty, and is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. Usage makes no difference. It will produce the most luxurious tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 25 cents, or five packages for \$1.00. DUBY'S HERB CO., (Incl.) Desk 9, St. Louis, Mo.

TRAPS AND GUNS AT FACTORY COST

We pay highest prices for Pure and sell you Guns, Traps, Supplies, etc., AT FACTORY COST. Write for FREE CATALOG, TRAPPERS' GUIDE, and Fur Price List. E. W. BASS & CO., 102 Biggs Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

GUARANTEED Three Years

Prem. No. 450. Wears Like Solid Gold

THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initial or Initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer 1915 style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee it and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. either new or renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Gold Shell Rings

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look as good as real diamonds. The settings are made of solid red and just as attractive as rings costing much more money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in up-to-date style and is sent in a nice Ring Box.

Club Offer. For a club of four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each you may have your choice of one ring free.

Emerald. Prem. No. 614. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Prem. No. 615. Opal.

Wise Men get my Money Proposition.
Money \$ \$ FOR LIVE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE.
\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, UPRITE, MA.
MONEY Made quickly by smart men.
\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED.
ANYONE can earn money writing at home. Steady work. No canvassing. Enclose stamp. Superior Co., Dept. C, Baltimore, Md.

SILK REMNANTS large pieces, big packages only 10c
 Wrightwood Novelty Co., 140 W. 14th St., Chicago, Ill.

\$4.25 paid for 1866 Flying Eagle cent. Hundreds of other coins bought. Send 10c for buying catalog. A. H. Kraus, 234 N. 1st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or ointment. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

Piles Pay when cured. New method. No cutting, burning or pain. Immediate relief. For free booklet, address DR. OSCAR JONES, Indianapolis, Ind.

100 CARDS - 10c 100 beautiful, different, flowers, fruits, birds, etc. Each card 10c. Send 10c for 100 cards. U. S. CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

MOTHERS Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, URS-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial free. Describe case. I. BRETHER CHAMBERLAIN CO., PEORIA, ILL.

WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN FREE. We give LADIES' SMALL and GENTS' LARGE, HUNTING and open case watches, gold, silver, and steel. Also, rings, chains, and bracelets. Send 10c for 100 cards. U. S. CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

DRINK HABIT

For the good of those who are victims, directly or indirectly, of the drink habit, I have written and published a very interesting illustrated book which describes how I was freed completely from the craving and for several years I have not had any desire to touch a drop of anything alcoholic. My book contains information, by following which thousands of drinkers have admittedly been saved. Many men who do not want to be freed of drink curse, have been secretly saved by wives, mothers or sisters. They did not realize what was happening until they found all desire had left them—they couldn't drink any more whiskey or beer—then they rejoiced at having been saved. My book has been proven many times worth its weight in gold to a multitude of families. Praised by physicians, judges, editors, clergymen and legions of others. Don't lose this notice; it may not appear again. Simply write Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 147 Z, New York, N. Y., and you will soon receive the FREE book of valuable information in plain wrapper, and happiness may soon be yours. Correspondence confidential.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE
\$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



If I could meet you face to face in my office and tell you the many cures my Goitre Treatment has made, you wouldn't continue to suffer and be distressed with "Big Neck". You wouldn't give up hope because of past failures. No, you would get my treatment immediately. I can't meet every goitre sufferer personally but I will gladly send you \$2.50 worth of my wonderful treatment free for a test. It's the same treatment that is curing hundreds of cases every month, and I believe it will cure you. At any rate, it's not worth trying? I take all the risk. Besides I stand all expense of the trial.

For 10 years I have specialized on goitres. In that time I have probably treated more goitre patients than anyone in the world would treat in a lifetime. And I have made many wonderful cures. I wish I could tell you personally about some of them. But I want to relieve you at once of your suffering and distress with that "Big Neck" on your neck. Don't give up hope because of past failures. Most of my patients have tried everything but found no permanent relief until I treated them. Just see what Miss H. Rebecca Thomas of Linville Depot, Va., writes me. "There is no sign of goitre on my neck now and I only took one treatment. My general health, too, is fine. No choking or disagreeable feeling in my throat. I cannot thank you enough for what your treatment did for me."

Remember, please, my \$2.50 test treatment is free. Don't send any money. Tell me about your goitre and receive free treatment in plain package.

\$2.50 FREE Treatment Coupon

This coupon, when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, 815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich. is good for one \$2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail, in plain package.

Age.....? Male or Female.....
 How old is goitre?..... yrs. Are you Nervous?..... Hands tremble?.....
 Measurements of neck over goitre?..... in.
 Does heart beat too rapidly?.....
 Do your eyes bulge?.....
 Health good or poor?.....
 Name.....
 Address.....

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

N. O. B., Republic O.—You may have hookworm, as it prevails in all sections and among all kinds of people, but we are inclined to think that indigestion is the trouble, as that is as depressing as hookworm, and much more difficult to remedy. There you have it, so many sufferers from hookworm, thinking it is something else, and in some instances—too many, in fact—foolishly ashamed to be examined and treated for it, that we advise you to see a physician and have him examine you to determine definitely what is wrong and to apply the proper remedy. But first of all, don't become discouraged and don't think for a moment that your mind is affected. If it never was, your thinking so and worrying about it would make it so. Get the doctor's advice and follow it strictly until your health is restored, as it will be with proper food and care.

Mrs. R. C. Moss Point, Miss.—You will have the same troublesome stomach any place on earth, if you are as careless about your eating as you are now. You cannot overload your digestive organs and expect them to keep in good working condition. Begin at once to eat properly and with care as to what you eat. Talk to a doctor about what food is best for you. Stop your crying about going to Oregon where your husband is, and begin to think of ways to rejoice that you can go there. Change what you need as much as anything else, and if you will brace up and be cheerful, you will be a well woman in Oregon in less than a year. But always remember that whatever you go you will have to take your stomach with you and you cannot mistreat it and expect it to do its work properly.

Subscriber, Great Falls, Mont.—Typhoid frequently has after effects that remain for years, sometimes never go away, and your cramps are probably due largely to that. Still people have cramps who never had typhoid. Hot applications up and down the legs are excellent, but thorough massaging, will assist the circulation and bring more nearly permanent relief. Knead the flesh deep, and massage with a heavy pressure so that the effect will be felt as far below the surface as possible. The twitching you feel without pain is due to congested nerves and you may remove the congestion by massaging thoroughly. It is hard work, but it will produce results. You should have one or two treatments from a professional if there is one in your town. Talk to your doctor, also.

M. McInnville, Oregon.—A seventeen-year-old girl has no right not to have a rosy complexion, and because you haven't is due to your careless eating and lack of proper exercise. Go on a diet of simple food, eating no meat, except a little white meat, and drinking no tea or coffee. Eat rice, eggs, milk, hard bread or toast, cooked fruit, raw cabbage, no potatoes, and no pastry or sweets, and eat every one of them before swallowing it. For exercise, every morning when you get up, stand before an open window and take as long breaths as you can, slowly lifting the arms over your head and throwing back your shoulders as you do so. Breathing through the nose and out through the mouth. Do this about three times the first morning, and increase it one time each morning until you can do it fifteen or twenty times. Then continue at that. Also during the day, at any time, in the open air, take long breaths and keep the air in your lungs as long as you can. This puts oxygen in the blood and gives you the rosy tint you want. Get a book or magazine on physical culture and read it carefully for information what more to do.

Mrs. G. L. H., Asher, Okla.—writes that a cure for neuralgia may be had by wearing a small bag of camphor gum between the shoulders, the gum to be renewed as it evaporates. Neuralgia is a difficult disease to treat, and we would like to hear from any COMFORT readers who try this camphor cure. We have our doubts, Mrs. H., says it cured her and it may do the same for others.

Mrs. O. C. Jenkins, Minn.—You can clear your complexion by proper eating and also cure your indigestion that way. Eat less than you now eat, and diet yourself on rice, eggs, milk, raw cabbage, cooked fruit, hard bread or dry toast, and such fresh vegetables as agree with you. Drink no tea or coffee, eat no potatoes, no pastry or sweets. Keep your bowels open, and if you have an acid stomach, use a teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water, half an hour after eating, or at any time, you notice the acid between meals. Several times a day, breathe your lungs full of fresh air and hold it there as long as you can. Take about five deep breaths at each breathing spell. Breathe in through the nose, and out through the mouth.

Mrs. A. C. New Boston, Ill.—Nephritis is inflammation of the kidneys and the inflamed condition takes various forms, interstitial being one of them, and this may be a form of Bright's Disease, depending somewhat on what the doctor wanted to tell you. Ask any doctor in your town.

M. K. L., Washington, D. C.—We have frequent inquiries for a bleach for red noses, but we cannot give one, because red noses are due to so many causes that one bleach will not answer, and the natural red nose is unbleachable. Persons with red noses should consult a physician who can examine and determine the cause. Then treatment may be successful, but not otherwise.

G. H., Minnesota Lake, Minn.—A tepid bath is better in the morning than a cold one for the nerves. First, hot, finishing with cold, is good. The idea is to avoid too much shock. Generally speaking, rice, eggs, milk, cooked fruit, dry toast or bread, chicken or lamb, are held to be most digestible, but others may be taken if they digest easily, as they will with some people. Eat no red meat, drink no coffee or tea. Masticate thoroughly every mouthful. Green apples will cause fermentation. If there is no nervousness there will be no heart palpitation worth mentioning. Nervous diseases must be treated by a physician who can examine the patient and discover the cause of the disease, as the nerves are so much a part of the entire system that they respond to disorders anywhere from the head to the feet.

N. W., Naticoke, Pa.—The pituitary body or gland, is a small body of oval form on the lower side of the brain. The word comes from the Latin pituita, which means phlegm or mucus, and the pituitary gland is supposed to secrete phlegm. The pituitary membrane is the lining of the nasal passages.

Mrs. A. E. B., Matlock, Wash.—Before jumping to the conclusion that you have a cancer on your finger and asking us for treatment, let a physician examine the sore place and tell you what it really is. Cancer has ignorant people that are scared that they are afraid any kind of a sore is the dread disease. Don't get scared before you are hurt, and go to a doctor.

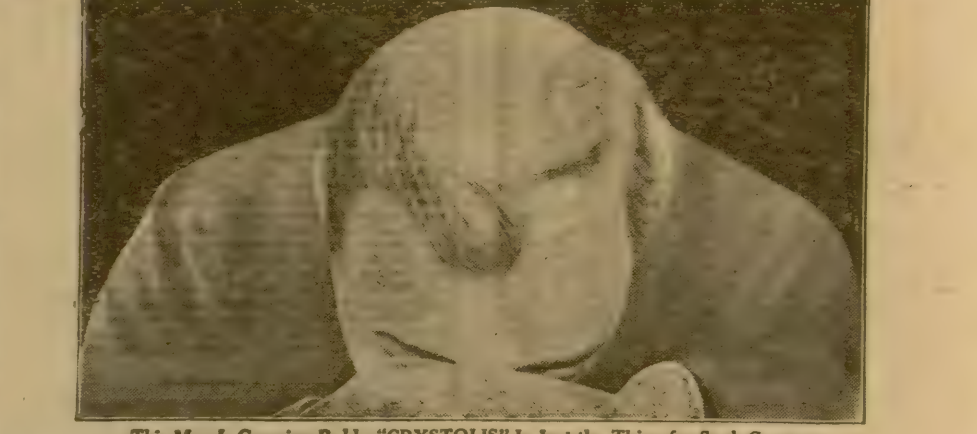
Mrs. R. M., Bradenton, Fla.—The night convulsions your husband is troubled with indicate the presence of some epileptiform disease, resulting possibly from some injury he has received to his spinal cord, sciatic nerve or other portion of his body. Were his parents or their parents epileptic in any form? This epileptic condition frequently manifests itself only at night, and in some instances sufferers have gone on for years having fits at night, at long or short intervals, wholly unknown to themselves or their friends, and usually only discovered by accident. They would wake with a headache or much depressed, but no sign of trouble beyond that. You should have a physician make a thorough examination at once and give the case proper treatment. It is curable, but only by prompt attention.

Miss R., Russell, Ark.—Perspiration may not be pleasant to a young lady, but it is nature's way of keeping her in good health, and to stop it means going against nature and making much more serious trouble than perspiration. Perspire all you can, but take the usual feminine precautions, which include abriding and a little ammonia in your wash basin and bath tub, and all will be well, and so will you.

Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crystolis" "Grows Hair in 30 Days."

\$1000.00 Reward If We Fail on Our Guarantee. Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon To-day



In Europe "Crystolis" the New English Hair Grower, has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century. The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous Hair Grower.

Already since we secured the American rights hundreds of men and women have written telling of the results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful treatment. We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee, without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "CRYSTOLIS" will do all we claim for it—and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. \$1,000 has been deposited in our local bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the Coupon below and mail it to-day to CRESLO LABORATORIES, 12 Y Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE COUPON
 THE CRESLO LABORATORIES,
 12 Y Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of "COMFORT." Prove to me without cost how "CRYSTOLIS" stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalp, and restores premature gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

Comfort's League of Cousins
 (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)
League Sunshine and Mercy Work
 for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."
 Written references from postmaster or physician most positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Poor Tom Lockhart of Wellington, Mo., has been laid to rest. Poor Tom that was, happy Tom that is. His troubles are over. Mrs. Nancy Harris, Stella, R. E. 1, Va. Poor old soul, seventy-three years of age. Husband of seventy is utterly helpless. Old couple have one son, who is married and has large family and is utterly unable to help his poor old parents. Won't you do something for them. They are worthy. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, R. E. Mass. Needy invalid. Fine character, and very worthy. Has to live on a diet of milk and oranges. Expensive things to the poor. Would greatly appreciate postage stamps and high class literature. She needs clothes, but please do not send her any, as she has no money to pay express charges on rags, and she is common with all other invalids has had bitter experience in this line. Do your best for her. Virgil Drew, Bremen, R. E. 1, Ga. Partially paralyzed, and has spinal curvature. Is in sad state. Parents poor and mother needs an operation. The physician who recommends him says he is worthy of help and needs treatment. Send him some toys and a few dimes. Mrs. Bessie Solomon, Albemarle, N. C. Is paralyzed from the neck down, as a result of a rifle bullet lodging against the spinal cord. Is utterly helpless. Has two children. Husband has to stay home and nurse her. Needs a few shoes when he can to earn bread. Finest of references. Fred W. Bissell, Newton Grove, N. C. Has been helpless for ten years with rheumatism. Has also spinal curvature. He is terribly afflicted. No one to depend on. Highly recommended. Please do your best for him. Master Robert Elliott, Huntington, Pa. Little crippled boy twelve years of age. Wants postal cards and cheery letters only. Mrs. Thomas R. Stewart, Worthington, Ind. Would like to adopt little girl from one year to eighteen months old. Would give her fine home and best of care. Pittsburgh Lee Johnston, Owensboro, Ky. This poor boy has been paralyzed from birth. Send him picture books and picture postal cards and anything that will brighten his life. He is greatly in need of a wheel chair. Mother is ailing and it hurts her greatly to lift him.

This is one of the shortest lists ever printed. We have scores of poor souls needing help, but it is useless to publish their names as the giving is all left to a few and that few cannot do all. If you cannot do practical Christianity once in a while, believe me the other kind that is not practical will never get you a seat in that better world beyond.

Yours lovingly,
Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems! Just What You Need for the Long Winter Evenings!!

Best bedside companion for young or old, they make you forget your troubles, drive away the blues, and start you yelling with laughter. A wonderful 160 page volume of real Uncle Charlie fun, a book you will revel in, a book that will make you young again, and the very thing you need for Christmas. Beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, contains several half tone pictures of Uncle Charlie, and a heart-touching sketch of his life. Every copy autographed. This superb book free for only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is the Very Thing You are Looking For!

If you have a piano or organ in the house, if you can hum or whistle, or love good songs of any kind, if you have musical friends and want an ideal gift for them at Christmas, get up a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and secure a copy of Uncle Charlie's superb Song Book, which contains full music for voice and piano. Twenty-eight dandy songs for every and all occasions, just the songs to make the winter evenings bright and joyous. Five dollars' worth of music, free for an hour's easy work. Both these gorgeous books free for a club of only six. The very things you are looking for. Work for them today.

Lovers Cards & Book of Toasts 10c. A. H. KRAUS, 314 N. 1st St., Milwaukee, Wis.



To advertise the one Revolver Business quick, we will send you this Double Action S. & W. Mod. Safety Police Revolver either 38 or 38 Cal. at Special Price, \$4.95 and will ship C. O. D., but if you send Cash with Order we give this \$1 Watch and \$3 Razor Free and send same by Parcel Post Prepaid. Cash with order if we are to send all goods mentioned Prepaid with understanding we are to return your money if goods are not satisfactory to you. Order today. CANNON SALES CO., CANNON, N. C., U. S. A.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moles, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

DEVELOP YOUR BUST
10 DAY FREE METHOD

I will send, in plain, sealed wrapper, a ten-day method, never before offered for less than \$5.00, to any lady who complies with conditions below. Read this ad. carefully—it means just what it says. There are no strings to the offer; you are under no obligations; the method is complete in itself. The condition is that you enclose 25 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay advertising expenses, to be returned if not as represented. It will also include a lot of reliable information on how to remedy all defects of face and form. Act quickly—I must withdraw this offer if it crowds me. Write your name and address plainly and direct your letter NOW to

MADAME WILLIAMS,
H. G. Sanative Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent \$20,000 before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 329-L Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Mrs. Georgia Wilson, Ga., for Lella Lord, 108; Lizale Howard, Tenn., for Garland Jackson, 66; Alice Wilburn, Ala., for daughter, 79; Mrs. C. E. Cele, Pa., for son, 40; Mrs. W. L. Wrinkle, Okla., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Anna Hooft, Ill., for Lettie Hooft, 26; Florence J. Stanfield, Ore., for Mrs. M. C. Jones, 28; Mrs. Bella Bennett, Va., for own little girl, 23; Mr. John Pratt, Ill., for wife, 20; Mrs. Frank B. Grant, 20; Bessie Langford, Ala., for Mary Chaney Brazelton, 20; Mrs. Wm. W. Wright, Ill., for Lettie Grant, 20; Mrs. Bessie Hansley, Texas, for Garry Fair, 20; Isabel Allen, Mo., for M. Baker, 15; Nellie McLaughlin, Mo., 4; Moral Thatcher, Ky., for Mrs. Anna M. Glenn, 13; C. O. Taylor, Ind., for Mrs. G. W. Miller, 13; Miss Ann Taylor, Cal., 13; Spencer N. C., for own wheel chair, 11; Mrs. Chaney Brazelton, Tex., for own wheel chair, 10; Anna M. Donto, Okla., for some worthy person, 9; Nancy Jordan, Ala., for own wheel chair, 7; Mrs. J. E. Serg. Ors., 6; Mrs. Jas. Metcalf, Mass., 6; Mrs. Grace Beards, Ind., for husband, 5; Mrs. W. S. Hafer, Texas, for mother-in-law, 5; Josie McCarty, Ky., 5; Garry Fair, N. C., for own wheel chair, 5.

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. **DESCRIBE CASE** and get **FREE SAMPLE**. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Pocket Testament

FREE FOR ONE  463 PAGES

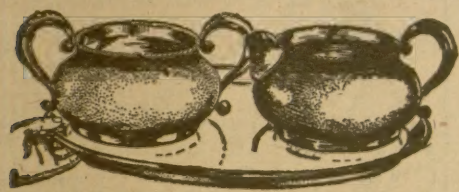
to be paid December 8th. You earn a splendid premium for every club sent in and the *SAME* clubs are placed to your credit on *NOVEMBER CASH PRIZES* and *GRAND PRIZES* too. More Premiums and better Premiums are yours and larger Prize offers to you than ever before. Come in *FAST* and get your share. Send for Catalogue today, and let us know if you also get an *ADDITION* to Prize Money and other Premiums your choice of any dress or other *PATTERN* shown within its pages *ABSOLUTELY FREE*. This is an *EXTRA* present for *PROMPTNESS* so you should answer this announcement *AT ONCE* if you want it.

Address **COMFORT, Prem. Dept. D, Augusta, Maine.**

THIS YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE

ENTER NOW: Win a November Prize; Win Double in December. Win a Grand Prize, too.

Quadruple Silver Plated SUGAR, CREAMER & TRAY



A Dainty Gift For Mother, Wife or Sister

This handsome silver set of three pieces consists of a Sugar, Creamer and Tray, each piece quadruple plated with pure coin silver, gold lined, and warranted to wear for years. The Creamer is of the elegant design shown in above illustration nearly two inches high and 2 1/4 inches in diameter at top, with a beautiful floral decoration engraved on the side which does not show in the picture. The bottom is plain and bright polished the sides and handle are finished with the frosted effect which is so much admired by everybody and top and handle are heavily beaded. This same description also applies to the Sugar which is of the same good size and fitted with two beautiful beaded handles instead of one. The large and handsome Tray is 8 1/2 inches in diameter quadruple plated with pure silver, plain and bright polished. Remember, this is not a cheap "electro plated" set but one which will last you for years. The heavy quadruple plate being sufficiently thick to withstand constant use without showing any signs of tarnish or wear. We know that every lady or girl who receives this set from us will be simply delighted with it for aside from its usefulness it is certainly a beautiful ornament for dining table or sideboard. Better order one of these sets right away for yourself or to give as a present to mother, sweetheart, wife or sister. She will most assuredly appreciate it. We will send you this beautiful set consisting of Sugar, Creamer and Tray exactly as described above on the terms of the following special **CLUB OFFER**. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two three-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this elegant quadruple plated Sugar, Creamer and Tray free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 620. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys' School Hat

Boys as well as girls are now wearing these new nobby Alpine hats. They are so well made, durable and distinctive in style that every youngster wants one. The hat we offer here is the real "Alpine" style exactly the same as is being sold by the thousands in the city stores, made of good quality scratch felt with black poplin border on brim and a double stitched black poplin band with bow on the side. They come in two different colors brown and red and in sizes 6 1/8 to 6 3/4. They make a fine school hat for the boys because they are so well made and durable and men find these hats very convenient and useful to wear on hunting or camping trips or when "roughing it" in any way out in the open. The material of which these hats are made is thick and heavy enough to withstand all sorts of rough usage in cold weather and yet it is light enough to feel cool and comfortable on the head in the hottest weather. We will send you one Alpine Hat free and just as above described if you will accept the following special **Club Offer**. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these up-to-date Hats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to give size and color desired. Premium No. 619. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comb and Brush



That Will Stand Long, Hard Use

The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking. We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, ebonyized finish, pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which prevents dust and germs from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black secret process material, is well named **Bull Dog or Unbreakable**. This Premium No. 263 safely packed and sent by Parcel Post for a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. In winter a water or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 629. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest, Greatest Doll Sensation!

A Wonderful Life Size Talking and Sleeping Doll of Exquisite Beauty, Dressed in Rarest Lingerie and Handsome Ribbon and Lace-Trimmed Gown of the Latest Style!



WE have just imported from Europe a limited quantity of the most beautiful dressed dolls ever offered as a premium in this country and we are going to give them away on an offer so liberal that there is no reason in the world why every little girl whose mother reads COMFORT cannot have one of them. This illustration does not begin to give you any idea of the real size and beauty of this latest doll wonder. She is almost as big as a real live baby standing nearly 1 1/2 feet high and she is dressed up in a way which will make any little girl dance with joy. With her large, handsome picture hat, beautiful lace and ribbon trimmed dress, elegant open-work stockings and dainty low shoes with bright shiny buckles, she looks like a perfect little queen. She can talk and say "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be and she closes her beautiful eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like two red roses, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she continually shows her pearly white teeth in one of the sweetest smiles you ever saw. We guarantee that every little girl who gets one of these beautiful Life Size Sleeping Dolls will be one of the happiest little girls in the whole United States, and every mother who reads this offer should not fail to take advantage of it at once. We will send you this Doll free by Parcel Post prepaid upon the terms of the following liberal

Club Offer. For a club of only seven 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Big Beautiful Sleeping Doll exactly as above described and very carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. Premium No. 621. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE Four Beautiful Ferns EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home more bright and cheerful especially through the long winter months to come than beautiful charming ferns and the superb collection we offer you here comprises four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture. They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT's famous rose collections are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a new variety recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decorative purposes ever grown. Of compact vigorous growing habit producing in great numbers wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot hiding it completely from view. The pinnae, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively undulated giving the whole plant a most beautiful wavy appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.



The "Whitmani"

This charming creation has caused a real sensation among lovers of plants, each frond being as delicate and finely cut as the most perfect ostrich plume by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding new fronds from six to eight inches wide of five feathery foliage entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of from ten to twelve inches and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. The "Whitmani" is one of the few feathery foliage ferns which everyone can succeed in growing to a superb finished specimen even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the most beautiful lace by reason of which it is sometimes given the name "lace fern." The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lace foliage makes a plant of such airy grace and value as to be desired by everyone.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 611. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"The Boston"

This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worthy of a place in every home. It is known by some as the "Fountain Fern" which name is derived from its graceful drooping habit of growth and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring from six to eight feet long and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

BABY'S FINE LAWN BONNET



This cunning little Bonnet, is made of fine white lawn, trimmed with a band of Hamburg embroidery two and a half inches wide. Inside the Bonnet a narrow piece of fine lace is frilled on, which certainly adds to the attractiveness of this little piece of headgear. The strings are made of the same quality of fine lawn, and are neatly hemmed on the sides and ends. Laundering is very easy, as every part is so practical and has such long wearing qualities. Give age of child when ordering this Premium No. 318.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, secures one Bonnet Free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boy Scout Watch Fob

Every boy should have one of these handsome Boy Scout Watch Fobs because it is the symbol of all that is courageous, upright and



manly, representing as it does the great Boy Scout movement which has swept the country from coast to coast. The fob itself is made of real German Silver, beautifully embossed with a design showing two American flags in the background and between the flags a young "Boy Scout" in uniform sounding the reveille with a bugle. An alpine staff is at the base of the design and underneath all appear the words "Boy Scout" in raised letters. The fob is much larger than the illustration here shown measuring 1 1/2 in. long and over one inch wide and the black leather straps 1 1/2 inches long and fitted with a handsome nickel plated buckle. Every boy, no matter whether a "scout" or not should wear one of these nobby, up-to-date fobs. It may be worn on a watch or, if you have no watch, attached to the belt and either way it presents a very tasty appearance and always calls forth expressions of admiration from all who see it. We will send you this elegant fob exactly as described if you will accept the following special

Free Offer. For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this handsome Boy Scout Watch Fob free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 623. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

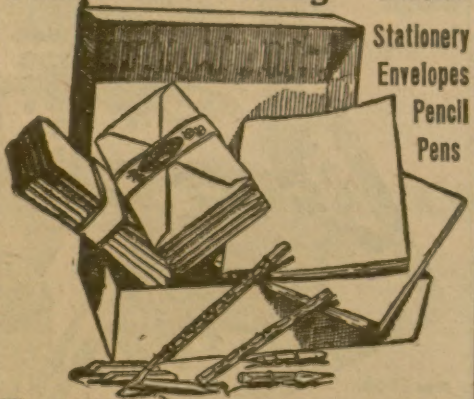
STONE SIGNET GOLD RING



Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it is a well ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Writing Outfit



Free For One Subscription A lastly embossed box 5 1/4 x 4 1/4 x 3 1/4 in size containing one dozen sheets real Irish linen stationery, one dozen envelopes to match, 3 fine steel pens and an excellent combination pen and pencil holder with pen, pencil and rubber eraser complete—this in brief describes the above writing outfit and it is certainly a big value when you stop to consider that we give it for only one 15-months subscription to COMFORT. There is enough paper and envelopes in this outfit to last you a long while, the pens are the very best you could get anywhere and the combination pen and pencil holder is good for nearly a lifetime, as it is so well made that it is practically indestructible. We know this outfit will please all who receive it because everything in it is of the very best quality and it is free on the terms of the following

Special Offer: For only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year or 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this complete Writing Outfit by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 624. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Pair of Handkerchiefs

In Souvenir Booklet Holder



We offer two handkerchiefs in a dainty folder which has a pretty colored panel picture attached and an oval cut in the corner so the pretty embroidery of the handkerchief will show through. The handkerchiefs are made of finest silk lawn which certainly gives them a great luster and adds to the richness of the texture of the material. Each have a quarter inch hemstitched border, with an embroidered figure in the corner which is of pure white silk, and is done in solid embroidery with a little punch work or similar stitch introduced in each design. These two handkerchiefs packed so nicely in a holder, are all ready to give as a present. They will make excellent birthday or holiday gifts, and will be fully appreciated by all. As one needs so many handkerchiefs and they are so in demand at all seasons of the year, every woman and girl is always anxious to add new designs to their supply. These handkerchiefs if worn in the little side pocket of a coat will give a smart touch to any suit. Read our very liberal

Club Offer: For only 3 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one decorated Souvenir Booklet Holder containing two embroidered fine Lawn Handkerchiefs free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Colored Petticoat

FREE for a Club of 4

Styles in woman's dress has undergone many changes during the past year or so, the most noticeable being the narrow skirts ranging all the way from medium down to the famous hobble skirt which has caused so much discussion and even amusement among the better dressed class of people. To keep pace with this radical change in style of dress the



these new colored petticoats made of handsome, high-grade anteen or "flamer's satin" with finished seams and deep flounces which come in the popular colors above mentioned and you can have your choice of the color which best suits your taste. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these handsome petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old style petticoat and yet not of the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you your exact size and color desired if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome stylish colored petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 612. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring



The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen, it is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to store-keepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A New Style School Hat For Girls



Girl's Alpine Hat

For girls between the ages of six and sixteen there is nothing quite so stylish and becoming as these new Alpine hats which are made of Ziblicene cloth in colors of either grey or red with a firmly stitched black poplin border on brim and double stitched black poplin band with bow on the side securely fastened to which is a large beautiful colored feather which sets off the whole hat and makes a very pleasing appearance. In the country and in the cities, on excursions, at picnics, in the public playgrounds and parks, everywhere you go you can now see these nobby Alpine hats and they are just fine for the girls to wear to school; they are so well made and durable they will withstand all sorts of weather in winter or summer, fully protecting the head from sun, rain or snow. These hats come in sizes from 6 1/8 to 6 3/4 so be sure to mention size as well as color preferred when you send your order.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one of these new stylish Alpine hat free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 617. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free to Little Girls!

BIG Mother DOLL Nearly Two Feet Tall
CUTE BABY DOLL Over Half-Foot Tall



Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome Doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. Mother Doll is almost as big as a real live baby for she stands nearly two feet high while the cute little Baby Doll which you see in the picture stands over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a life-like way. Assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied. Handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think she were ready to speak and say "Mamma." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. Both dolls together—the big Mother Doll and the sweet Baby Doll—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you both doll—the big Mother Doll and her Baby Doll—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special.

Free Offer. Send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), and you will receive both dolls free and exactly as described above. This is our Premium No. 262.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOUR PIN WAIST SET

Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We show but two pins to give you the size; there is one large pin and three smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as Baby pins.

We warrant these pins not to break which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use.

Other uses for such a combination set of Four Pins will occur to every lady reader of COMFORT, and we doubt if there are many who can say, "We have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family. Premium No. 511.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these four Pin Sets Free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 15 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own subscription or a renewal.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Superior Transfer Outfit, No. 69

Containing over 40 New Fancy Work Designs and 156 Initials in Different Styles and Sizes



These Superior Transfer Patterns are the best and the simplest on the market. They are instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing back of pattern with bowl of spoon or by pressing with a hot iron on the back of patterns. If transferred by rubbing they can be used above any stain and still can be transferred by pressing with a hot iron.

This illustration can show only a few of the beautiful articles contained in this outfit, including Shirt Waist (front, collar and cuffs), Linen Set (collar, jabot and cuffs), Corset Cover, 6 floral designs for underwear, 1 Baby Cap (3 pieces), 1 Baby Bib and Shoes to match, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 1 Picture Frame, 1 Anchor for Sailor Suit, 1 Towel End, 1 Whisk Broom Holder, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 13 different floral designs suitable for Scarfs, Table Cover, Pincushion, 1 complete Old English Alphabet, 2 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Fancy English Alphabet, 1 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet.

Complete instructions for using are enclosed in each outfit. In addition to this bargain we are including in each outfit without extra charge a complete course in Embroidery and Fancy Work illustrated with all the principal stitches, with complete description of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it.

Remember, all you have to do to receive all these illustrated Embroidery Patterns and this complete course in Embroidery is to secure and send us at once one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, not your own or send your own yearly sub or renewal and get one of the above free.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Combination Fancy Work Outfit



Our Greatest Offer—A Complete Embroiderer's Outfit, New Beautiful Stamped Designs Ready to Work and 3 Large Sheets of Perforated Patterns, each 22 x 28 inches in size

We consider this one of the most liberal offers which we have ever made to lovers of needlework for this big splendid outfit not only contains a complete embroidery worker's outfit, but all the newest, up-to-date, stylish dress and fancy work designs all ready stamped on good material ready to work as well as a grand assortment of perforated patterns—all made expressly for COMFORT right in New York City, the great fashion center of the world, and gathered together in this magnificent outfit which we now offer for the first time to COMFORT's lady readers. Please understand that the illustration does not begin to show you one of the many beautiful designs in which to name them all, but here is a partial list which will give you a very good idea of what a large, splendid outfit this is: 1 Embroidery Hoop, 1 Stiletto, 1 Punch Work Needle, 1 Package Embroidery Needles, 1 Pincette, 5 Skeins Embroidery Cotton and 3 large sheets Perforated Patterns, each 22x28 inches in size, including centerpiece design, bib, Dutch collar for punch work, oval and tumbler dollies for eyelet, towel ends, corset cover, baby shoes, pincushion, fancy apron, belt, bow-ties, both for eyelet and punch work, sprays of roses, daisies and many other beautiful attractive designs too numerous to mention here. In addition this outfit also includes Stamping Preparation, Book on Embroidery Stitches illustrating and explaining every known stitch so clearly and plainly that anybody can become an expert embroiderer by simply reading it, 1 Tinted Pillow Top stamped on Art Cloth, 1 Corset Cover on Nainsook and 1 Centerpiece stamped on pure imported Tan Linen. We know that we never before offered such value as this and we are positive that you will never find this offer duplicated elsewhere and please remember, all these designs, patterns, etc., are made expressly for COMFORT, we are therefore, offering something exclusive and which positively cannot be purchased in any store. You will be delighted when you read the following explaining how easily you may secure all or part of this grand combination fancy work outfit free and you will be even more delighted when you receive it by Parcel Post prepaid, open it up and for the first time actually realize what a great bargain we have given you. Of course, we know that most every woman or girl will want this outfit, but in order to accommodate the few who feel that they do not we have arranged to send a part or the whole of this outfit to any address on the terms of the following special offers:

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Combination Fancy Work Outfit complete as described above. Premium No. 412, by Parcel Post prepaid.

Club Offer No. 2. If you prefer to get up a smaller club we will send you the Pillow Top, 5 Skeins Embroidery Cotton, Punch Work Needle, Package Embroidery Needles, 1 Stiletto, Directions for Punch Work, Pincette and Directions, Stamping Preparation, Book on Embroidery Stitches for a club of only two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each. Premium No. 413.

Special. For one additional 15-months subscription, we will send you enough handsome 31-2 inch wide fringe for both ends of Pillow Top offered in either of the above outfits.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

15-Piece Stamped LINON SET FREE FOR ONE SUBSCRIBER

The illustration so plainly shows the big variety of different handsome designs shown in this 15-Piece Set that description is hardly necessary. Every design here shown is stamped on fine quality French Linon all ready to work and consists of 1 handsome 11-inch Centerpiece, six 4-inch Dollies and 1 beautiful Tray Cloth, 6x11 inches, to match, 4 handsome Bow Knots for Punch Work and French Embroidery, 1 Bow Knot with Jabot to match for Punch Work, 1 stylish Stock Collar, and 4 Skeins, Blue L. M. C. Embroidery Cotton. We know that every Fancy Work lover will be delighted with this offer because we are going to ask you to send us only one subscription to COMFORT in order to obtain the complete outfit exactly as illustrated and described above.

Special Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15 months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT for 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you this 15-piece Stamped Linon Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 415.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"From Maine to California" Pillow Tops

Each 18 x 22 Inches In Size

No. 1503.

Stamped on Aberdeen Crash with Design Emblematical of State or Part of Country in which You Live



It is now all the rage to decorate parlor, sitting-room, chamber, or den with one or more of these beautiful new Pillow Tops of a design emblematical of your own State or part of country in which you live. Pillow Top No. 1501 shows in beautiful natural colors the handsome Poinsettia, that popular and well-loved flower of California and the far Southwest; No. 1500 is the famous American Beauty Rose, the favorite flower of Oregon, the North and Middle West; and No. 1503 is that of the familiar Pine Cone, symbolical of the stately pine forests of Maine and the Eastern States. We picked out these three handsome designs as best representing the far West, so one of these pillow tops is for you and we are going to give it to you FREE. They are stamped on pure Aberdeen crash 18x22 inches in size, the designs showing up in all their handsome natural colors and they are all ready to be embroidered with the outline stitch, or they may be worked solid if desired. Many people prefer we have also arranged to supply one yard of 3-inch wide fringe sufficient for one pillow top, to those who desire it. In making up these pillow tops this fringe is firmly sewed between top and back and sets off the pillow in fine shape, presenting a very handsome appearance.

We anticipate a big demand for these three handsome pillow top designs from thousands of COMFORT readers scattered all over the United States and it is certainly a beautiful custom for you to have one or more of these pillow tops which so clearly represent the State or part of the country in which you live. As stated above, these pillow tops are free to COMFORT readers and it will require no hard work on your part to secure one or more of them if you will accept the following special.

Club Offer. For only one new, bona-fide, 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT for 25 cents, and 5 cents extra (30 cents in all), we will send you your present subscription at 25 cents, Pillow Tops free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Or for a club of two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of any one Pillow Top and one yard of fringe to go with it, all free by Parcel Post prepaid. Please specify number of pillow top wanted when ordering.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Dress

No. 114



The material for this dress is stamped on Brown Holland Cloth which has the appearance of pure brown Linen and has great wearing qualities. The cloth is almost a yard wide and three yards are sent in each piece. The design is already stamped for embroidering, and the illustration will give you an idea of how simple the pattern is. After the design is embroidered the little dress may be made up and trimmed in any desired style. If one wished more than one piece two outfits may be sent for as the stamped design is very easily washed out, and two pieces would make a dress for an adult, and the design would be most suitable for a waist front. Send your order early so as to be the first in your town to have a serviceable dress like this.

Club Offer: For a club of only 3 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these stamped dress pieces free by parcel post, or two patterns sent for a club of 5.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RAFFIA CATCHALL WALL POCKET

This handy piece of wall furniture is very useful as well as ornamental. It has a long rattan frame covered with artistically wound, natural color raffia, then has wire braces and a decorative hanging ring wound in raffia in the attractive rope design. The illustration shows the general design of the entire article which has a strong wooden bottom, and is just the thing to hold a brush and comb; or as a receptacle for small articles it will be found very useful to place on the wall of any room in the house. Although imported from Germany we send this attractive premium, No. 249 free for two new 45c subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, or for 35c your own renewal subscription for one year.



This is certainly a rare bargain offer and we know you will be delighted with this catchall.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Indian Wigwam Tent

ALL 3 FREE TO BOYS

Cowboy Suit and Indian Suit



Boys! Here is Your Chance To Be An Indian Or Cowboy Free!

THIS dandy Indian "Wigwam" Tent, nifty Cowboy suit and real Indian suit all three are yours absolutely free. You and your chum can have no end of fun camping out in one of these "Sure Enough" Wigwams back of the house, down in the orchard or in the woods, one of you dressed up as a Cowboy and the other as an Indian. The Tent itself is made of strong khaki colored duck cloth decorated in true Indian style with arrows, spears, tomahawks, warclubs, shields and historical pipe of peace, all executed in different colors. To pitch this wigwam all you need is a strong upright pole and a few ten pins to hold down the sides as shown in illustration. When in position the wigwam stands nearly five feet high and the opening or "fly" is of ample size to permit passing in and out. Eyelets on the fly and at the bottom on the sides are brass lined so that they positively will not rip or tear out. Both the Cowboy Suit and the Indian Suit come in sizes from four to fourteen years and are made in true Indian and Cowboy style of dark brown cloth. The Indian suit consists of long-legged trousers and coat trimmed with yellow and red cambric fringe and an adjustable fringed head piece or "War Bonnet" trimmed with many gorgeous feathers in assorted colors. The Cowboy Suit consists of long-legged trousers with fringe on sides, typical cowboy blouse, large fancy colored handkerchief to tie around neck, a dandy wide-brimmed cowboy hat and a real lariat. With either one of these suits on your friends would hardly know you, you will look for all the world like a genuine Indian or Cowboy. Both suits are well made of good material and are large enough so that they may be slipped on over your regular clothes and worn without discomfort. Don't hesitate one minute now if you really want one or all of these three dandy premiums—the Indian Wigwam Tent, the Cowboy Suit and Indian Suit—because you can easily earn them without any hard work. We will send you either the Cowboy Suit or the Indian Suit or Wigwam or we will send you any two or all three of them absolutely free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Indian Suit complete and exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to give your age when ordering. Premium No. 603.

Club Offer No. 2. For a club of only five 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Cowboy Suit exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to give your age when ordering. Premium No. 604.

Club Offer No. 3. For a club of only seven 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Indian "Wigwam" Tent free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 605.

Club Offer No. 4. For a club of only fourteen 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or seven 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you all three premiums, the Indian Suit, Cowboy Suit and Wigwam Tent absolutely free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 606.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 18-Inch Centerpieces



Stamped On White Linene For Hand Embroidery

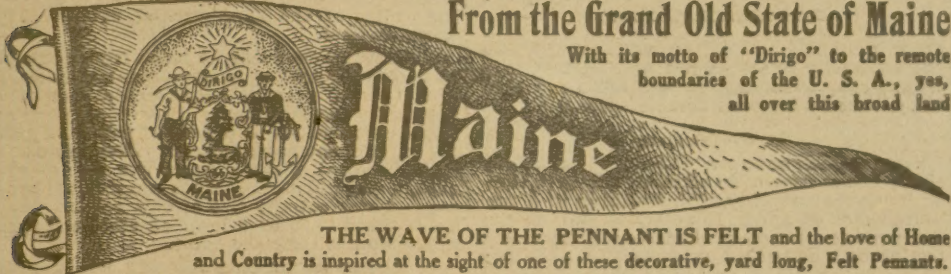
We show here five new handsome designs for centerpieces each separately stamped on fine quality pure white linene which, as every woman knows, is equal to pure linen and in fact is preferred by many to real linen as it never wrinkles and washes exactly as well and wears as long. This complete set of five different designs also gives every lady or girl a fine opportunity to display her talents with needle as each design is to be worked differently although they are so simple that no hard labor is involved. A is a cross-stitch design, B a butterfly design for punch work, C a design for French and eyelet embroidery, D Morning Glory design for punch work, E a Wheat design for Bullion Stitch. Each centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter which is a nice size and suitable for most all purposes.

Club Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or extension or renewal of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you your choice of any two of these beautiful centerpieces by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any four of them for a club two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each, or all five for a club of three. When ordering be sure to specify the design wanted, whether A, B, C, D, or E. Premium No. 396. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pennant Collecting the Latest Craze

From the Grand Old State of Maine

With its motto of "Dirigo" to the remote boundaries of the U. S. A., yes, all over this broad land



THE WAVE OF THE PENNANT IS FELT and the love of Home and Country is inspired at the sight of one of these decorative, yard long, Felt Pennants.

It is the great fad now to display your pennant on all occasions, and knowing there are so many State of Maine people scattered all over the Union, we have had a lot of these Felt Pennants made up of the best material and workmanship possible. The pennants are a yard long and 15 inches wide at the largest part, having the State Seal reproduced and embellished in many colors which are accurate and are the true colors accepted by the different states. The beautiful shadings of yellow, brown, green, blue, white, with their various blendings on the finest quality State of Maine blue, add greatly to the decorative scheme of any room where they are either hung or draped; or they can be shown for patriotic purposes in place of pictures or may be displayed outside of the home or attached to any vehicle when out for a ride.

After securing this State of Maine pennant, you may wish others of different states of the Union or you may wish the seal of another state to begin your collection; if so, say which one and we will send whichever you call for first and thus start this collection for you. Remember that these various state pennants come in the true colors and seals of each state represented.



THERE IS NO MORE POPULAR PENNANT OR BANNER THAN THE U. S. A. Being 15 inches wide at the shield end and a yard long, carefully decorated in fast, non-fading colors, emblematic and true to the Union,

and should hold the place of honor in your collection of pennants.

To purchase these at retail would require a big price, but we buy in such large quantities, and as we want you to be up-to-date and a little ahead of your neighbors as readers of COMFORT, we are able to make you this special offer:

Our Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of a State Pennant or the U. S. A. For three subscriptions we will send two, or if you will send us four new subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send your choice of any three Pennants you select. Be sure and say which State you desire when sending your club.

Special: If you cannot get up a club now and desire a single Pennant, send 25 cents for a year's extension or renewal of your own subscription and 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, and we will send any Pennant you select.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY, do not fail to order U. S. A. Pennant illustrated above at once and we will send you Pennant free and our new plan whereby you can make money easier and faster than you ever did before in your life. Do not overlook this offer. It is the chance of a lifetime.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Rotan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives out a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.

It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be

compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Premium No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what anyone needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFERS. If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c. each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you. Premium No. 409. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



21-Piece Baby Set

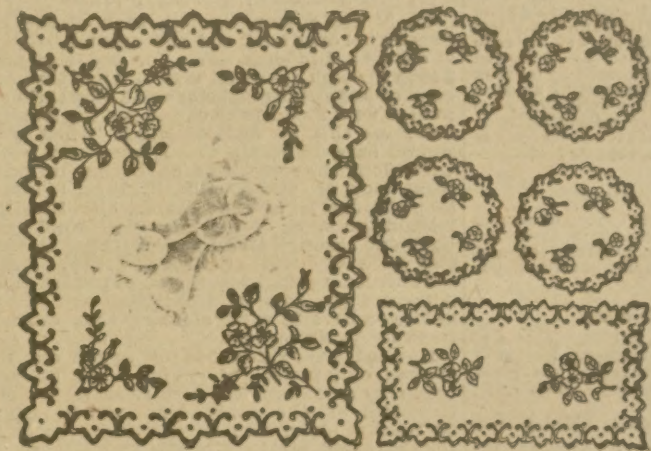
Mothers Should Send For This Outfit Of Pretty Practical Designs—It's FREE to You For Only One Subscription.

Every mother will surely want this thoroughly practical set of stamped patterns embracing a complete baby outfit of coat collar, bib, baby shoes, 2 cuffs, baby cap, 3 different size anchors, 2 stars, 2 flags and other designs all stamped on one large piece of good quality Irish Linen, 25 1/2 inches long and 15 inches wide. We feel that there is really no need for us to enlarge upon the value of this offer because every mother knows at a glance that each and every article shown here is something really needed by baby. Eyelet embroidery should be used on everything in this outfit with the exception of the baby shoes which may be either worked solid or outlined. This complete outfit for baby's wear when finished is very handsome and will also stand long wear as each article is washable.

Club Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own), to COMFORT at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you this 21-piece baby set, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or you may send us 35 cents to pay for your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, for 15 months, and receive this baby set free. Premium No. 11 A. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

6-Piece Wild Rose Table Set

Stamped ON FINE IRISH LINEN



This beautiful rose table set consists of one large tray cloth 18 1/4 x 23 inches in size, 1 smaller tray cloth 8 1/4 x 14 in. and 4 doilies, each 7 in. in diameter. Both the large and small tray cloth have a handsome wide border and are beautifully decorated with rose sprays at each end; the four doilies are decorated in the same manner to match. This makes a most desirable table set not alone on account of the handsome design, but it is just the right size so that it may be used on a small bare-top table, or over a cloth on a larger table if desired. This set may be worked in a variety of ways, the buttonhole stitch should be used on the edges, the circles can be worked either eyelet or solid, the leaves and stems may be either outline or solid and the flowers

may be outlined or long and short stitched with French knots in the center. This handsome 6-piece table set is new in design and guaranteed to wash and wear finely so we anticipate a big demand for it especially as we are going to give it away free on the following special.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome wild rose table set, absolutely free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 19 A. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

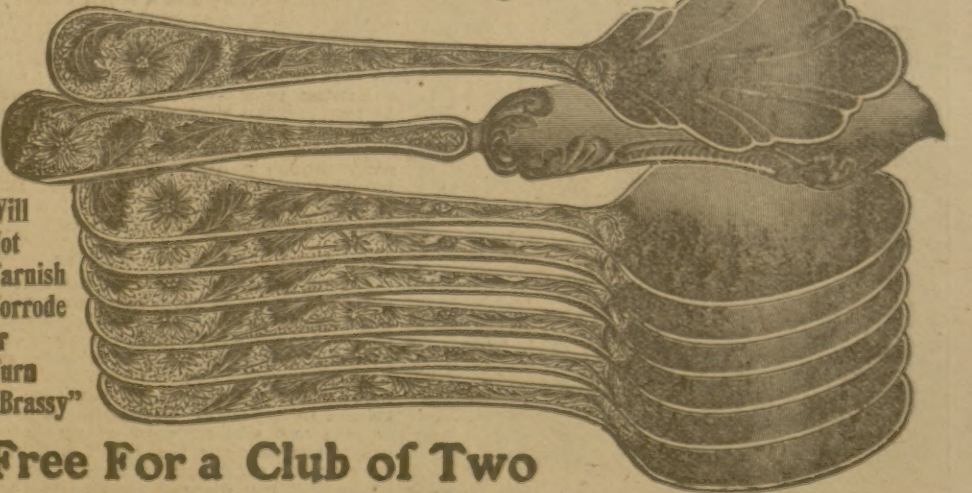
There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finished set.** A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror. It is eight and one half inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 280.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set

Warranted For 5 Years



Will Not Tarnish Corrode or Turn "Brassy"

Free For a Club of Two

Although we are giving away this beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set for a very small club to COMFORT, yet it is the greatest value as a premium that we have ever offered. As you know, most low-priced silverware is silver plated on a brass base so that just as soon as the silver wears off the brass shows and spoils its looks forever. This 8-Piece Set, however, is silver plated on a pure white metal base which is in itself a guarantee of its everlasting wearing qualities. The silver plate may wear off in time, but, as the spoons, butter knife and sugar shell are the same color all the way through, you will readily understand why it is they will never show signs of wear, tarnish or turn "brassy." The teaspoons, sugar shell and butter-knife in this beautiful set are full size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated as shown in the above illustration while the bowls of the spoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. So confident are we that this beautiful set of silverware will delight every woman who accepts our offer that we hereby guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send you this 8-piece silver set exactly as described, if you will accept the following special.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 8-Piece Silver Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 394. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crocheted Cap, Scarf and Muff Set

THIS month we give directions for many easily made little articles which can be used as Holiday Gifts or in your own home, and the handsome crocheted set which cannot be fashioned quite so quickly, but will well repay one for time and labor, in its beauty and warmth.

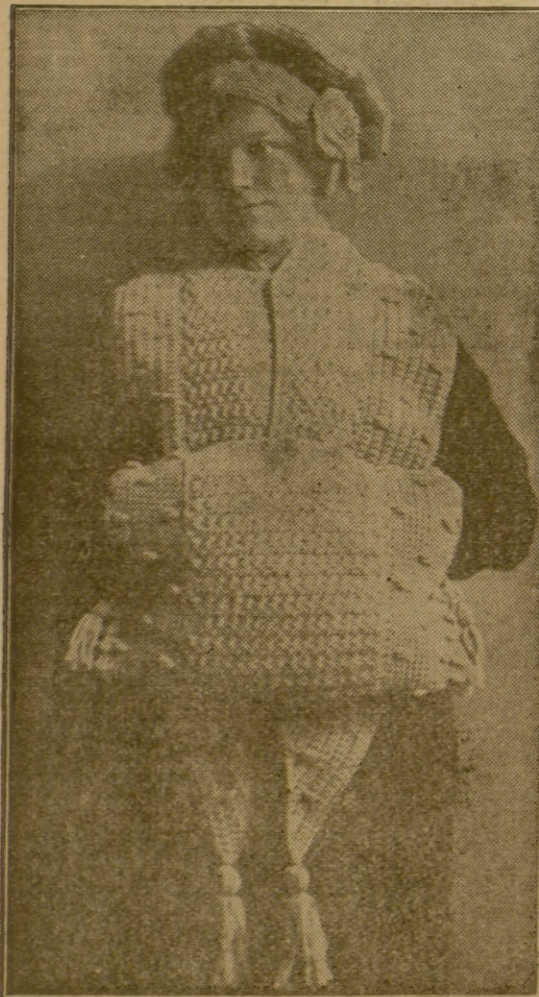
This would certainly make a lovely present and probably several grandmothers and mothers will be anxious to copy it.

It will not be difficult to do so as only the simplest stitches are employed. Any color can be selected, but white, grey or light brown are especially pretty. White with chinchilla border is effective or two shades of any color can be used instead of the same color throughout, if one prefers. About two pounds of eight-fold Germantown yarn will be required and medium-sized bone crochet needle.

Directions for Making Cap

For the tam-o'-shanter's crown, begin with ch. 4, 11 d. c. in first st. of ch. and close with sl. st.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 1st d. c. (keeping last loop on hook), 1 d. c. in 2nd d. c., drawing



CROCHETED CAP, SCARF AND MUFF SET.
By Lillie Lyman.

wool through the last loop of 1st d. c., wool over hook, draw through remaining 2 loops. Repeat this in 2nd and 3rd, 3rd and 4th, 4th and 5th, etc., until you are around, when you should have 12 of these small puffs.

All the succeeding rows are made in the same way, except that you do not put 2 d. c.'s into every stitch, but just increase enough to keep your work flat. Thus: 3rd row has 22 puffs, 4th

row has 32, 5th row has 40. You increase fewer times as your circle increases until by the time you have made your 12th, or last row, you have about 75 puffs.

For the band, ch. 70, join to form circle. Around this circle work 3 rows plain s. c. taking up both loops. In the 4th row you make a puff in every 10th s. c. thus:—Thread over hook, insert hook into a loop of 10th stitch of 2nd row, draw through, thread over hook again, draw through two loops, thread over again, insert hook in same stitch as before, and repeat as above, then thread over again and draw through the 3 loops on hook; miss the 10th s. c. of the 4th row, 9 s. c. in next 9 s. c. Make another puff in place of 10th s. c. as before, being careful to miss the 10th stitch of the row, or you will increase the size of your band.

5th, 6th and 7th rows.—Plain s. c. In the 8th row you make puffs again but place them between, not directly above the other puffs.

9th, 10th and 11th rows.—Plain.

12th row.—Puffs.

13th row.—Plain.

This completes the band. Plait the top to fit the band, and sew the two together. Decorate with a fancy pom-pom of yarn or ribbon.

Directions for Making Muff

Ch. 34, pull a loop through each of the 1st 4 sts., wool over hook and through all 5 loops at once, ch. 1 to close star. For 2nd star pull 1 loop through eye of 1st star, 1 loop through back of last stitch of 1st star and 1 loop through each of next 2 sts. Finish as you did the 1st star. Continue this to end of chain when you should have 16 stars. Ch. 1, turn and work back along the row with s. c., taking up only front loop of stitch. Ch. 3, turn. Pull a loop through 1st and 2nd chains, also through 1st and 2nd s. c. of previous row; wool over hook and through all 5 loops at once, closing star with a chain stitch as before. Make the succeeding stars just as you did in 1st row. Alternate the rows of star stitch and s. c. until you have 32 rows of stars, then crochet together on wrong side.

Now make the side bands just as you did for the cap, only instead of sewing them on you begin by crocheting the first rows right into the sides of the muff. You should make 96 stitches along each edge, putting puffs 12 stitches apart in the 4th, 8th and 12th rows. Crochet 2 more rows and end by making a row of slip stitches along the edge, which gives it a fine, heavy finish.

Make a double lining of some nice mercerized lining material, putting wool between, insert in muff and lace about half way up each side with a crocheted cord. Finish ends with tassels made of the yarn.

Directions for Scarf

Begin with Ch. 4 for 1 star, ch. 1, turn and work back with s. c. as in muff. In 2nd row make 2 stars. Increase 1 star in each row until you have 8 stars. Then make 20 rows of 8 stars each, with rows of s. c. between. In the 29th row you make only the 1st 4 stars and then turn back to increase the outer edge of stole so it will lie flat. Now make 20 rows of 8 stars each again as on other side, and then decrease 1 star in each of the next 7 rows until you have only 1 star left. Work edge of s. c. around the outer edge as in muff increasing 2 stitches at center back and also at beginning and end of each row. Make 14 rows, with puffs in 4th, 8th and 12th rows, being careful to get a puff directly in center of back in 4th and 12th rows. You can do this by counting number of stitches in 3rd row, and placing puffs so they will come out that way. Finish inner edge of stole with a row of s. c., then go around the whole stole with a slip stitch, being careful not to draw it tight or it will pucker your work. Finish both front points with a large tassel.

LILLIE LYMAN.

Attractive Gifts

Christmas Letter

The schoolmates of a girl who had married and settled in the West, each wrote a long interesting letter and enclosed snap shots of their homes and children, of old friends, familiar views of her home town and interesting news of her former friends and neighbors. This Christmas letter shower was acknowledged as "a gold mine of pleasure."

Blotter and Calendar

From large sheets of blotting paper of contrasting colors and a small calendar pad was made an extremely useful gift. From the large blotters were cut twelve smaller ones of uniform size, about ten by four inches. A "month" from the calendar was pasted on each of the twelve blotters. Then they were arranged, alternating the colors and tied together with a bright bow. Then one has for each month a fresh blotter and the month's calendar right at hand. Red and green blotting paper with red ribbon is a Christmas combination.

From a Remnant of Linen

From a yard of white table linen four extremely practical and handsome gifts were made. Select a piece having a wide showy border with a plain center or one showing only a small figure or the ever-good style small dot. Cut off the borders, allowing each about eighteen or twenty inches wide. Scallop all around or hem and add an edge of crocheted lace to the ends and the result will be a very pretty sideboard or bureau cover. The center can be used for tray-cloths; these should have two-inch hemstitched hems and if one has time an initial or monogram.

Pretty Dust Cap

A fetching little dust cap can be patterned after a baby's Dutch bonnet. One of pink or blue dimity for the back and the turn back front of white dotted muslin can hardly fail to be becoming. The fullness at the back of the neck is drawn in with baby ribbons to match and tied in a small bow.

Pattern Bag

For a woman who does her own sewing, nothing will be more welcome than a pattern bag. A simple and commodious one can be made of a square of denim or any firm and serviceable material. Arrange on it two rows of pockets deep enough to well cover the patterns. All edges can be bound with braid and the front of each pocket outlined with the word indicating its contents, such as coats, skirts, waists, shirts, shirt-waists, lingerie, and so on.

Bags for gifts are always popular, laundry bags, work bags, handkerchief bags, button, string and broom bags, any sort of a bag which you know is lacking. I know of one girl who made a lot of bright colored little bean bags for her small cousins, and the little folks really seemed to enjoy and appreciated them more than many of their expensive gifts.

Collapsible Hat Box

Below is shown an article which will require very little time and less money to make. Secure a square hat box and two covers to fit, or one can be made. Cut the bottom out of the box and the sides apart, then hinge the latter together by gluing bands of muslin the length of each corner.

Cover the box and covers with cretonne or



COLLAPSIBLE HAT BOX.

either suitable material or wall paper. This box can easily be folded flat and carried in a trunk, also when not in use can be tucked away, thus saving considerable space.

A Violet Box

From a small common pasteboard box of any shape one can make an attractive little "catch-all." Cover smoothly with anything in a medium shade of green, if possible, and on the top arrange a bunch of shaded artificial violets resting on a bed of green leaves. Line the box with a pale lavender and one will have a pretty ornament for either bureau or dressing table.

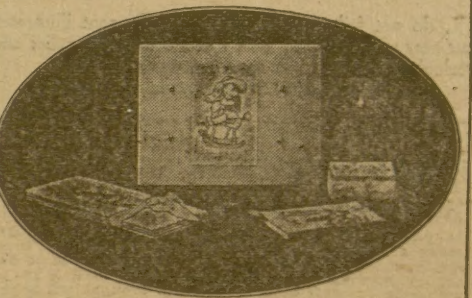
Folding Pin Case

This simple gift is made of three equal sized oblong pieces of cardboard covered with a prettily colored flowered ribbon. The case can be opened and laid flat, which is a point that commends it, stocked with everything in the pin line that one could possibly want, including plain pins, black and white, gold, and an assortment of varied colored headed pins, safety pins of all sizes and a set of ribbon runners. It is a little article which would appeal to most any girl or woman.



FOLDING PIN CASE.

FOR A KEY-HOLDER glue the two small-sized photograph mounts back to back, paste a colored postal card upon one, and screw four small brass hooks through the picture mounts on each side of the postal card. Place a loop or ribbon between the mounts at the top or glue a patent hanger to hang the key-holder up upon the wall.

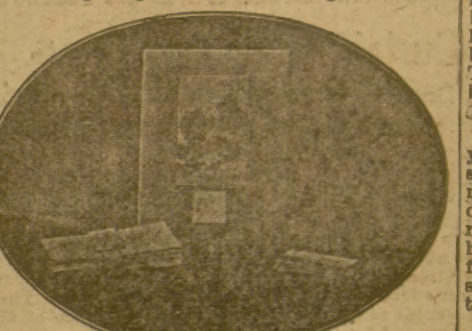


KEY-HOLDER, TELEPHONE PAD, BLOTTER AND SPOOL BOX.

A TELEPHONE PAD IS A NECESSITY. Take any pretty postal card and glue it to the back of "penny pad," placing a half yard of ribbon—narrow number one—between the pad and the card. There should be a loop of the ribbon at the top of the pad to allow for hanging. The remaining end of ribbon should be allowed to hang free with a small programme pencil attached.

A PACKAGE OF BLOTTERS tied with a dainty ribbon and given with a pretty card makes a simple gift that is sure to be very acceptable to anyone.

A SPOOL BOX may be made by covering any small box with wallpaper. First, cut the piece to fit the top of the box, next measure the length around the four sides and the height of the sides. Cut your wallpaper by these measurements and paste it upon the sides of the box. A strip of ribbon may be fastened with a bit of glue to the bottom of the box and its ends brought up and tied at the top of the box.

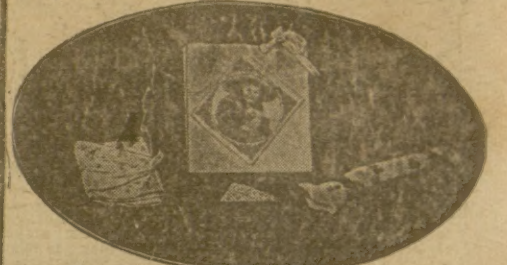


CALENDAR, UNANSWERED LETTERS AND PAD FOR DESK NOTES.

A CALENDAR may be made by pasting a colored picture cut from a magazine cover upon a cardboard mount. A small block calendar is glued beneath the picture.

A BAND TO HOLD UNANSWERED LETTERS is made by sewing the ends of an eight inch strip of elastic banding together. A square of cardboard about three inches by two is pasted over this joining and directed and stamped to represent an envelope.

A USEFUL PAD FOR DESK NOTES is made by pasting any pretty fancy birthday card to the back of a pad which fits it. Ribbon to which a pencil is attached is passed between the back of the card and the back of the pad and allowed to hang free with a long end which holds the pencil.

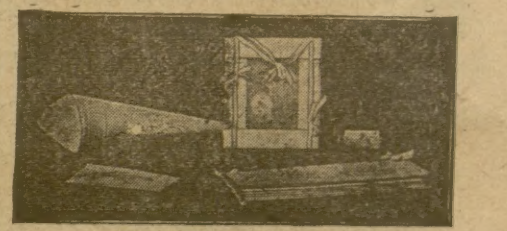


SUIT-CASE COVER, WRAPPER FOR SLIPPERS, SHAVING-PAD AND LETTER-BOX SACHET.

A SUIT-CASE COVER may be made out of a large bandanna handkerchief. A smaller handkerchief will make a wrapper for slippers or shoes. Take a yard of narrow ribbon and fasten this at its center to a corner of the handkerchief. This will allow you to wrap what you wish in the handkerchief and tie it securely later. If a suit-case cover is made it will be useful to pack over the top of the bag before closing it. You may outline "Bon Voyage" in the center of the handkerchief using heavy washable floss.

A SHAVING-PAD may be made from a square of cardboard and a fancy Japanese napkin. The cover of a small handkerchief box will answer for the cardboard. Place it cornerwise in the center of the Japanese napkin and glue the edges of the napkin down. Then paste any pretty colored picture upon the face of the napkin and add at the back a number of tissue paper leaves cut the size of this cover. They are attached to it by a loop of ribbon looped with a bow to hang the pad by.

A LETTER-PAPER BOX SACHET can be made in a twinkling from an ordinary envelope. Cut a strip of cotton batting to fit the envelope, and place the scent in this. Seal the envelope and paste up on its face a small picture that is out out in outline. Go over the outline with black ink to finish it. If you prefer, you may decorate the envelope with your own design.

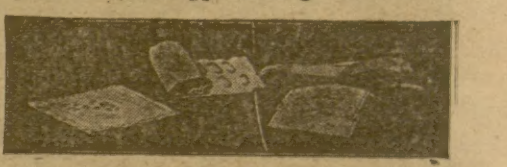


HAIR-RECEIVER, CASE FOR CLIPPINGS AND FRAME FOR SNAP-SHOTS.

CORNUCOPIA HAIR-RECEIVERS can be easily made from a triangle of rolled paper which is covered with a similar piece of wall-paper. A loop ribbon finishes the cornucopia so that it may be conveniently hung.

A CASE FOR HOUSEHOLD CLIPPINGS is made by binding five or six large-sized envelopes in cardboard covers. The covers are cut slightly larger than the envelopes and are covered with wall-paper. The binding is easily done by running a ribbon through the covers and envelopes. The bow is tied at the back of the covers and all envelopes are placed with their flap outward to the opening of the book.

A FANCY FRAME FOR A SNAP-SHOT is made by covering a small box-cover with fancy paper. Cut the corners of the box-rim down and lay the cover upon a piece of wall-paper cut about half as large again as the top of the box-cover. Fold your paper down over the upper rim and up over the lower, then fold the side rims down over these. Glue all corners and tie narrow ribbon at each side to finish the frame. Add a loop to hang it at the top and cut a slit through the lower part of the lower rim so that a picture may be slipped through it.



SACHET, KETTLE-HOLDER, PIN-CASE AND SAFETY POCKET.

A PRETTY SACHET may be made from a fancy crepe paper napkin merely by rolling a four inch strip of cotton which has been sprinkled with scent powder, into the center of a fancy napkin. Tie each end with a bow of ribbon and the little sachet is all finished in an instant.

A FANCY KETTLE-HOLDER will be appreciated by the owner of a tea-table. To make it, cut two squares of heavy linen six inches square. Baste them together folding the edges in over the lining which should be of felt or flannel. Next, run a needleful of heavy embroidery floss over your basting and make a loop at one corner. This may be done by buttonholing a few strands of looped floss. The face of the linen may be stenciled or embroidered with a simple pattern in outline stitch.

A CASE FOR PINS may be made from half a yard of ribbon three or four inches wide. A strip of fine flannel should be cut an inch narrower than the ribbon and should be bound down inside it by turning the edges of the ribbon over the edge of the strip of flannel. A half yard strip of narrow "baby" ribbon is fastened at its center to the end of the bound strip of flannel and when the pins are inserted, the strip may be rolled and tied with a bow.

A TRAVELER'S SAFETY POCKET is made from a strip of fine handkerchief linen, nine inches by three. Fold the linen into envelope shape and bind its edges with narrow white ribbon. Fasten a loop from both upper corners. This should be long enough to fasten over the traveler's head. A small button holds the flap of the envelope securely. The pocket is worn under the shirt-waist.